



A rare breed: Officers of No 1 Squadron, RAF with SE5a biplanes at Clairmarais aerodrome, near Ypres, July 1918. Published in the *Daily Mail*, 8 August 1918.

RANDOM KNOWLEDGE

VOLUME 3

HEROIC AIRMEN ARE KEY TO VICTORY

COMMENTARY By H. G. Wells

IT IS a fact of experience that wars do end. Heaven forbid that I should enrage the readers of The Daily Mail by suggesting again that it is well we should know the peace we want in order to be sure that we get it.

What I have to write about here is not peace at all but a factor that may contribute very powerfully to end the war. It is a factor I have not seen nor heard discussed as decisive, and so probably it is one that may be new to a number of people. It is the factor of what one might call first-class airman power.

What I want to do here is merely to set out certain considerations which the reader may judge for himself. the first of these is that though anybody who can ride a motor-bicycle can probably learn to fly a fairly safe type of aeroplane by daylight in good weather, only a very exceptional sort of young man is any good as an air fighter.

QUIET AND DEADLY

The other day I had the pleasure of meeting one of our most brilliant airmen. He was a very quiet, fair young man in his early 20s, a little apologetic in his manner, and it was only by the happy chances of the conversation that it came out that he had been in over 150 air fights, that he had certainly killed 40-odd German airmen in single combat, and that there were perhaps another dozen whom he had sent down. It was suddenly borne in upon me just how supremely important high personal quality is in air fighting. Von Richthofen, the Red Baron, claimed to have killed 60 Allied aviators.

Good air fighting must be a very rare art and it can be very little good to put up second-class men to fight against first-class men.

My aviator told me some particulars of the air fighting that is going on today. A really first-class air fighter is capable of the most amazing tricks. Looping the loop is but the beginning of his collection of stunts and devices.

He will spin over sideways; he will fly upside down; he will sideslip, drop and dodge and double in a fashion that no one would have dared to dream of in 1914.

The side that can go on producing this very rare product, the first-class air fighter, longest and most abundantly, is going to chase the other side out of the air.

I am told on the best authority, and I believe firmly, that the side that can dominate the air can dominate the artillery conflict and the whole ground battle.

It follows that to beat the other side in producing air fighters is a certain way to win the war.

It is no good for either side to produce hundreds of thousands of common aviators, if the other side has a surplus of these special fighters who can put down machines by the score. that would be only sending up pigeons to be shot at. On the other hand, if either side does possess that air superiority, then it can send its common, ordinary aviators by the hundred, properly protected by fighters, to raid, bomb and

destroy with impunity.

I may be blinded by patriotic prejudice, but I have a strong belief that Great Britain, North France and North Italy can all of them produce a larger proportion of this rare sort of young man than Germany.

Our airmen are naturally very chary of under-estimating the enemy, but they do agree in telling me that in the case of certain rather difficult turns and manoeuvres our fighting men can all do as a matter of course things which the German fighter regards as exceptional accomplishments. We have reckoned upon all sorts of shortages as possible factors in the overthrow of German imperialism. Have we reckoned fully upon this possibility of a shortage of air fighters?

FIGHTERS ARE THE KEY

Is it not possible to press the air war so hard, so to concentrate on the air attack, as to bring the German air arm to breaking point?

It is possible that people's minds are sometimes overexercised by the thought of air raids and counter-raids.

Only the side that attains a supremacy in air fighting will ever be able to abolish enemy raids and do what it likes in the way of raiding. Although such visitors may distress nervous Londoners, the more men and energy the Germans put into Gothas and other bombing machines rather than into actual fighting aeroplanes, the better it will be in the long run for us.

If we press the fighting side—which is the vital side—if, that is to say, we ransack our vast reserves of young men throughout the world to find and train and use every one who has the rare and peculiar gifts that make a first-class air fighter, irrespective of social position or any other secondary issue, then it seems to me that a victorious end to this war must come.

It will come sooner or later according to the energy and expedition with which we and our allies set about this task.

John Winant to Franklin D. Roosevelt (November 14, 1941)

by John Gilbert Winant

14 November 1941

From Winant (LONDON)

For The President

Regarding your message of the 11th, I personally gave your cable to the prime minister. He understood perfectly your giving Lord Halifax the military information referred to in your message. He told me and I also verified the fact that both the army and the airforce were glad to receive our estimates of the military situation in England. The prime minister deeply appreciated your thoughtfulness in what you did and your consideration in notifying him.

CR 0736

Copy For The President.

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United States v. Chaboya

Opinion of the Court by Samuel Freeman Miller

Court Documents

Case Syllabus

Opinion of the Court

United States Supreme Court

67 U.S. 593

UNITED STATES v. CHABOYA

These are appears from the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California.

The appellant, Petro Chaboya, on the 2d day of March, 1853, filed with the Board of Commissioners to settle private land claims in the State of California his petition to have confirmed to him two leagues of land in the County of Santa Clara, bounded as follows: On the north by the lands of Jose de Jesus Vallejo; on the east by the rancho of Antonio Sunol and the road from San Jose to the Valley; on the south by the Canada del Aliso, (Colindante con,) Don Flagencia Higuera, and on the west by the estuary.

With the petition were filed certain papers showing an application by Chaboya, in 1844, to Governor Micheltorena, for this land, and a reference by the Governor to the Prefect for the necessary information under the colonization laws and the sub-Prefect's report.

There was also filed, as an exhibit, an incomplete espediente relating to a totally different tract of land, all the parts of which bear date in the year 1839.

The Commissioners rejected the claim, saying that no grant had ever issued, no proof was given of segregation of the land, none of possession, and none of cultivation. The case, however, was carried into the District Court by appeal, and the appellant filed his petition in that Court, in which, referring to his former petition before the Board of Commissioners for a more particular description of the land, he prays that their decree may be reversed and his title confirmed.

In the progress of the case in the District Court, it was discovered that the land on which the claimant lived, and to which alone he really set up any claim was not described in the petition, but was that mentioned in the second espediente above alluded to, and was twenty miles distant from the land for which confirmation was asked. Under these circumstances the claimant was permitted by the Court, on

15th of June, 1857, to file an amended petition, setting out these facts and a true description of the land claimed, which was called La Posa de San Juan Bautista.

After a large amount of testimony had been taken in reference to this last mentioned claim, and the case had come to a hearing, the Court held that it had never been presented to the Board of Commissioners, and that the District Court had no jurisdiction as to that piece of land, and that it was then too late, under the Act of 1851, to present the claim anywhere.

From this decree Chaboya appealed to this Court, and the record of the case up to this stage of the proceedings, constitutes case No. 131 of our docket for the present term.

But while this appeal was pending, the appellant procured the passage of an Act of Congress, approved April 25, 1862, which authorized the District Court to hear and determine his claim to La Posa San Juan Bautista, in the same manner, and with the same jurisdiction, as if it had been duly presented to the Board of Land Commissioners. Accordingly, after taking further testimony, the case again came to a hearing before that Court on the 6th of November, 1862, and a decree was rendered rejecting the claim to all of the tract of land, supposed to be about two square leagues, except five hundred acres of it, which had been allotted to him by the authorities of San Jose, and confirming to him that much of it.

From this decree he has also appealed to this Court, and the record which has been brought up, being a complete transcript of the case from its commencement, constitutes case No. 288 of the docket of this term.

The appellant does not in this Court claim that he has any right to the land described in his petition to the Board of Commissioners, as to which they decided against him; but he does insist that the last decree of the Court deprives him of a very valuable tract of land, to which he thinks himself entitled.

The main fact on which he rests his claim in this case is his long continued possession of the land. There is no pretence that there was ever any grant of the land by the Mexican Government, and if the claim is to be confirmed, it must be upon the equity growing out of that possession, and the circumstances connected with it. It is established by the testimony in the record, that Chaboya was residing in a house of very insignificant proportions, on some part of the tract, as early as the year 1837, and has continued so to reside to the present time. But, it also appears, that his right to reside there, and especially his right to any exclusive possession or use of tract known as La Posa de San Juan Bautista, was matter of controversy from that early time between himself and the residents of the pueblo of San Jose. These villagers claimed that the tract so named, was a part of the ejidos or common lands of the pueblo, on which the cattle of all the pobladores or villagers had a right to range, and was particularly necessary to them on account of the water which it afforded. In his petition to the Governor asking a grant of this land, Chaboya alludes to his possession and to the resistance made to it by the residents of the pueblo, in these words:

'Therefore, I pray you to be pleased to grant me the ownership of what I actually possess, with my house and cattle, with the permission of the prefecture of this District, showing your Excellency that the reclamations which the residents of the pueblo have addressed against me to that Government are absolutely destitute of justice, since it is only made by four or five bad entertaining citizens, carrying of the view of the pueblo, since in nowise I prejudice their interest, and it happening to be vacant land, conformable to the law of colonization.'

This petition was dated May, 10, 1839, and the Governor having regard to this same matter of disputed

possession, made the following order, which was endorsed on the margin of the petition:

'Monterey, May 20th, 1839.

'Let the prefecture report on the present solicitation, arranging from hence that the interested party may be conserved in the possession in which he finds himself of the land solicited, as long as the suitable procedure is going on.

(Signed) 'ALVARADO.'

On the 25th May the Prefect reported as follows:

'SIR:-The petitioner ought to be excused from the usual procedure, since the prefecture in my charge has already taken and perhaps despatched it conformable to his solicitation, since the reclamation which the residents of the pueblo of the vicinity have made, and of which I verbally have informed you, have no other design than to remove Sir Chabolla from the place he has occupied for many years, on account of antipathy of previous arrangement, which absolutely are destitute of justice.

'Notwithstanding, your Excellency will act in the premises as you shall believe convenient.

'San Juan de Castro, 25th of May, 1839.

'JOSE CASTRO.' The foregoing papers were filed with the petition of claimant before the Board of Commissioners, and were all the documentary evidence so filed by him in relation to this tract of land. But in the progress of the case in the District Court, another paper was produced, and as it relates to this same matter of the possession and seems to have a close connection with those just mentioned, it may as well be inserted here. It is as follows:

'The citizen, Dolores Pacheco, justice of the peace of the pueblo of San Jose Gaudalupe de Alvarado.

'By superior order of the Senor Prefect of the First District, it is conceded to the citizen Pedro Chabolla that he inhabit the place named Posa de San Juan Bautista without building any house of foundation, and much less plant trees (plantar bienes raises) for the term of two years, subjecting himself to pay \$6 annually, and he must assist in the work on bridge or any others by which he may be benefited.

'San Jose Gaudalupe de Alvarado, February 29th, 1840.

'DOLORES PACHECO,

'PEDRO CHABOLLA.'

Notwithstanding the report of the prefect Castro, that the claimant ought to be excused from the usual procedure, by which we suppose he meant the procuring of an informe, that the land was vacant, the Governor did not issue a grant.

His claim or right to the possession stood then in the same condition of dispute as between himself and the pobladores of San Jose that it had previously, when on the 29th of February, 1840, he entered into what may be termed a compromise with them, which is evidenced by the foregoing paper, signed by himself and the Justice of the Peace of that pueblo.

We can give to this paper no other construction than a renunciation by Chaboya of any right to the possession of La Posa de San Juan Bautista, and a consent to occupy it for two years under the authorities of the pueblo, paying them \$6 annual rent, and submitting to the terms which they chose to impose, to prevent him from acquiring any permanent possession or interest in the land.

There is nothing in the subsequent history of his occupation of the place to change the character of his possession. It is proven that while his cattle ranged over it, those of the residents of the village generally did the same.

On the contrary, there is strong evidence that this was his own construction of the character of his possession.

After the country came under the American Government, the authorities of San Jose determined to divide the ejidos or common lands of the pueblo, including this tract, among its residents, and in doing so allotted to Chaboya, as his share, five hundred acres around his dwelling. He accepted the instrument in the nature of a deed made to him by the Alcalde, and had it recorded. He was shortly after taxed by the authorities of San Jose for the entire tract of La Posa de San Juan Bautista, and it is distinctly proved by two witnesses, that he appeared before the proper officers to have the tax remitted, stating that he only claimed the five hundred acres allotted to him in the partition. The tax was accordingly remitted.

We think these facts show very clearly that the appellant never had any legal title to the land in question; that he never had any exclusive possession, beyond the five hundred acres which was allotted to him by the authorities of San Jose, and confirmed by the decree of the District Court; and that such possession as he did have was subsidiary to the claim of the authorities of the pueblo, and with recognition of their rights, and that the decree should be affirmed.

The decree of the District Court is affirmed in both appeals.

Notes

This work is in the public domain in the United States because it is a work of the United States federal government (see 17 U.S.C. 105).

The Intrusion of the Personal (1904)

by Susan Keating Glaspell

From Leslie's Magazine, Vol 57, 1903-04

IT was a very cutting editorial, and a very strong one. The Governor read it through twice, and then he spread it out on the desk before him, and sat there looking at it.

"In one respect Governor Henderson is proving a disappointment," it ran. "He is buying his personal comfort at the expense of justice. He finds it more pleasant to say yes than to say no; it is easier for him to grant the requests of sorrowing wives, mothers, daughters and sisters than it is to refuse them, and so it has become a matter of personalities with him rather than of justice. All of this is a great disappointment to the Governor's friends. They had believed that his sense of duty to the State would

take precedence over everything that was personal, and that hysterical women could not so easily induce him to hold at naught the laws of the great State he has been elected to govern."

And then it went on to review some of the cases upon which the Governor had acted with leniency, to speak of the harm which would surely come of it, and to deplore again that a man, in many ways so strong, should allow his emotions to sweep away his sense of responsibilities.

It was the source of the editorial, even more than the nature of it, which moved him to seriousness. He had been very proud of the unqualified indorsement the Record had given him during the campaign, and of the strong manner in which it had championed him since he had taken the oath of office. The Record was an independent paper, and the strongest in the State. The Governor looked upon its editor, Frank Morton, as the most honorable as well as the most brainy man of his acquaintance. Morton was conservative, and yet he was fearless; he was slow to condemn, and yet there was no consideration in the world which could have held back the saying of harsh things when he was convinced the time had come for him to say them.

The really hard part of it was that the Governor was forced to concede that upon this, as upon other subjects, the Record's editorial was well balanced, far-seeing and fair. But he did not believe Morton appreciated how hard he had struggled, in many instances, against his so-called buying of his personal comfort.

A card was handed the Governor at that moment, and he looked at it, and frowned. Mrs. Frank Payne was a woman he did not care, at this time of all others, to see. He knew that it would be one of the most moving cases it had yet been his misfortune to hear, and he knew, that it was a case where justice cried out against clemency.

As he sat there holding the card uncertainly in his hand the telephone rang, and he reached over on his desk and took down the receiver. When he had concluded the conversation, and pushed back the 'phone, he looked again at the little card in his hand, and a strange light stole over his face. Then he smiled, and turning to the secretary said: "I will see Mrs. Payne at two o'clock this afternoon."

The telephone message had been from Frank Morton, and he had asked if he might see the Governor that afternoon relative to a certain commission of which Mr. Morton was chairman. The Governor had told the newspaper man that he would be glad to talk with him at two o'clock.

Frank Morton was an entirely unique personality in that State. He was unquestionably the State's most powerful private citizen. Seven years before he had taken the editorship of the Record, at a time when it was without prestige or power. He had come from somewhere in the West, and was unknown and unbacked. But nevertheless within three months the reading population of the State was rubbing its eyes and asking where this man had come from and what he intended to do. Where he had come from they did not learn; what he intended to do was soon made plain. He intended to make the Record the newspaper of thinking people. And he succeeded.

It was entirely characteristic of the man that when he entered the Governor's office that afternoon he had nothing to say in explanation of the attack he had just made upon him. The two shook hands warmly, for they had come to be close friends. Their difference in type may have been a factor in drawing them together. The Governor was a man of the world; he was a scholar—in the more conventional sense of the term. His face had never quite lost its boyishness; it was clean, clear-cut and attractive. Frank Morton, on the other hand, was undeniably homely. While the Governor was a man

easy to get at, Morton was a man one did not attempt to fathom. He was not a man of the world, and his scholarly attainments had not given him that ease which so graces a great mind. He carried his size awkwardly, he did not dress well, and he was unfortunately conscious of his hands and feet. Nevertheless his friends thought of him only as the brainiest and fairest man they knew.

They had not been talking five minutes when the secretary entered and handed the Governor a card bearing the name of Mrs. Frank Payne.

The chief executive rubbed his hand across his head and uttered a bored exclamation. "Now here's a nice thing," he said impatiently. "It's the second time to-day this woman has been here to see me—and, I suppose, I've got to see her."

"Don't let me interfere," said the newspaper man rising at once. "I can wait in the other room."

The Governor let him get almost to the door, and then he called: "Say, Morton, I wish you'd come back and sit down."

Frank Morton looked around at him in some surprise. "It won't do any harm," said the Governor, "and as long as you've shown some interest in this pardon business I think it would be only fair to me to hear something of how the cases are presented."

The newspaper man stood there irresolutely for a minute, and then the request evidently appealed to him as a fair one, for he walked back to his seat. Thereupon the Governor instructed his secretary to show the lady in.

When the door opened both men rose to their feet. It was plain that the woman was very sick, and that it was with supreme effort she was walking toward them. When she had almost reached the Governor's desk she staggered, and would have fallen, had not the chief executive taken her by the arm and assisted her to a seat.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said, as soon as she was able to speak. "I thought I was strong enough to-day, but—but I guess the excitement it—it was a little too much."

It was the newspaper man who poured a glass of ice water from a pitcher near by and handed it in clumsy fashion to the woman. When she had partaken of it he returned the glass to its place on the table, and shoving his chair a little further back into the corner resumed his seat.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Governor," began the woman, her voice shaking with nervous excitement, "but—but, you see, Governor, it's terribly vital with me."

The Governor bowed with the kind courteousness he unfailingly showed women, but said nothing. Frank Morton shoved his chair still further back in the corner, and looked longingly at the door.

"You—you got both the petitions, Governor?" asked the wife of Frank Payne, timidly.

"Yes, Mrs. Payne," replied the Governor, "I have them both here in my desk."

"You noticed the signatures? The county attorney and—and all the prominent people of the place?"

"I saw the names of a number of people I recognized as leading citizens of your community, Mrs. Payne."

"And doesn't that have great weight, Governor? Governor!—in the name of pity can't you give a husband back to a dying woman?"

The Governor rested his hand on his desk, and he began, very slowly: "Mrs. Payne, I can say in all truthfulness that the refusal of such requests as yours is the hardest thing that falls to my lot. But there are only two instances which justify an exercise of the pardon power: when it can be shown justice was not done in the trial, or where there are such extenuating circumstances to make the crime less great in reality than shown to be under the technical construction of the law." He paused, and some way he could feel that the face of the newspaper man had grown red. "I do not find," he went on, his voice trying to take the sting from the words, "that your husband's case falls under either of these."

The woman pulled her chair close to the Governor's desk, and put out a shaking hand. "Governor," she said, in voice not above a whisper, "do you mean that you are going to refuse to let my husband go?"

"I do not see how I can do otherwise," he answered, after a pause.

Then she rose to her feet, her hands clutched passionately before her. "And they told me you were kind," she cried out. "So kind!—they said you would be to me. They said you would be as sorry as my own brother would be, that —oh, they lied!" and she sank upon her knees, her head falling to the Governor's desk, while sobs which it seemed the frail body could not have held, quivered through the big room.

The Governor heard a chair move behind him, he heard a slight cough, but he did not turn around. Instead he lay his hand upon the head which was resting on his desk, and said in the voice which had so endeared him to the people of the State: "You may not know it, but I am very, very sorry."

His touch seemed to give the woman new heart, and she raised her head. "Governor," she began, the flush of the consumptive deepening upon her cheeks, and the fatal glimmer growing more bright in her eyes, "you didn't quite understand. I see now that they hadn't told you just how it was, and that was why you said those awful things. But now I am going to tell you all about it, I am going to make it all plain to you, and then"—a smile of appeal overspread her wan features, "then you are going to let him go."

As she paused for breath the Governor tried to raise her to her feet, but her fingers clung tightly to his desk, and in low, throbbing tones, broken every now and then by a hollow cough, she went on: "You see, Governor, I am going to die. I saw the doctor again this morning, and he said it could not be more than six months. And Governor, for those six months I want my husband. When I die I want to die in his arms—can't you understand that, Governor? If you had just six months to live wouldn't you want to live them with the person you loved? If your very days were numbered, wouldn't you begrudge every hour, every minute even, that you spent away from that person? And, oh, Governor! when you woke up in the long nights with that awful pain in your side, and with that awful feeling in your heart that you were going to die, wouldn't you want to reach out your hand and feel that some one who loved you was there to care for you?—to be with you till the very end? Don't you see it? Don't you see what an awful, awful thing it would be to die alone? To be alone—think of it!—all alone—when you were in pain and dying. Oh!—I can't tell it right; it's hard to talk—but—" and then, in sheer weakness, her voice broke, and again the Governor attempted to raise her, but she clung tightly to the desk, and after a minute went

on more quietly:—

"My father has given me some money. He has raised it for me, and he says if you will let Frank go we two shall go to Colorado. Governor, just suppose that the person dearest to you in all the world was dying, and that you were shut up somewhere and they wouldn't let you out to take care of her—to bathe her head, Governor, when it ached so hard, to hold her when she coughed, to love her and—and make it easier for her. Why, Governor, don't you think you'd go crazy? Do you think there is any crime in the world merits such a punishment as that? You say he stole money. I don't know anything about that. I'm not talking about that now. I'm telling you that I'm going to die, and that I'm afraid—oh, I'm afraid!"—her voice rang out with a kind of fierce terror—"to die alone. It's easy to be brave when you're well. But how can you be brave when you're sick, Governor? When—oh, I can't say any more! I'm tired—I'm—"

"Governor," broke in a stern voice behind him, "in God's name, why don't you end this scene? Why don't you tell this woman you will pardon her husband?"

The woman rose to her feet with a low, happy exclamation. "I knew it!" she cried. "I knew from the very first that you were my friend!"

She sank back in her chair and looked at him thankfully—expectantly. "You tell him," she whispered, and closed her tired eyes.

Governor Henderson looked into the face of his friend. It had grown white and it was twitching convulsively.

"The man was convicted of embezzlement," said the chief executive quietly, "and was sentenced to five years. He has served not quite two. I cannot see how, in the name of justice, I can write his pardon."

"Don't write it in the name of justice!" said the newspaper man defiantly. "Write it in the name of decency."

A soft little smile was playing about the Governor's mouth as he pulled a document from his desk and wrote his name. The look of supreme joy upon the thin, fever-eaten face spoke the thanks which would not come in words. And then, after she had started away, she turned back to the large man who was leaning heavily against the wall. "May God ever be good to you and yours," she said brokenly and left them.

There was a long silence. At last the newspaper man spoke. "For the first time since it has been my paper," he said. "the Record is bought with a price."

The Governor made no reply, and Frank Morton stood there twirling his hat in his hand. "It's a strange world," he said, taking a few steps toward the door. "We think things out, we lay down laws, we have it all fixed—theoretically. And then we meet the actual—confront conditions, and the first thing we do with our theories is to break them."

He went away then—forgetful of the commission, and the Governor resumed his work; but for a long time that soft little smile continued to play about the chief executive's mouth.

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The author died in 1948, so this work is also in the public domain in countries and areas where the copyright term is the author's life plus 70 years or less. This work may also be in the public domain in countries and areas with longer native copyright terms that apply the rule of the shorter term to foreign works.

Susan Glaspell
(1876–1948)

American playwright, novelist, journalist and actress. Known for her semi-autobiographical tales, often set in her native Midwest, which explored contemporary social issues. She won the Pulitzer Prize for her play Alison's House (1930); and her one-act play Trifles (1916) is frequently cited as one of the greatest works of American theater.

Enforced Prostitution in Western Borneo During Japanese Occupation (1946)

by International Military Tribunal for the Far East

This document was presented in evidence at the Tokyo Trials after World War II. The text below is an exact copy from one of the original mimeographs. For reasons explained in the commentary, some names have been replaced by placeholders between brackets. This is an document by government officials under oath, stating clearly that the Japanese military were directly involved in forcing women into prostitution. The links in the text all point to the glossary in the commentary, which contains additional information.

Ex. 1702

CERTIFICATE

The undersigned CHARLES JONGENEEL, Captain R. N. I. A., head of the War Crimes Section of NETHERLANDS FORCES INTELLIGENCE SERVICE (NEFIS) being first duly sworn on oath deposes and states that the annexed original documents entitled

Report on enforced prostitution in Western Borneo,
N.E.I., during Japanese Naval Occupation by
Captain J. N. Heybroek, Intelligence Officer and
Interpreter of the Japanese language, Nefis,
has been taken from the official records of the Nefis.

Signatures

/s/ Ch. Jongeneel

Batavia, July 9th 1946

/s/ K. A. de Weerd

Subscribed and sworn to before me K. A. de Weerd, first Lieutenant R.N.I.
Higher Official attached of the Office of the Attorney-General N.E.I.

EXHIBIT NO. 1702

Report on enforced prostitution in Western Borneo, N.E.I. during Japanese Naval Occupation. During the first half of 1943 the Naval garrison Commander of Pontianak, [name A] issued an order that no Japanese was to have intimate relations with Indonesian or Chinese women. At that time all European and practically all Indo-European women were interned. At the same time he issued the order for the establishment of official brothels. Those brothels were to be divided in two groups: three establishments for use of Navy personnel only and five or six for the use of civilians, of which latter one was reserved for the higher officials of the Naval Civil Administration. (Minseibu).

The brothels for Naval personnel were run by the garrison. Under the C. O., the signals Officer, [name B] was placed in charge and the daily business was attended to by the duty warrant Officer, [name C]. Women who had had relations with Japanese were forced into these brothels, which were surrounded by barbed wire. They were only allowed on the streets with special permission. Permission to quit the brothel had to be obtained from the garrison commander. The Special Naval Police (Tokei Tai) had orders to keep the brothels supplied with women; to this end they arrested women on the streets and after enforced medical examination placed them in the brothels. These arrests were mainly effected by the [names D, E, F, G and H]

The brothels for civilians were run by [name I] manager of Nanyo Kohatsu K. K. The garrison – commander ordered the Minseibu to attend to this. The Minseibu passed this on to the Hokokukai (Organisation of Japanese businessmen) [name I] being in charge of the Welfare Department of the Hokokukai, was placed in charge of the brothels for civilians; he used employees of his firm for the routine work, as keeping of accounts, etc. Every morning the nights takings were turned in to the cashier of Nanyo Kohatsu, [name J]. Women for these brothels were also obtained Through the services of Tokei Tai.

The houses for the brothels were obtained from the custodian of enemy property, the furniture was in the case of the naval brothels supplied by the Navy and in case of the civilian brothels by the Hokokukai. Visitors had to pay to the native servant (in the case of the Navy according to rank) who turned in the money daily to the duty Warrant Officer or to the cashier of Nanyo Kohatsu. In both cases 1/3 was retained to defray expenses, furniture, food, etc. and 2/3 was credited to the women concerned. Of this they could from time to time take up part for their personal use. A monthly statement had to be rendered to Section I of the Minseibu.

In their search for women the Tokei Tai ordered the entire female staffs of the Minseibu and the Japanese firms to report to the Tokei Tai Office, undressed some of them entirely and accused them of maintaining relations with Japanese. The ensuing medical examination revealed that several were virgins. It is not known with certainty how many of these unfortunates were forced into brothels. Women did not dare to escape from the brothels as members of their family were then immediately arrested and severely maltreated by the Tokei Tai. In one case it is known that this caused the death of the mother of the girl concerned.

Fortunately [name K], an Indonesian medical Officer, who was allowed to continue in practice during

the occupation was still available and able to make a sworn statement regarding his medical examination of women by order of Tokei Tai personnel. His evidence shows that women were forced into prostitution.

The above report has been compiled from information obtained from interrogation of Japanese war criminals and from sworn statements by persons concerned.

I declare that the above facts are truly in accordance with above sources of information on my oath as an Intelligence Officer and interpreter of the Japanese language.

Batavia, July 5th 1946

/s/ JNH

J. N. HEIJBOEK, Capt. Netherlands Forces Intell. Service

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3 from Celtic Wonder-Tales (1910)

by Ella Young

The Earth Shapers

In Tir-na-Moe, the Land of the Living Heart, Brigit was singing. Angus the Ever Young, and Midyir the Red-Maned, and Ogma that is called splendor of the Sun, and the Dagda and all the Lords of the people of Dana drew near to listen. Brigit sang:

New comes the hour foretold, a god-gift bringing
A wonderful sight.
Is it a star new-born and splendid up springing
Out of the night?
Is it a wave from the Fountain of Beauty upflinging
Foam of delight?
Is it a glorious immortal bird that is winging
Hither its flight?
It is a wave high-crested, melodious, triumphant,
Breaking in Light.
It is a star, rose-hearted and joyous, a splendor
Risen from night.
It is a flame from the world of the Gods, and love runs before it,
A quenchless delight.
Let the wave break, let the star rise, let the flame leap.
Ours, if our hearts are wise,
To take and keep.

Brigit ceased to sing, and there was silence for a space in Tir-na-Moe. Then Angus said:

"Strange are the words of your song, and strange the music: it swept me down steep of air-down-down-always further down. Tir-na-Moe was like a dream half remembered. I felt the breath of strange worlds on my face, and always your song grew louder and louder, but you were not singing it. Who was singing it?"

"The Earth was singing it."

"The Earth," said The Dagda, "Is not the Earth in the Pit of chaos? Who has ever looked into that pit or stayed to listen where there is neither silence or song?"

"O Shepherd of the Star-Flocks, I have stayed to listen. I have shuddered in the darkness that is round the Earth. I have seen the Black hissing of waters and monsters that devour each other-I have looked into the groping writhing adder-pit of hell."

The light that pulsed about the De Danaan lords grew troubled at the thought of that pit, and they cried out: "Tell us no more about the Earth, O Flame of two Eternity's, and let the thought of it slip from yourself as a dream slips from the memory."

"O silver Branches that no Sorrow has shaken," said Brigit, "Hear one thing more! The Earth wails all night because it has dreamed of beauty."

"What dream, O Brigit?"

"The Earth has dreamed of the White stillness of dawn; of the star that goes before the sunrise; and of music, like the music of my song."

"O mourning Star," said Angus, "would I had never heard your song, for now I cannot shake the thought of Earth from me."

"Why should you shake the thought from you, Angus the Subtle-Hearted? You have wrapped yourself in all the colors of the sunlight; are you not fain to look into the darkness and listen to the thunder of abysmal waves; are you not fain to make gladness in the Abyss?"

Angus did not answer: he reached out his hand and gathered a blossom from a branch; he blew upon the blossom and tossed it into the air: it became a wonderful white bird, and circled about him singing.

Midyir the Haughty rose and shook out the bright tresses of his hair till he was clothed with radiance as with a Golden Fleece.

"I am fain to look into the darkness," he said. "I am fain to hear the thunder of the Abyss."

"Then come with me," said Brigit, "I am going to put my mantle round the Earth because it has dreamed of beauty."

"I will make clear a place for your mantle," said Midyir. "I will throw fire amongst the monsters."

"I will go with you too," said the Dagda, who is called the Green Harper.

"And I," said Splendour of the Sun, whose other name is Ogma the Wise. "And I," said Nuada Wielder

of the White Light. "And I," said Gobniu the Wonder-Smith, "we will remake the Earth!"

"Good luck to the adventure!" said Angus. "I would go myself if ye had the Sword of Light with you."

"We will take the Sword of Light," said Brigit, "and the Cauldron of Plenty and the Spear of Victory and the Stone of Destiny with us, for we will build power and wisdom and beauty and lavish-heartedness into the Earth."

It is well said," cried all the Shining Ones.

"We will take the Four Jewels."

Ogma brought the Sword of Light from Findrias the cloud-fair city that is in the east of the De Danaan world; Nuada brought the Spear of Victory from Gorias the flame-bright city that is in the south of the De Danaan world; the Dagda brought the Cauldron of Plenty from Murias the city that is builded in the west of the De Danaan world and has the stillness of deep waters; Midyir brought the Stone of Destiny from Falias the city that is builded in the north of the De Danaan world and has the steadfastness of adamant. Then Brigit and her companions set forth.

They fell like a rain of stars till they came to the blackness that surrounded the Earth, and looking down saw below them, as at the bottom of an abyss, the writhing, contorted, hideous life that swarmed and groped and devoured itself ceaselessly.

From the seething turmoil of that abyss all the Shining Ones drew back save Midyir. He grasped the Fiery Spear and descended like a flame.

His comrades looked down and saw him treading out the monstrous life as men tread grapes in a wine-press; they saw the blood and foam of that destruction rise about Midyir till he was crimson with it even to the crown of his head; they saw him whirl the Spear till it became a wheel of fire and shot out sparks and tongues of flame; they saw the flame lick the darkness and turn back on itself and spread and blossom--murk-red--blood-red--rose-red at last!

Midyir drew himself out of the abyss, a Ruby Splendour, and said:

"I have made a place for Brigit's mantle. Throw down your mantle, Brigit, and bless the Earth! "

Brigit threw down her mantle and when it touched the Earth it spread itself, unrolling like silver flame. It took possession of the place Midyir had made as the sea takes possession, and it continued to spread itself because everything that was foul drew back from the little silver flame at the edge of it.

It is likely it would have spread itself over all the earth, only Angus, the youngest of the gods, had not patience to wait: he leaped down and stood with his two feet on the mantle. It ceased to be fire and became a silver mist about him. He ran through the mist laughing and calling on the others to follow. His laughter drew them and they followed. The drifting silver mist closed over them and round them, and through it they saw each other like images in a dream--changed and fantastic. They laughed when they saw each other. The Dagda thrust both his hands into the Cauldron of Plenty.

"O Cauldron," he said, "you give to every one the gift that is meetest, give me now a gift meet for the Earth."

He drew forth his hands full of green fire and he scattered the greenness everywhere as a sower scatters seed. Angus stooped and lifted the greenness of the earth; he scooped hollows in it; he piled it in heaps; he played with it as a child plays with sand, and when it slipped through his fingers it changed colour and shone like star-dust--blue and purple and yellow and white and red.

Now, while the Dagda sowed emerald fire and Angus played with it, Mananaun was aware that the exiled monstrous life had lifted itself and was looking over the edge of Brigit's mantle. He saw the iron eyes of strange creatures jeering in the blackness and he drew the Sword of Light from its scabbard and advanced its gleaming edge against that chaos. The strange life fled in hissing spume, but the sea rose to greet the Sword in a great foaming thunderous wave.

Mananaun swung the Sword a second time, and the sea rose again in a wave that was green as a crysolite, murmurous, sweet-sounding, flecked at the edges with amythest and purple and blue-white foam.

A third time Mananaun swung the Sword, and the sea rose to greet it in a wave white as crystal, unbroken, continuous, silent as dawn.

The slow wave fell back into the sea, and Brigit lifted her mantle like a silver mist. The De Danaans saw everything clearly. They saw that they were in an island covered with green grass and full of heights and strange scooped-out hollows and winding ways. They saw too that the grass was full of flowers--blue and purple and yellow and white and red.

"Let us stay here," they said to each other, "and make beautiful things so that the Earth may be glad."

Brigit took the Stone of Destiny in her hands: it shone white like a crystal between her hands.

"I will lay the Stone in this place," she said, "that ye may have empire."

She laid the Stone on the green grass and it sank into the earth: a music rose about it as it sank, and suddenly all the scooped-out hollows and deep winding ways were filled with water--rivers of water that leaped and shone; lakes and deep pools of water trembling into stillness.

"It is the laughter of the Earth!" said Ogma the Wise.

Angus dipped his fingers in the water.

"I would like to see the blue and silver fishes that swim in Connla's Well swimming here," he said, "and trees growing in this land like those trees with blossomed branches that grow in the Land of the Silver Fleece."

"It is an idle wish, Angus the Young," said Ogma. "The fishes in Connla's Well are too bright for these waters and the blossoms that grow on silver branches would wither here. We must wait and learn the secret of the Earth, and slowly fashion dark strange trees, and fishes that are not like the fishes in Connla's Well."

"Yea," said Nuada, "we will fashion other trees, and under their branches shall go hounds that are not like the hound Failinis and deer that have not horns of gold. We will make ourselves the smiths and

artificers of the world and beat the strange life out yonder into other shapes. We will make for ourselves islands to the north of this and islands to the west, and round them shall go also the three waves of Mananaun for we will fashion and re-fashion all things till there is nothing unbeautiful left in the whole earth."

"It is good work," cried all the De Danaans, "we will stay and do it, but Brigit must go to Moy Mel and Tir-na-Moe and Tir-nan-Oge and Tir-fo-Tonn, and all the other worlds, for she is the Flame of Delight in every one of them."

"Yes, I must go," said Brigit.

"O Brigit!" said Ogma, "before you go, tie a knot of remembrance in the fringe of your mantle so that you may always remember this place--and tell us, too, by what name we shall call this place."

"Ye shall call it the White Island," said Brigit, "and its other name shall be the Island of Destiny; and its other name shall be Ireland."

Then Ogma tied a knot of remembrance in the fringe of Brigit's mantle.

The Spear of Victory

Nuada, Wielder of the White Light, set up the Spear of Victory in the centre of Ireland. It was like a great fiery fountain. It was like a singing flame. It burned continually, and from it every fire in Ireland was kindled. The glow of it reached up to the mountain tops. The glow of it reached under the forest trees. The glow of it shot into the darkness and made a halo of light far beyond the three waves of Mananaun. The mis-shapen things of the darkness came to the edge of the halo. They sunned themselves in it. They got strength from it. They began to build a habitation for themselves in the dark waters. They took shapes to themselves, and dark cunning wisdom. Balor the One-Eyed was their king. They were minded to get the Spear of Victory.

They compassed Ireland. They made a harsh screeching. The De Danaans said to each other:

"It is only the Fomor, the people from under the sea, who are screeching; they will tire of it!"

They did not tire of it: they kept up the screeching. The De Danaans tired of it. Nuada took up the Spear of Victory. He whirled it. He threw it into the blackness that it might destroy the Fomor. It went through them like lightning through storm-clouds. It made a great destruction. Balor grasped it. He had the grip! The Spear stayed with him. It was like a fiery serpent twisting every way. He brought it into his own country. There was a lake in the middle of his own country full of black water. Whoever tasted that water would forget everything he knew. Balor put the fiery head of the Spear in that lake. It became a column of red-hot iron. He could not draw it out of the lake.

The Spear was in the lake then. Great clouds of steam rose about it from the black water. Out of the hissing steam Demons of the Air were born. The Demons were great and terrible. There was an icy wind about them. They found their way into Ireland. They took prey there in spite of the De Danaans. They made broad tracks for themselves. The Fomor followed in their tracks. It was then that the misfortune came to the De Danaans. The people of the Fomor got the better of the De Danaans. They

took the Cauldron of Plenty and the Magic Harp from the Dagda. They made themselves lords and hard rulers over the De Danaans, and they laid Ireland under tribute. They were taking tribute out of it ever and again till Lugh Lauve Fauda came. 'Twas he that broke the power of the Fomor and sent the three sons of Dana for the Spear. They had power to draw it out of the lake. They gave it to Lugh, and it is with him it is now, and 'tis he will set it up again in the middle of Ireland before the end of the world.

A Good Deed

The Dagda sat with his back to an oak tree. He looked like a workman, and his hands were as hard as the hands of a mason, but his hair was braided like the hair of a king. He had on a green cloak with nine capes, and along the border of every cape there was a running pattern embroidered in gold and silver and purple thread. Opposite the Dagda sat his son, Angus Og, with his hands clasped about his knees. He was in rags, and his hair was matted like the hair of a beggar: a bramble had scratched his nose, but his eyes were smiling.

"If you only knew how ridiculous you look in that cloak," he was saying to the Dagda, "you would not wear it."

"My son," said the Dagda, with dignity, "it is the only cloak the people of the Fomor have left me, and the evening is cold."

"Why don't you keep yourself warm by working?" said Angus. "It's what I would do myself if you had brought me up to a trade."

"Angus," said his father, "remember I am one of the gods: it is not necessary to talk sense to me."

"O dear! " said Angus, "a bramble scratched me on the nose this morning--it's all because you have lost your Magic Harp and the Cauldron of Plenty! Soon even the snails will make faces at me. I can't go wandering round Ireland in comfort any more. I'll change myself into a salmon and swim in the sea."

"The salmon must come up the rivers once a year, and when you come the Fomorian will take you in their net, and it is likely Balor, their king, will eat you."

"Ochone a rie! ' I must be something else! I'll be an eagle."

"You will shiver in the icy grip of the wind that goes before the Fomor--the black bitter wind that blows them hither to darken the sun for us."

"Ochone, Ochone, my Grief and my Trouble!" I must think of something else. I'll be a good action. The Fomor never meddle with a good action."

While Angus was talking a Pooka came out from between the trees. It looked like a little snow-white kid with golden horns and silver hoofs, but it could take any shape it had a fancy for. When it saw Angus it smiled and made one jump on to his shoulder.

Look at this " said Angus. " I never can say anything important without being interrupted!"

"What do you want?" he said to the Pooka, pretending to be cross.

"O nothing at all, only to listen to your wise talk; it does me good," said the Pooka, prancing on Angus' shoulder.

"Well, keep quiet if you want to listen!" said Angus. "I was saying," he continued to the Dagda, "I will be a good action."

Just at that moment an ugly deformed animal, with a head like the head of a pig and a hound's body, came tearing through the wood; behind it was a young boy of the Fomor. He was ugly and deformed, but he had a rich cloak and a gold circle on his head. The moment he saw the Pooka he threw a fire-ball at it. The Pooka jumped behind Angus, and Angus caught the fire-ball. It went out in his hand.

"I am a Prince of the Fomor," said the boy, trying to look big.

"I was thinking as much," said Angus; "you have princely manners."

"I am Balor's own son. I have come out to look for treasure, and if you have anything I command you to give it to me at once."

"What would you like?" said Angus.

"I would like the white horse of Mananaun; or three golden apples; or a hound out of Tir-nan-Oge."

"They say it's lucky to be good to poor folk," said Angus. "If you are good to us, perhaps you may find a treasure."

"If you do not get up at once and hunt about for a treasure for me I will tell my father, Balor, and he will wither you off the face of the earth!"

"O give me a little time," said Angus, "and I'll look for something."

The Pooka, who had been listening to everything, now skipped out from his hiding-place with a turnip in his mouth--he was holding it by the green leaves.

"The very thing!" said Angus. "Here is a treasure!" He took the turnip in his hands and passed his fingers over it. The turnip became a great white egg, and the leaves turned into gold and crimson spots and spread themselves over the egg.

"Now, look at this!" said Angus. "It is an enchanted egg. You have only to keep it till you do three Good Actions, and then it will hatch out into something splendid."

"Will it hatch into Mananaun's white horse?" said the boy.

"It depends on the Good Actions you do; everything depends on that."

"What is a Good Action?"

"Well, if you were to go quietly away, and never tell any one you had seen us, it would be a Good Action."

"I'll go," said the boy. He took the egg in his hands, kicked up a toe-full of earth at the Pooka, and went.

He hadn't gone far when he heard a bird singing. He looked and saw a little bird on a furze-bush.

"Stop that noise! " he said.

The bird went on singing. The boy flung the egg at it. The egg turned into a turnip and struck a hare. The hare jumped out of the furze-bush.

"My curse on you," said the boy, "for a brittle egg! What came over you to hatch into nothing better than a hare! My Grief and my Trouble! what came over you to hatch out at all when this is only my second Good Action?"

He set his hound after the hare, but the hare had touched the enchanted turnip and got some of the magic, so the hound could not chase it. He came back with the turnip. The boy hit him over the head with it many times and the dog howled. His howling soothed Balor's son, and after a while he left off beating the dog and turned to go back to his own country. At first he walked with big steps puffing his cheeks vaingloriously, but little by little a sense of loss overcame him, and as he thought how nearly he had earned the white horse of Mananaun, or three golden apples, or some greater treasure, two tears slowly rolled down his snub nose: they were the first tears he had shed in his life.

Angus and the Dagda and the Pooka were still in the little clearing when Balor's son passed back through it. The moment he came in sight the Pooka changed himself into a squirrel and ran up the oak tree; Angus changed himself into a turnip and lay at the Dagda's feet; but the Dagda, who had not time to think of a suitable transformation, sat quite still and looked at the young Fomorian.

"Sshh! Sshh! Hii! Tear him, dog!" said Balor's son.

The pig-headed creature rushed at the Dagda, but when he came to the turnip he ran back howling. The Dagda smiled and picked up the turnip. He pressed his hands over it and it became a great golden egg with green and purple spots on it.

"Give it to me! Give it to me! " yelled Balor's son, "it's better than the first egg, and the first egg is broken. Give it to me."

"This egg is too precious for you," said the Dagda. "I must keep it in my own hands."

"Then I will blast you and all the forest and every living thing! I have only to roar three times, and three armies of my people will come to help me. Give me the egg or I will roar."

"I will keep this egg in my own hands," said the Dagda.

Balor's son shut his eyes tight and opened his mouth very wide to let out a great roar, and it is likely he would have been heard at the other end of the world if the Pooka hadn't dropped a handful of acorns into his mouth. The roar never came out. Balor's son choked and spluttered, and the Dagda patted him on the back and shook him. He shook him very hard, and while he shook him Angus turned into a good action and slipped into the boy's mind. Balor's son got his breath then, he said: -

"I will not blast you this time; I will do a Good Action. I will let you carry the egg, and you can be my slave and treasure-finder."

"Thank you," said the Dagda; but the words were scarcely out of his mouth when a terrible icy wind swept through the wood. The earth shook and the trees bent and twisted with terror. The Pooka instantly turned himself into a dead leaf and dropped into a fold of the Dagda's cloak; the Dagda hid the leaf in his bosom and turned his cloak so that the nine capes were inside. He did it all in a moment, and the next moment the wood was full of Fomorians--ugly mis-shapen beings with twisted mouths and squinting eyes. They shouted with joy when they saw Balor's son, but they knew the Dagda was one of the De Danaans and rushed at him with their weapons.

"Stop! " roared Balor's son. " Keep back from my Treasure-Finder! He must follow me wherever I go."

The Fomor stood back from the Dagda, and their captain bowed himself before Balor's son.

"O Prince," he said, "whose mouth drops honey and wisdom, the thing shall be as you command, and, O Light of our Countenance, come with us now, for the Harp-feast is beginning and Balor has sent us into the four quarters of the world to find you."

"What feast are you talking about? "

"O Pearl of Goodness, the feast your father is giving so that all his lords may see the great harp that was taken from the Dagda."

"I know all about that harp! I have seen it; no one can play on it--I will not go with you!"

"O Fount of Generosity, we are all as good as dead if we return without you."

Balor's son turned away and took two steps into the wood; then he stopped and balanced himself, first on one foot then on the other; then he turned round and gave a great sigh.

"I will go with you," he said, "it is my twenty-first Good Action!"

The terrible icy wind swept through the wood again and the Fomorians rose into it as dust rises in a whirlwind; the Dagda rose too, and the wind swept the whole company into Balor's country.

It was a country as hard as iron with never a flower or a blade of grass to be seen and a sky over it where the sun and moon never showed themselves. The place of feasting was a great plain and the hosts of the Fomor were gathered thick upon it. Balor of the Evil Eye was in the midst and beside him the great harp. Every string of the harp shone with the colours of the rainbow and a golden flame moved about it. No one of the Fomor had power to play on it.

As soon as the Dagda saw the harp he turned his cloak in the twinkling of an eye so that the nine capes were outmost and he stretched his hands and cried:

The great harp gave a leap to him. It went through the hosts of the Fomor like lightning through clouds, and they perished before it like stubble before flame. The Dagda struck one note on it, and all the Fomor lost the power to move or speak. Then he began to play, and through that iron country grass and flowers came up, slender apple-trees grew and blossomed, and over them the sky was blue without a

cloud. The Pooka turned himself into a spotted fawn and danced between the trees. Angus drew himself out of the mind of Balor's son and stood beside the Dagda. He did not look like a beggar-man. He had a golden light round his head and a purple cloak like a purple cloud, and all about him circled beautiful white birds. The wind from the birds' wings blew the blossoms from the apple trees and the petals drifted with sleepy magic into the minds of the Fomorians, so that each one bowed his head and slept. When the Dagda saw that, he changed the tune he was playing, and the grass and flowers became a dust of stars and vanished. The apple trees vanished one by one till there was only one left. It was covered over with big yellow apples--sweeter than the sweetest apples any one ever ate. It moved, and Angus saw it was going to vanish. He put his hand on the Dagda's wrist to stop the music and said:

"Do not play away that apple tree. Leave it for Balor's son when he wakens--after all, he did one Good Action."

The Dagda smiled and stopped playing.

Dictionary of National Biography, 1885-1900, Volume 30

Elizabeth Kemble

KEMBLE, Mrs. ELIZABETH (1763?–1841), actress, the wife of Stephen Kemble [q. v.], born in London, was daughter of a musical instrument maker named Satchell. Her first recorded appearance on the stage took place at Covent Garden, on 21 Sept. 1780, as Polly in the 'Beggar's Opera.' She also played Patty in the 'Maid of the Mill,' and other parts. In the following season she was promoted to Margaret in 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' Juliet, Ophelia, and Celia in 'As you like it,' and took several characters of some importance in new pieces. On 24 Sept. 1783, when she had begun to play leading business, she appeared as Desdemona to Stephen Kemble's Othello. Subsequently she was Indiana in the 'Conscious Lovers,' to his Sealand, and Selima to his Bajazet in 'Tamerlane.' On 24 Nov. 1783, as Mrs. S. Kemble, late Miss Satchell, she was Miss Dormer in the 'Mysterious Husband.' The favour she won in public estimation was not shared by her husband, whom, to the regret of the management and the town, she accompanied in his enforced migrations. Her career consisted indeed in playing to and eclipsing her husband, with whom she appeared at the Haymarket, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Newcastle, and other towns, and finally at Drury Lane. She was at the Haymarket, on 4 Aug. 1787, the first Yarico in the younger Colman's 'Inkle and Yarico,' and Harriet in 'Ways and Means' on 10 July 1788; and during her engagement at this house played very many original parts in plays of Colman, O'Keeffe, and other dramatists. Her repertory in London and the country was very large. She played characters so diverse as Lady Teazle and Cowslip in the 'Agreeable Surprise,' Mrs. Haller, and Cicely Homespun. By her prudence and exertions she contributed to her husband's fortune. Nineteen years after her husband, she died on 20 Jan. 1841, in retirement, at the Grove, near Durham, and was buried on the 25th by the side of her husband in Durham Cathedral.

Tate Wilkinson declares that with the exception of Mrs. Cibber she was the only good Ophelia he ever saw. Oxberry, a censorious judge, calls her 'a little woman, but a great actress.' Boaden supplies a very pleasing picture of her: 'The stage never in my time exhibited so pure, so interesting a candidate as Miss Satchell. ... No one ever like her presented the charm of unsuspecting fondness or that rustic simplicity which, removed immeasurably from vulgarity, betrays nothing of the world's refinement' (Life of Mrs. Siddons, i. 214). Equally favourable testimony is borne by a writer in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' 1832, who says there were few more delightful actresses, and declares that, though not so lovely as Miss O'Neill, nor so romantic, her 'eyes had far more of that unconsciously alluring

expression of innocence and voluptuousness.' The writer claims for her genius rather than talent, speaks of her clear, silvery voice, praises her Katherine in 'Katherine and Petruchio' and her Ophelia, and says that she was 'a delicious Juliet, and an altogether incomparable Yarico.' She sang with much feeling, but was less gentle than she appeared. Displays of temper on the stage were not unknown, and she once almost bit a piece out of the shoulder of Henry Erskine Johnston [q. v.], who was acting with her.

Another Elizabeth Kemble, a sister of her husband, appeared at Drury Lane 1783–4, played several parts, was extolled by George Steevens at the expense of Mrs. Siddons, married Mr. Whitelocke, a theatrical manager, and retired.

The Beggar's Opera

by John Gay

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Peachum's House.

Peachum sitting at a Table with a large Book of Accounts before him.

AIR I. An old Woman clothed in Gray, &c.

Through all the Employments of Life Each Neighbour abuses his Brother; Whore and Rogue they call Husband and Wife: All Professions be-rogue one another: The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat, The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine: And the Statesman, because he's so great, Thinks his Trade as honest as mine.

A Lawyer is an honest Employment, so is mine. Like me too he acts in a double Capacity, both against Rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage Cheats, since we live by them.

[Enter Filch.]

FILCH. Sir, Black Moll hath sent word her Trial comes on in the Afternoon, and she hopes you will order Matters so as to bring her off.

PEACHUM. As the Wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the Evidence.

FILCH. Tom Gagg, Sir, is found guilty.

PEACHUM. A lazy Dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his Hand. This is Death without Reprieve. I may venture to Book him [writes.] For Tom Gagg, forty Pounds. Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from Transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

FILCH. Betty hath brought more Goods into our Lock to-year than any five of the Gang; and in truth,

'tis a pity to lose so good a Customer.

PEACHUM. If none of the Gang take her off, she may, in the common course of Business, live a Twelve-month longer. I love to let Women scape. A good Sportsman always lets the Hen Partridges fly, because the Breed of the Game depends upon them. Besides, here the Law allows us no Reward; there is nothing to be got by the Death of Women--except our Wives.

FILCH. Without dispute, she is a fine Woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my Education, and (to say a bold Word) she hath trained up more young Fellows to the Business than the Gaming table.

PEACHUM. Truly, Filch, thy Observation is right. We and the Surgeons are more beholden to Women than all the Professions besides.

AIR II. The bonny gray-ey'd Morn, &c.

FILCH. 'Tis Woman that seduces all Mankind, By her we first were taught the wheedling Arts: Her very Eyes can cheat; when most she's kind, She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts. For her, like Wolves by Night we roam for Prey, And practise ev'ry Fraud to bribe her Charms; For Suits of Love, like Law, are won by Pay, And Beauty must be fee'd into our Arms.

PEACHUM. But make haste to Newgate, Boy, and let my Friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy one way or other.

FILCH. When a Gentleman is long kept in suspense, Penitence may break his Spirit ever after. Besides, Certainty gives a Man a good Air upon his Trial, and makes him risk another without Fear or Scruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a Pleasure to be the Messenger of Comfort to Friends in Affliction.

[Exit Filch.]

PEACHUM. But 'tis now high time to look about me for a decent Execution against next Sessions. I hate a lazy Rogue, by whom one can get nothing 'till he is hang'd. A Register of the Gang, [Reading.] Crook-finger'd Jack. A Year and a half in the Service; Let me see how much the Stock owes to his industry; one, two, three, four, five Gold Watches, and seven Silver ones. A mighty clean-handed Fellow! Sixteen Snuff-boxes, five of them of true Gold. Six Dozen of Handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted Swords, half a Dozen of Shirts, three Tye-Periwigs, and a Piece of Broad-Cloth. Considering these are only the Fruits of his leisure Hours, I don't know a prettier Fellow, for no Man alive hath a more engaging Presence of Mind upon the Road. Wat Dreary, alias Brown Will, an irregular Dog, who hath an underhand way of disposing of his Goods. I'll try him only for a Sessions or two longer upon his Good-behaviour. Harry Paddington, a poor petty-larceny Rascal, without the least Genius; that Fellow, though he were to live these six Months, will never come to the Gallows with any Credit. Slippery Sam; he goes off the next Sessions, for the Villain hath the Impudence to have Views of following his Trade as a Tailor, which he calls an honest Employment. Mat of the Mint; listed not above a Month ago, a promising sturdy Fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good Contributions on the Public, if he does not cut himself short by Murder. Tom Tipple, a guzzling soaking Sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand. A Cart is absolutely necessary for him. Robin of Bagshot, alias Gorgon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty.

[Enter Mrs. Peachum.]

MRS. PEACHUM. What of Bob Booty, Husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my Dear, he's a favourite Customer of mine. 'Twas he made me a present of this Ring.

PEACHUM. I have set his Name down in the Black List, that's all, my Dear; he spends his Life among Women, and as soon as his Money is gone, one or other of the Ladies will hang him for the Reward, and there's forty Pound lost to us for-ever.

MRS. PEACHUM. You know, my Dear, I never meddle in matters of Death; I always leave those Affairs to you. Women indeed are bitter bad Judges in these cases, for they are so partial to the Brave that they think every Man handsome who is going to the Camp or the Gallows.

AIR III. Cold and raw, &c.

If any Wench Venus's Girdle wear, Though she be never so ugly; Lilies and Roses will quickly appear, And her Face look wond'rous smugly. Beneath the left Ear so fit but a Cord, (A Rope so charming a Zone is!) The Youth in his Cart hath the Air of a Lord, And we cry, There dies an Adonis!

But really, Husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of Men than at present. We have not had a Murder among them all, these seven Months. And truly, my Dear, that is a great Blessing.

PEACHUM. What a dickens is the Woman always a whimpring about Murder for? No Gentleman is ever look'd upon the worse for killing a Man in his own Defence; and if Business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a Gentleman do?

MRS. PEACHUM. If I am in the wrong, my Dear, you must excuse me, for no body can help the Frailty of an over-scrupulous Conscience.

PEACHUM. Murder is as fashionable a Crime as a Man can be guilty of. How many fine Gentlemen have we in Newgate every Year, purely upon that Article! If they have wherewithal to persuade the Jury to bring it in Manslaughter, what are they the worse for it? So, my Dear, have done upon this Subject. Was Captain Macheath here this Morning, for the Bank-Notes he left with you last Week?

MRS. PEACHUM. Yes, my Dear; and though the Bank hath stopt Payment, he was so chearful and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer Gentleman upon the Road than the Captain! if he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable Hour, he hath promis'd to make one this Evening with Polly and me, and Bob Booty at a Party of Quadrille. Pray, my Dear, is the Captain rich?

PEACHUM. The Captain keeps too good Company ever to grow rich. Marybone and the Chocolate-houses are his Undoing. The Man that proposes to get Money by play should have the Education of a fine Gentleman, and be train'd up to it from his Youth.

MRS. PEACHUM. Really, I am sorry upon Polly's Account the Captain hath not more Discretion. What Business hath he to keep Company with Lords and Gentlemen? he should leave them to prey upon one another.

PEACHUM. Upon Polly's Account! What, a Plague, does the Woman mean?--Upon Polly's Account!

MRS. PEACHUM. Captain Macheath is very fond of the Girl.

PEACHUM. And what then?

MRS. PEACHUM. If I have any Skill in the Ways of Women, I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty Man.

PEACHUM. And what then? You would not be so mad to have the Wench marry him! Gamesters and Highwaymen are generally very good to their Whores, but they are very Devils to their Wives.

MRS. PEACHUM. But if Polly should be in Love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor Girl, I am in the utmost Concern about her.

AIR IV. Why is your faithful Slave disdain'd? &c.

If Love the Virgin's Heart invade, How, like a Moth, the simple Maid Still plays about the Flame! If soon she be not made a Wife, Her Honour's sing'd, and then for Life, She's--what I dare not name.

PEACHUM. Look ye, Wife. A handsome Wench in our way of Business is as profitable as at the Bar of a Temple Coffee-House, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every Liberty but one. You see I would indulge the Girl as far as prudently we can. In any thing, but Marriage! After that, my Dear, how shall we be safe? Are we not then in her Husband's Power? For a Husband hath the absolute Power over all a Wife's Secrets but her own. If the Girl had the Discretion of a Court-Lady, who can have a Dozen young Fellows at her Ear without complying with one, I should not matter it; but Polly is Tinder, and a Spark will at once set her on a Flame. Married! If the Wench does not know her own Profit, sure she knows her own Pleasure better than to make herself a Property! My Daughter to me should be, like a Court-Lady to a Minister of State, a Key to the whole Gang. Married! If the Affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the Example of our Neighbours.

MRS. PEACHUM. May-hap, my Dear, you may injure the Girl. She loves to imitate the fine Ladies, and she may only allow the Captain Liberties in the view of Interest.

PEACHUM. But 'tis your Duty, my Dear, to warn the Girl against her Ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her Beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and sift her. In the meantime, Wife, rip out the Coronets and Marks of these Dozen of Cambric Handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this Afternoon to a Chap in the City. [Exit Peachum.]

MRS. PEACHUM. Never was a Man more out of the way in an Argument than my Husband! Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her Sex, and love only her Husband? And why must Polly's Marriage, contrary to all Observations, make her the less followed by other Men? All Men are Thieves in Love, and like a Woman the better for being another's Property.

AIR V. Of all the simple Things we do, &c.

A Maid is like the Golden Ore, Which hath Guineas intrinsical in't, Whose Worth is never known before It is try'd and imprest in the Mint. A Wife's like a Guinea in Gold, Stamp't with the Name of her Spouse; Now here, now there; is bought, or is sold; And is current in every House.

[Enter Filch.]

MRS. PEACHUM. Come hither, Filch. I am as fond of this Child, as though my Mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a Hand at picking a Pocket as a Woman, and is as nimble-finger'd as a Juggler. If an unlucky Session does not cut the Rope of thy Life, I pronounce, Boy, thou wilt be a great Man in History. Where was your Post last Night, my Boy?

FILCH. I ply'd at the Opera, Madam; and considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great Hurry in getting Chairs and Coaches, made a tolerable Hand on't. These seven Handkerchiefs, Madam.

MRS. PEACHUM. Colour'd ones, I see. They are of sure Sale from our Warehouse at Redriff among the Seamen.

FILCH. And this Snuff-box.

MRS. PEACHUM. Set in Gold! A pretty Encouragement this to a young Beginner.

FILCH. I had a fair Tug at a charming Gold Watch. Pox take the Tailors for making the Fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way, and I was forc'd to make my Escape under a Coach. Really, Madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the Flower of my Youth, so that every now and then (since I was pumpt) I have Thoughts of taking up and going to Sea.

MRS. PEACHUM. You should go to Hockley in the Hole, and to Marybone, Child, to learn Valour. These are the Schools that have bred so many brave Men. I thought, Boy, by this time, thou hadst lost Fear as well as Shame. Poor Lad! how little does he know as yet of the Old Baily! For the first Fact I'll insure thee from being hang'd; and going to Sea, Filch, will come time enough upon a Sentence of Transportation. But now, since you have nothing better to do, ev'n go to your Book, and learn your Catechism; for really a Man makes but an ill Figure in the Ordinary's Paper, who cannot give a satisfactory Answer to his Questions. But, hark you, my Lad. Don't tell me a Lye; for you know I hate a Liar. Do you know of anything that hath pass'd between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

FILCH. I beg you, Madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a Lye to you or to Miss Polly; for I promis'd her I would not tell.

MRS. PEACHUM. But when the Honour of our Family is concern'd -

FILCH. I shall lead a sad Life with Miss Polly, if ever she comes to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own Honour by betraying any body.

MRS. PEACHUM. Yonder comes my Husband and Polly. Come, Filch, you shall go with me into my own Room, and tell me the whole Story. I'll give thee a Glass of a most delicious Cordial that I keep for my own drinking.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter Peachum, Polly.]

POLLY. I know as well as any of the fine Ladies how to make the most of myself and of my Man too. A Woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a Court or at an Assembly. We have it in our Natures, Papa. If I allow Captain Macheath some trifling Liberties, I have this Watch and

other visible Marks of his Favour to shew for it. A Girl who cannot grant some Things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her Beauty, and soon be thrown upon the Common.

AIR VI. What shall I do to shew how much I love her, &c.

Virgins are like the fair Flower in its Lustre, Which in the Garden enamels the Ground; Near it the Bees in play flutter and cluster, And gaudy Butterflies frolick around. But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring, To Covent-Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet), There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring, Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

PEACHUM. You know, Polly, I am not against your toying and trifling with a Customer in the way of Business, or to get out a Secret, or so. But if I find out that you have play'd the Fool and are married, you Jade you, I'll cut your Throat, Hussy. Now you know my Mind.

[Enter Mrs. Peachum, in a very great Passion.]

AIR VII. Oh London is a fine Town.

Our Polly is a sad Slut! nor heeds what we have taught her. I wonder any Man alive will ever rear a Daughter! For she must have both Hoods and Gowns, and Hoops to swell her Pride, With Scarfs and Stays, and Gloves and Lace; and she will have Men beside; And when she's drest with Care and Cost, all tempting, fine and gay, As Men should serve a Cucumber, she flings herself away. Our Polly is a sad Slut! &c.

You Baggage! you Hussy! you inconsiderate Jade! had you been hang'd, it would not have vex'd me, for that might have been your Misfortune; but to do such a mad thing by Choice; The Wench is married, Husband.

PEACHUM. Married! the Captain is a bold Man, and will risk any thing for Money; to be sure he believes her a Fortune. Do you think your Mother and I should have liv'd comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married? Baggage!

MRS. PEACHUM. I knew she was always a proud Slut; and now the Wench hath play'd the Fool and Married, because forsooth she would do like the Gentry. Can you support the Expence of a Husband, Hussy, in Gaming, Drinking and Whoring? Have you Money enough to carry on the daily Quarrels of Man and Wife about who shall squander most? There are not many Husbands and Wives, who can bear the Charges of plaguing one another in a handsom way. If you must be married, could you introduce no body into our Family but a Highwayman? Why, thou foolish Jade, thou wilt be as ill-us'd, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a Lord!

PEACHUM. Let not your Anger, my Dear, break through the Rules of Decency, for the Captain looks upon himself in the Military Capacity, as a Gentleman by his Profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting, or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent Chances for a Wife. Tell me, Hussy, are you ruin'd or no?

MRS. PEACHUM. With Polly's Fortune, she might very well have gone off to a Person of Distinction. Yes, that you might, you pouting Slut!

PEACHUM. What is the Wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an Answer from

you. Are you really bound Wife to him, or are you only upon liking? [Pinches her.]

POLLY. Oh! [Screaming.]

MRS. PEACHUM. How the Mother is to be pitied who hath handsom Daughters! Locks, Bolts, Bars, and Lectures of Morality are nothing to them: They break through them all. They have as much Pleasure in cheating a Father and Mother, as in cheating at Cards.

PEACHUM. Why, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married, by Macheath's keeping from our House.

AIR VIII. Grim King of the Ghosts, &c.

POLLY. Can Love be control'd by Advice? Will Cupid our Mothers obey? Though my Heart were as frozen as Ice, At his Flame 'twould have melted away. When he kist me so closely he prest, 'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd: So I thought it both safest and best To marry, for fear you should chide.

MRS. PEACHUM. Then all the Hopes of our Family are gone for ever and ever!

PEACHUM. And Macheath may hang his Father and Mother-in-law, in hope to get into their Daughter's Fortune.

POLLY. I did not marry him (as 'tis the Fashion) coolly and deliberately for Honour or Money. But, I love him.

MRS. PEACHUM. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the Girl had been better bred. Oh Husband, Husband! her Folly makes me mad! my Head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself--Oh! [Faints.]

PEACHUM. See, Wench, to what a Condition you have reduc'd your poor Mother! a Glass of Cordial, this instant. How the poor Woman takes it to heart!

[Polly goes out, and returns with it.]

Ah, Hussy, now this is the only Comfort your Mother has left!

POLLY. Give her another Glass, Sir! my Mama drinks double the Quantity whenever she is out of Order. This, you see, fetches her.

MRS. PEACHUM. The Girl shews such a Readiness, and so much Concern, that I could almost find in my Heart to forgive her.

AIR IX. O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been.

POLLY. O Polly, you might have toy'd and kist. By keeping Men off, you keep them on. But he so teaz'd me, And he so pleas'd me, What I did, you must have done.

MRS. PEACHUM. Not with a Highwayman.--You sorry Slut!

PEACHUM. A Word with you, Wife. 'Tis no new thing for a Wench to take Man without Consent of Parents. You know 'tis the Frailty of Women, my Dear.

MRS. PEACHUM. Yes, indeed, the Sex is frail. But the first time a Woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her Fortune. After that, she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

PEACHUM. Make yourself a little easy; I have a Thought shall soon set all Matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, Polly? since what is done cannot be undone, we must all endeavour to make the best of it.

MRS. PEACHUM. Well, Polly; as far as one Woman can forgive another, I forgive thee.--Your Father is too fond of you, Hussy.

POLLY. Then all my Sorrows are at an end.

MRS. PEACHUM. A mighty likely Speech in troth, for a Wench who is just married!

AIR X. Thomas, I cannot, &c.

POLLY. I, like a Ship in Storms, was tost; Yet afraid to put in to Land: For seiz'd in the Port the Vessel's lost, Whose Treasure is contreband. The Waves are laid, My Duty's paid. O Joy beyond Expression! Thus, safe a-shore, I ask no more, My All is in my Possession.

PEACHUM. I hear Customers in t'other Room: Go, talk with 'em, Polly; but come to us again, as soon as they are gone.--But, hark ye, Child, if 'tis the Gentleman who was here Yesterday about the Repeating Watch; say, you believe we can't get Intelligence of it 'till to-morrow. For I lent it to Suky Straddle, to make a figure with it to-night at a Tavern in Drury-Lane. If t'other Gentleman calls for the Silver-hilted Sword; you know Beetle-brow'd Jemmy hath it on, and he doth not come from Tunbridge 'till Tuesday Night; so that it cannot be had 'till then.

[Exit Polly.]

PEACHUM. Dear Wife, be a little pacified, Don't let your Passion run away with your Senses. Polly, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

MRS. PEACHUM. If she had only an Intrigue with the Fellow, why the very best Families have excus'd and huddled up a Frailty of that sort. 'Tis Marriage, Husband, that makes it a Blemish.

PEACHUM. But Money, Wife, is the true Fuller's Earth for Reputations, there is not a Spot or a Stain but what it can take out. A rich Rogue now-a-days is fit Company for any Gentleman; and the World, my Dear, hath not such a Contempt for Roguery as you imagine. I tell you, Wife, I can make this Match turn to our Advantage.

MRS. PEACHUM. I am very sensible, Husband, that Captain Macheath is worth Money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three Wives already, and then if he should die in a Session or two, Polly's Dower would come into Dispute.

PEACHUM. That, indeed, is a Point which ought to be consider'd.

AIR XI. A Soldier and a Sailor.

A Fox may steal your Hens, Sir, A Whore your Health and Pence, Sir, Your Daughter rob your Chest, Sir, Your Wife may steal your Rest, Sir. A Thief your Goods and Plate. But this is all but picking, With Rest, Pence, Chest and Chicken; It ever was decreed, Sir, If Lawyer's Hand is fee'd, Sir, He steals your whole Estate.

The Lawyers are bitter Enemies to those in our Way. They don't care that any body should get a clandestine Livelihood but themselves.

[Enter Polly.]

POLLY. 'Twas only Nimming Ned. He brought in a Damask Window- Curtain, a Hoop-Petticoat, a pair of Silver Candlesticks, a Periwig, and one Silk Stocking, from the Fire that happen'd last Night.

PEACHUM. There is not a Fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more Goods out of the Fire than Ned. But now, Polly, to your Affair; for Matters must not be left as they are. You are married then, it seems?

POLLY. Yes, Sir.

PEACHUM. And how do you propose to live, Child?

POLLY. Like other Women, Sir, upon the Industry of my Husband.

MRS. PEACHUM. What, is the Wench turn'd Fool? A Highwayman's Wife, like a Soldier's, hath as little of his Pay, as of his Company.

PEACHUM. And had not you the common Views of a Gentlewoman in your Marriage, Polly?

POLLY. I don't know what you mean, Sir.

PEACHUM. Of a Jointure, and of being a Widow.

POLLY. But I love him, Sir; how then could I have Thoughts of parting with him?

PEACHUM. Parting with him! Why, this is the whole Scheme and Intention of all Marriage-Articles. The comfortable Estate of Widow- hood, is the only Hope that keeps up a Wife's Spirits. Where is the Woman who would scruple to be a Wife, if she had it in her Power to be a Widow, whenever she pleas'd? If you have any Views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the Match not so very unreasonable.

POLLY. How I dread to hear your Advice! Yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

PEACHUM. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next Sessions, and then at once you are made a rich Widow.

POLLY. What, murder the Man I love! The Blood runs cold at my Heart with the very thought of it.

PEACHUM. Fie, Polly! What hath Murder to do in the Affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say, the Captain himself would like that we should get the Reward for his Death sooner than a Stranger. Why, Polly, the Captain knows, that as 'tis his Employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take Robbers; every Man in his Business. So that there is no Malice in the Case.

MRS. PEACHUM. Ay, Husband, now you have nick'd the Matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR XII. Now ponder well, ye Parents dear.

POLLY. O ponder well! be not severe; So save a wretched Wife! For on the Rope that hangs my Dear Depends poor Polly's Life.

MRS. PEACHUM. But your Duty to your Parents, Hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a Wife give for such an Opportunity!

POLLY. What is a Jointure, what is Widow-hood to me? I know my Heart. I cannot survive him.

AIR XIII. Le printems rapelle aux armes.

The Turtle thus with plaintive Crying, Her Lover dying, The Turtle thus with plaintive Crying, Laments her Dove. Down she drops quite spent with Sighing. Pair'd in Death, as pair'd in Love.

Thus, Sir, it will happen to your poor Polly.

MRS. PEACHUM. What, is the Fool in Love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular: Why, Wench, thou art a Shame to thy very Sex.

POLLY. But hear me, Mother.--If you ever lov'd -

MRS. PEACHUM. Those cursed Play-Books she reads have been her Ruin. One Word more, Hussy, and I shall knock your Brains out, if you have any.

PEACHUM. Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of Mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

MRS. PEACHUM. Away, Hussy. Hang your Husband, and be dutiful.

[Exit Polly.]

[Re-enter Polly, and listens behind column.]

MRS. PEACHUM. The Thing, Husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of Intelligence we must take other measures, and have him peached the next Session without her Consent. If she will not know her Duty, we know ours.

PEACHUM. But really, my Dear, it grieves one's Heart to take off a great Man. When I consider his Personal Bravery, his fine Stratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my Heart to have a hand in his Death. I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

MRS. PEACHUM. But in a Case of Necessity--our own Lives are in danger.

PEACHUM. Then, indeed, we must comply with the Customs of the World, and make Gratitude give way to Interest.--He shall be taken off.

MRS. PEACHUM. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

PEACHUM. And I'll prepare Matters for the Old-Baily.

[Exeunt severally.]

POLLY. Now I'm a Wretch, indeed.--Methinks I see him already in the Cart, sweeter and more lovely than the Nosegay in his Hand!--I hear the Crowd extolling his Resolution and Intrepidity!--What Vollies of Sighs are sent from the Windows of Holborn, that so comely a Youth should be brought to Disgrace!--I see him at the Tree! The whole Circle are in Tears!--even Butchers weep!--Jack Ketch himself hesitates to perform his Duty, and would be glad to lose his Fee, by a Reprieve. What then will become of Polly!--As yet I may inform him of their Design, and aid him in his Escape.--It shall be so--But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear dear Conversation! That too will distract me.--If he keep out of the way, my Papa and Mama may in time relent, and we may be happy.--If he stays, he is hang'd, and then he is lost for ever!--He intended to lie conceal'd in my Room, 'till the Dusk of the Evening: If they are abroad I'll this Instant let him out, lest some Accident should prevent him.

[Exit, and returns with Macheath.]

Macheath.

AIR XIV. Pretty Parrot, say -

MACHEATH. Pretty Polly, say, When I was away, Did your fancy never stray To some newer Lover?
POLLY. Without Disguise, Heaving Sighs, Doting Eyes, My constant Heart discover. Fondly let me loll!
MACHEATH. O pretty, pretty Poll.

POLLY. And are YOU as fond as ever, my Dear?

MACHEATH. Suspect my Honour, my Courage, suspect any thing but my Love.--May my Pistols miss Fire, and my Mare slip her Shoulder while I am pursu'd, if I ever forsake thee!

POLLY. Nay, my Dear, I have no Reason to doubt you, for I find in the Romance you lent me, none of the great Heroes were ever false in Love.

AIR XV. Pray, Fair one, be kind -

MACHEATH. My Heart was so free, It rov'd like the Bee, 'Till Polly my Passion requited; I sipt each Flower, I chang'd every Hour, But here every Flower is united.

POLLY. Were you sentenc'd to Transportation, sure, my Dear, you could not leave me behind you--could you?

MACHEATH. Is there any Power, any Force that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a Pension out of the Hands of a Courtier, a Fee from a Lawyer, a pretty Woman from a Looking-glass, or any Woman from Quadrille.--But to tear me from thee is impossible!

AIR XVI. Over the Hills and far away.

Were I laid on Greenland's Coast, And in my Arms embrac'd my Lass; Warm amidst eternal Frost, Too soon the Half Year's Night would pass. POLLY. Were I sold on Indian Soil, Soon as the burning Day was clos'd, I could mock the sultry Toil When on my Charmer's Breast repos'd. MACHEATH. And I would love you all the Day, POLLY. Every Night would kiss and play, MACHEATH. If with me you'd fondly stray POLLY. Over the Hills and far away.

POLLY. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!--how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee. We must part.

MACHEATH. How! Part!

POLLY. We must, we must.--My Papa and Mama are set against thy Life. They now, even now are in Search after thee. They are preparing Evidence against thee. Thy Life depends upon a moment.

AIR XVII. Gin thou wert mine awn thing -

Oh what Pain it is to part! Can I leave thee, can I leave thee? O what pain it is to part! Can thy Polly ever leave thee? But lest Death my Love should thwart, And bring thee to the fatal Cart, Thus I tear thee from my bleeding Heart! Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One Kiss and then--one Kiss--be gone--farewel.

MACHEATH. My Hand, my Heart, my Dear, is so riveted to thine, that I cannot unloose my Hold.

POLLY. But my Papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of Hope. A few Weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

MACHEATH. Must I then go?

POLLY. And will not Absence change your Love?

MACHEATH. If you doubt it, let me stay--and be hang'd.

POLLY. O how I fear! how I tremble!--Go--but when Safety will give you leave, you will be sure to see me again; for 'till then Polly is wretched.

AIR XVIII. O the Broom, &c.

MACHEATH. The Miser thus a Shilling sees, Which he's oblig'd to pay, With sighs resigns it by degrees, And fears 'tis gone for ay.

[Parting, and looking back at each other with fondness; he at one Door, she at the other.]

POLLY. The Boy, thus, when his Sparrow's flown, The Bird in Silence eyes; But soon as out of Sight 'tis gone, Whines, whimpers, sobs and cries.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A tavern near Newgate.

Jemmy Twitcher, Crook-finger'd Jack, Wat Dreary, Robin of Bagshot, Nimming Ned, Henry Paddington, Matt of the Mint, Ben Budge, and the rest of the Gang, at the Table, with Wine, Brandy and Tobacco.

BEN. But pr'ythee, Matt, what is become of thy Brother Tom? I have not seen him since my Return from Transportation.

MATT. Poor Brother Tom had an Accident this time Twelve-month, and so clever a made fellow he was, that I could not save him from those fleaing Rascals the Surgeons; and now, poor Man, he is among the Otamys at Surgeons Hall.

BEN. So it seems, his Time was come.

JEMMY. But the present Time is ours, and no body alive hath more. Why are the Laws levell'd at us? are we more dishonest than the rest of Mankind? What we win, Gentlemen, is our own by the Law of Arms, and the Right of Conquest.

CROOK. Where shall we find such another Set of Practical Philosophers, who to a Man are above the Fear of Death?

WAT. Sound Men, and true!

ROBIN. Of try'd Courage, and indefatigable Industry!

NED. Who is there here that would not die for his Friend?

HARRY. Who is there here that would betray him for his Interest?

MATT. Shew me a Gang of Courtiers that can say as much.

BEN. We are for a just Partition of the World, for every Man hath a Right to enjoy Life.

MATT. We retrench the Superfluities of Mankind. The World is avaritious, and I hate Avarice. A covetous fellow, like a Jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the Robbers of Mankind, for Money was made for the Free- hearted and Generous, and where is the Injury of taking from another, what he hath not the Heart to make use of?

JEMMY. Our several Stations for the Day are fixt. Good luck attend us all. Fill the Glasses.

AIR XIX. Fill every Glass, &c.

MATT. Fill every Glass, for Wine inspires us, And fires us With Courage, Love and Joy. Women and Wine should life employ. Is there ought else on Earth desirous? CHORUS. Fill every Glass, &c.

[To them enter Macheath.]

MACHEATH. Gentlemen, well met. My Heart hath been with you this Hour; but an unexpected Affair hath detain'd me. No Ceremony, I beg you.

MATT. We were just breaking up to go upon Duty. Am I to have the Honour of taking the Air with you, Sir, this Evening upon the Heath? I drink a Dram now and then with the Stagecoachmen in the way of Friendship and Intelligence; and I know that about this Time there will be Passengers upon the Western Road, who are worth speaking with.

MACHEATH. I was to have been of that Party--but -

MATT. But what, Sir?

MACHEATH. Is there any Man who suspects my Courage?

MATT. We have all been Witnesses of it.

MACHEATH. My Honour and Truth to the Gang?

MATT. I'll be answerable for it.

MACHEATH. In the Division of our Booty, have I ever shewn the least Marks of Avarice or Injustice?

MATT. By these Questions something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

MACHEATH. I have a fixed Confidence, Gentlemen, in you all, as Men of Honour, and as such I value and respect you. Peachum is a Man that is useful to us.

MATT. Is he about to play us any foul Play? I'll shoot him through the Head.

MACHEATH. I beg you, Gentlemen, act with Conduct and Discretion. A Pistol is your last Resort.

MATT. He knows nothing of this Meeting.

MACHEATH. Business cannot go on without him. He is a Man who knows the World, and is a necessary Agent to us. We have had a slight Difference, and 'till it is accommodated I shall be oblig'd to keep out of his way. Any private Dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my Friends. You must continue to act under his Direction, for the moment we break loose from him, our Gang is ruin'd.

MATT. As a Bawd to a Whore, I grant you, he is to us of great Convenience.

MACHEATH. Make him believe I have quitted the Gang, which I can never do but with Life. At our

private Quarters I will continue to meet you. A Week or so will probably reconcile us.

MATT. Your Instructions shall be observ'd. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several Duties; so 'till the Evening at our Quarters in Moor-Fields we bid you farewell.

MACHEATH. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you.

[Sits down melancholy at the Table.]

AIR XX. March in Rinaldo, with Drums and Trumpets.

MATT. Let us take the Road. Hark! I hear the Sound of Coaches! The Hour of Attack approaches, To your Arms, brave Boys, and load. See the Ball I hold! Let the Chymists toil like Asses, Our Fire their Fire surpasses, And turns all our Lead to Gold.

[The Gang, rang'd in the Front of the Stage, load their Pistols, and stick them under their Girdles; then go off singing the first Part in Chorus.]

MACHEATH. What a Fool is a fond Wench! Polly is most confoundedly bit.--I love the Sex. And a Man who loves Money, might as well be contented with one Guinea, as I with one Woman. The Town perhaps have been as much obliged to me, for recruiting it with free-hearted Ladies, as to any Recruiting Officer in the Army. If it were not for us, and the other Gentlemen of the Sword, Drury-Lane would be uninhabited.

AIR XXI. Would you have a young Virgin, &c.

If the Heart of a Man is deprest with Cares, The Mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears; Like the Notes of a Fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly Raises the Spirits, and charms our Ears, Roses and Lilies her Cheeks disclose, But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those. Press her, Caress her, With Blisses, Her Kisses Dissolve us in Pleasure, and soft Repose.

I must have Women. There is nothing unbends the Mind like them. Money is not so strong a Cordial for the Time. Drawer--[Enter Drawer.] Is the Porter gone for all the Ladies according to my Directions?

DRAWER. I expect him back every Minute. But you know, Sir, you sent him as far as Hockley in the Hole for three of the Ladies, for one in Vinegar-Yard, and for the rest of them somewhere about Lewkner's- Lane. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the Bar-Bell. As they come I will shew them up. Coming, Coming.

[Enter Mrs. Coaxer, Dolly Trull, Mrs. Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, Mrs. Slammekin, Suky Tawdry, and Molly Brazen.]

MACHEATH. Dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are welcome. You look charmingly to-day. I hope you don't want the Repairs of Quality, and lay on Paint.--Dolly Trull! kiss me, you Slut; are you as amorous as ever, Hussy? You are always so taken up with stealing Hearts, that you don't allow yourself Time to steal any thing else.--Ah Dolly, thou wilt ever be a Coquette! Mrs. Vixen, I'm yours, I always lov'd a Woman of Wit and Spirit; they make charming Mistresses, but plaguy Wives--Betty Doxy! Come hither, Hussy. Do you drink as hard as ever? You had better stick to good wholesom Beer; for in troth, Betty, Strong-Waters will in time ruin your Constitution. You should leave those to your Betters.--What! and my

pretty Jenny Diver too! As prim and demure as ever! There is not any Prude, though ever so high bred, hath a more sanctify'd Look, with a more mischievous Heart. Ah! thou art a dear artful Hypocrite.-- Mrs. Slammekin! as careless and genteel as ever! all you fine Ladies, who know your own Beauty, affect an Undress.--But see, here's Suky Tawdry come to contradict what I was saying. Every thing she gets one way she lays out upon her Back. Why, Suky, you must keep at least a Dozen Tallymen. Molly Brazen! [She kisses him.] That's well done. I love a free-hearted Wench. Thou hast a most agreeable Assurance, Girl, and art as willing as a Turtle.--But hark! I hear Music. The Harper is at the Door. If Music be the Food of Love, play on. Ere you seat yourselves, Ladies, what think you of a Dance? Come in. [Enter Harper.] Play the French Tune, that Mrs. Slammekin was so fond of.

[A Dance a la ronde in the French manner; near the end of it this song and Chorus.]

AIR XXII. Cotillon.

Youth's the Season made for Joys, Love is then our Duty, She alone who that employs, Well deserves her Beauty. Let's be gay, While we may, Beauty's a Flower, despis'd in Decay. Youth's the Season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day, Ours is not to-morrow. Love with Youth flies swift away, Age is nought but Sorrow. Dance and sing, Time's on the Wing. Life never knows the Return of Spring. CHORUS. Let us drink, &c.

MACHEATH. Now, pray Ladies, take your Places. Here Fellow. [Pays the Harper.] Bid the Drawer bring us more Wine. [Exit Harper.] If any of the Ladies choose Ginn, I hope they will be so free to call for it.

JENNY. You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, Sir, I never drink Strong-Waters, but when I have the Cholic.

MACHEATH. Just the Excuse of the fine Ladies! Why, a Lady of Quality is never without the Cholic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good Success of late in your Visits among the Mercers.

MRS. COAXER. We have so many Interlopers--Yet with Industry, one may still have a little Picking. I carried a silver-flowered Lutestring, and a Piece of black Padesoy to Mr. Peachum's Lock but last Week.

MRS. VIXEN. There's Molly Brazen hath the Ogle of a Rattle-Snake. She rivetted a Linen-Draper's Eye so fast upon her, that he was nick'd of three Pieces of Cambric before he could look off.

BRAZEN. Oh dear Madam!--But sure nothing can come up to your handling of Laces! And then you have such a sweet deluding Tongue! To cheat a Man is nothing; but the Woman must have fine Parts indeed who cheats a Woman.

MRS. VIXEN. Lace, Madam, lies in a small Compass, and is of easy Conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your Friends.

MRS. COAXER. If any woman hath more Art than another, to be sure, 'tis Jenny Diver. Though her Fellow be never so agreeable, she can pick his Pocket as coolly, as if money were her only Pleasure. Now that is a Command of the Passions uncommon in a Woman!

JENNY. I never go to the Tavern with a Man, but in the View of Business. I have other Hours, and other sort of Men for my Pleasure. But had I your Address, Madam

MACHEATH. Have done with your Compliments, Ladies; and drink about: You are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you use to be.

JENNY. 'Tis not convenient, Sir, to shew my Fondness among so many Rivals. 'Tis your own Choice, and not the Warmth of my Inclination that will determine you.

AIR XXIII. All in a misty Morning, &c.

Before the Barn-Door crowing, The Cock by Hens attended, His Eyes around him throwing, Stands for a while suspended. Then One he singles from the Crew, And cheers the happy Hen; With how do you do, and how do you do, And how do you do again.

MACHEATH. Ah Jenny! thou art a dear Slut.

JENNY. A Man of Courage should never put any thing to the Risk but his Life. These are the Tools of a Man of Honour. Cards and Dice are only fit for cowardly Cheats, who prey upon their Friends.

[She takes up his Pistol. Tawdry takes up the other.]

TAWDRY. This, Sir, is fitter for your Hand. Besides your Loss of Money, 'tis a Loss to the Ladies. Gaming takes you off from Women. How fond could I be of you! but before Company 'tis ill bred.

MACHEATH. Wanton Hussies!

JENNY. I must and will have a Kiss to give my Wine a Zest.

[They take him about the Neck and make signs to Peachum and Constables, who rush in upon him.]

PEACHUM. I seize you, Sir, as my Prisoner.

MACHEATH. Was this well done, Jenny?--Women are Decoy Ducks; who can trust them! Beasts, Jades, Jilts, Harpies, Furies, Whores!

PEACHUM. Your Case, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greatest Heroes have been ruin'd by Women. But, to do them Justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of Creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, Sir, take your Leave of the Ladies, and if they have a mind to make you a Visit, they will be sure to find you at home. This Gentleman, Ladies, lodges in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the Captain to his Lodgings.

AIR XXIV. When first I laid Siege to my Chloris, &c.

MACHEATH. At the Tree I shall suffer with Pleasure, At the Tree I shall suffer with Pleasure, Let me go where I will, In all kinds of Ill, I shall find no such Furies as these are.

PEACHUM. Ladies, I'll take care the Reckoning shall be discharged.

[Exit Macheath, guarded with Peachum and Constables.]

MRS. VIXEN. Look ye, Mrs. Jenny, though Mr. Peachum may have made a private Bargain with you and Suky Tawdry for betraying the Captain, as we were all assisting, we ought all to share alike.

MRS. COAXER. I think Mr. Peachum, after so long an Acquaintance, might have trusted me as well as Jenny Diver.

MRS. SLAMMEKIN. I am sure at least three Men of his hanging, and in a Year's time too (if he did me Justice) should be set down to my Account.

TRULL. Mrs. Slammekin, that is not fair. For you know one of them was taken in Bed with me.

JENNY. As far as a Bowl of Punch or a Treat, I believe Mrs. Suky will join with me.--As for any thing else, Ladies, you cannot in Conscience expect it.

MRS. SLAMMEKIN. Dear Madam -

TRULL. I would not for the World -

MRS. SLAMMEKIN. 'Tis impossible for me -

TRULL. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam -

MRS. SLAMMEKIN. Nay, then I must stay here all Night -

TRULL. Since you command me.

[Exeunt with great Ceremony.]

SCENE II. Newgate.

Lockit, Turnkeys, Macheath, Constables.

LOCKIT. Noble Captain, you are welcome. You have not been a Lodger of mine this Year and half. You know the Custom, Sir. Garnish, Captain, Garnish. Hand me down those Fetters there.

MACHEATH. Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole Set. With your Leave, I should like the further Pair better.

LOCKIT. Look ye, Captain, we know what is fittest for our Prisoners. When a Gentleman uses me with Civility, I always do the best I can to please him.--Hand them down I say.--We have them of all Prices, from one Guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every Gentleman should please himself.

MACHEATH. I understand you, Sir. [Gives Money.] The Fees here are so many, and so exorbitant, that few Fortunes can bear the Expence of getting off handsomly, or of dying like a Gentleman.

LOCKIT. Those, I see, will fit the Captain better--Take down the further Pair. Do but examine them, Sir.--Never was better work. How genteely they are made!--They will fit as easy as a Glove, and the nicest Man in England might not be asham'd to wear them. [He puts on the Chains.] If I had the best Gentleman in the Land in my Custody I could not equip him more handsomly. And so, Sir--I now leave you to your private Meditations.

[Exeunt leaving Macheath solus.]

MACHEATH.

AIR XXV. Courtiers, Courtiers, think it no Harm, &c.

Man may escape from Rope and Gun; Nay, some have out liv'd the Doctor's Pill; Who takes a Woman must be undone, That Basilisk is sure to kill. The Fly that sips Treacle is lost in the Sweets, So he that tastes Woman, Woman, Woman, He that tastes Woman, ruin meets.

To what a woful Plight have I brought myself! Here must I (all Day long, 'till I am hang'd) be confin'd to hear the Reproaches of a Wench who lays her Ruin at my Door--I am in the Custody of her Father, and to be sure, if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my Execution.--But I promis'd the Wench Marriage--What signifies a Promise to a Woman? Does not Man in Marriage itself promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, Women will believe us; for they look upon a Promise as an Excuse for following their own Inclinations.--But here comes Lucy, and I cannot get from her.--Wou'd I were deaf!

[Enter Lucy.]

LUCY. You base Man you,--how can you look me in the Face after what hath passed between us?--See here, perfidious Wretch, how I am forc'd to bear about the Load of Infamy you have laid upon me--O Macheath! thou hast robb'd me of my Quiet--to see thee tortur'd would give me Pleasure.

AIR XXVI. A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.

Thus when a good Housewife sees a Rat In her Trap in the Morning taken, With Pleasure her Heart goes pit-a-pat, In Revenge for her Loss of Bacon. Then she throws him To the Dog or Cat, To be worried, crush'd and shaken.

MACHEATH. Have you no Bowels, no Tenderness, my dear Lucy, to see a Husband in these Circumstances?

LUCY. A Husband!

MACHEATH. In ev'ry Respect but the Form, and that, my Dear, may be said over us at any time.--Friends should not insist upon Ceremonies. From a Man of Honour, his Word is as good as his Bond.

LUCY. 'Tis the Pleasure of all you fine Men to insult the Women you have ruin'd.

AIR XXVII. 'Twas when the Sea was roaring, &c.

How cruel are the Traitors, Who lye and swear in jest, To cheat unguarded Creatures Of Virtue, Fame,

and Rest! Whoever steals a Shilling, Through Shame the Guilt conceals: In Love the perjurd Villain
With Boasts the Theft reveals.

MACHEATH. The very first Opportunity, my Dear, (have but Patience) you shall be my Wife in
whatever manner you please.

LUCY. Insinuating Monster! And so you think I know nothing of the Affair of Miss Polly Peachum.--I
could tear thy Eyes out!

MACHEATH. Sure, Lucy, you can't be such a Fool as to be jealous of Polly!

LUCY. Are you not married to her, you Brute, you.

MACHEATH. Married! Very good. The Wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good
opinion. 'Tis true, I go to the House; I chat with the Girl, I kiss her, I say a thousand things to her (as all
Gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly Jade hath set it about that I am
married to her, to let me know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear Lucy, these violent Passions may
be of ill consequence to a Woman in your Condition.

LUCY. Come, come, Captain, for all your Assurance, you know that Miss Polly hath put it out of your
Power to do me the Justice you promis'd me.

MACHEATH. A jealous Woman believes every thing her Passion suggests. To convince you of my
Sincerity, if we can find the Ordinary, I shall have no Scruples of making you my Wife; and I know the
Consequence of having two at a time.

LUCY. That you are only to be hang'd, and so get rid of them both.

MACHEATH. I am ready, my dear Lucy, to give you Satisfaction--if you think there is any in
Marriage.--What can a Man of Honour say more?

LUCY. So then, it seems, you are not married to Miss Polly.

MACHEATH. You know, Lucy, the Girl is prodigiously conceited. No Man can say a civil thing to her,
but (like other fine Ladies) her Vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR XXVIII. The Sun had loos'd his weary Teams, &c.

The first time at the Looking-glass The Mother sets her Daughter, The Image strikes the smiling Lass
With Self-love ever after, Each time she looks, she, fonder grown, Thinks ev'ry Charm grows stronger.
But alas, vain Maid, all Eyes but your own Can see you are not younger.

When Women consider their own Beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their Demands; for they
expect their Lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

LUCY. Yonder is my Father--perhaps this way we may light upon the Ordinary, who shall try if you
will be as good as your Word.--For I long to be made an honest Woman.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter Peachum and Lockit with an Account-Book.]

LOCKIT. In this last Affair, Brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath.

PEACHUM. We shall never fall out about an Execution--But as to that Article, pray how stands our last Year's Account?

LOCKIT. If you will run your Eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

PEACHUM. This long Arrear of the Government is very hard upon us! Can it be expected that we would hang our Acquaintance for nothing, when our Betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it. Unless the People in Employment pay better, I promise them for the future, I shall let other Rogues live besides their own.

LOCKIT. Perhaps, Brother, they are afraid these Matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with Contempt, as if our Profession were not reputable.

PEACHUM. In one respect indeed our Employment may be reckon'd dishonest, because, like Great Statesmen, we encourage those who betray their Friends.

LOCKIT. Such Language, Brother, any where else, might turn to your Prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR XXIX. How happy are we, &c.

When you censure the Age, Be cautious and sage, Lest the Courtiers offended should be: If you mention Vice or Bribe, 'Tis so pat to all the Tribe; Each cries--That was levell'd at me.

PEACHUM. Here's poor Ned Clincher's Name, I see. Sure, Brother Lockit, there was a little unfair Proceeding in Ned's Case: for he told me in the Condemn'd Hold, that for Value receiv'd, you had promis'd him a Session or two longer without Molestation.

LOCKIT. Mr. Peachum--this is the first time my Honour was ever call'd in Question.

PEACHUM. Business is at an end--if once we act dishonourably.

LOCKIT. Who accuses me?

PEACHUM. You are warm, Brother.

LOCKIT. He that attacks my Honour, attacks my Livelihood.--And this Usage--Sir--is not to be borne.

PEACHUM. Since you provoke me to speak--I must tell you too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her Information-Money, for the apprehending of curl-pated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, Brother, we must punctually pay our Spies, or we shall have no Information.

LOCKIT. Is this Language to me, Sirrah,--who have sav'd you from the Gallows, Sirrah!

[Collaring each other.]

PEACHUM. If I am hang'd, it shall be for ridding the World of an arrant Rascal.

LOCKIT. This Hand shall do the Office of the Halter you deserve, and throttle you--you Dog! -

PEACHUM. Brother, Brother--We are both in the Wrong--We shall be both Losers in the Dispute--for you know we have it in our Power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

LOCKIT. Nor you so provoking.

PEACHUM. 'Tis our mutual Interest; 'tis for the Interest of the World we should agree. If I said any thing, Brother, to the Prejudice of your Character, I ask pardon.

LOCKIT. Brother Peachum--I can forgive as well as resent.--Give me your Hand. Suspicion does not become a Friend.

PEACHUM. I only meant to give you Occasion to justify yourself: But I must now step home, for I expect the Gentleman about this Snuff- box, that Filch nimm'd two Nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this Hour.

[Exit Peachum.]

[Enter Lucy.]

LOCKIT. Whence come you, Hussy?

LUCY. My Tears might answer that Question.

LOCKIT. You have then been whimpering and fondling, like a Spaniel, over the Fellow that hath abus'd you.

LUCY. One can't help Love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my Power to obey you, and hate him.

LOCKIT. Learn to bear your Husband's Death like a reasonable Woman. 'Tis not the fashion, now-a-days, so much as to affect Sorrow upon these Occasions. No Woman would ever marry, if she had not the Chance of Mortality for a Release. Act like a Woman of Spirit, Hussy, and thank your Father for what he is doing.

AIR XXX. Of a noble Race was Shenkin.

LUCY. Is then his Fate decreed, Sir? Such a Man can I think of quitting? When first we met, so moves me yet, O see how my Heart is splitting!

LOCKIT. Look ye, Lucy--There is no saving him.--So, I think, you must ev'n do like other Widows--buy yourself Weeds, and be chearful.

AIR XXXI.

You'll think ere many Days ensue This Sentence not severe; I hang your Husband, Child, 'tis true, But with him hang your Care. Twang dang dillo dee.

Like a good Wife, go moan over your dying Husband. That, Child is your Duty--Consider, Girl, you can't have the Man and the Money too-- so make yourself as easy as you can, by getting all you can from him.

[Exit Lockit.]

[Enter Macheath.]

LUCY. Though the Ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my Dear, you will, upon the first Opportunity, quiet my Scruples--Oh Sir! my Father's hard heart is not to be soften'd, and I am in the utmost Despair.

MACHEATH. But if I could raise a small Sum--Would not twenty Guineas, think you, move him?--Of all the Arguments in the way of Business, the Perquisite is the most prevailing--Your Father's Perquisites for the Escape of Prisoners must amount to a considerable Sum in the Year. Money well tim'd, and properly apply'd, will do any thing.

AIR XXXII. London Ladies.

If you at an Office solicit your Due, And would not have Matters neglected; You must quicken the Clerk with the Perquisite too, To do what his Duty directed.

Or would you the Frowns of a Lady prevent, She too has this palpable Failing, The Perquisite softens her into Consent; That Reason with all is prevailing.

LUCY. What Love or Money can do shall be done: for all my Comfort depends upon your Safety.

[Enter Polly.]

POLLY. Where is my dear Husband?--Was a Rope ever intended for this Neck!--O let me throw my Arms about it, and throttle thee with Love!--Why dost thou turn away from me?--'Tis thy Polly--'Tis thy Wife.

MACHEATH. Was ever such an unfortunate Rascal as I am!

LUCY. Was there ever such another Villain!

POLLY. O Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken! Imprisoned! Try'd! Hang'd--cruel Reflection! I'll stay with thee 'till Death-- no Force shall tear thy dear Wife from thee now.--What means my Love?--Not one kind Word! not one kind Look! think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this Condition.

AIR XXXIII. All in the Downs, &c.

Thus when the Swallow seeking Prey, Within the Sash is closely pent, His Consort, with bemoaning

Lay, Without sits pining for th' Event. Her chatt'ring Lovers all around her skim; She heeds them not (poor Bird!) her Soul's with him.

MACHEATH. [Aside.] I must disown her. [Aloud.] The Wench is distracted.

LUCY. Am I then bilk'd of my Virtue? Can I have no Reparation? Sure Men were born to lie, and Women to believe them! O Villain! Villain!

POLLY. Am I not thy Wife?--Thy Neglect of me, thy Aversion to me too severely proves it.--Look on me.--Tell me, am I not thy Wife?

LUCY. Perfidious Wretch!

POLLY. Barbarous Husband!

LUCY. Hadst thou been hang'd five Months ago, I had been happy.

POLLY. And I too--If you had been kind to me 'till Death, it would not have vexed me--And that's no very unreasonable Request, (though from a Wife) to a Man who hath not above seven or eight Days to live.

LUCY. Art thou then married to another? Hast thou two Wives, Monster?

MACHEATH. If Women's Tongues can cease for an Answer--hear me.

LUCY. I won't.--Flesh and Blood can't bear my Usage.

POLLY. Shall I not claim my own? Justice bids me speak.

AIR XXXIV. Have you heard of a frolicksome Ditty, &c.

MACHEATH. How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear Charmer away! But while you thus teaze me together, To neither a Word will I say; But tol de rol, &c.

POLLY. Sure, my Dear, there ought to be some Preference shewn to a Wife! At least she may claim the Appearance of it. He must be distracted with his Misfortunes, or he could not use me thus.

LUCY. O Villain, Villain! thou hast deceiv'd me--I could even inform against thee with Pleasure. Not a Prude wishes more heartily to have Facts against her intimate Acquaintance, than I now wish to have Facts against thee. I would have her Satisfaction, and they should all out.

AIR XXXV. Irish Trot.

POLLY. I am bubbled. LUCY. . . . I'm bubbled. POLLY. O how I am troubled! LUCY. Bambouzed, and bit! POLLY. . . . My Distresses are doubled. LUCY. When you come to the Tree, should the Hangman refuse, These Fingers, with Pleasure, could fasten the Noose. POLLY. I'm bubbled, &c.

MACHEATH. Be pacified, my dear Lucy--This is all a Fetch of Polly's, to make me desperate with you in case I get off. If I am hang'd, she would fain have the Credit of being thought my Widow--Really,

Polly, this is no time for a Dispute of this sort; for whenever you are talking of Marriage, I am thinking of Hanging.

POLLY. And hast thou the Heart to persist in disowning me?

MACHEATH. And hast thou the Heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my Misfortunes?

LUCY. Really, Miss Peachum, you but expose yourself. Besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a Gentleman in his Circumstances.

AIR XXXVI.

POLLY. Cease your Funning; Force or Cunning Never shall my Heart trapan. All these Sallies Are but Malice To seduce my constant Man. 'Tis most certain, By their flirting Women oft' have Envy shown. Pleas'd, to ruin Others wooing; Never happy in their own.

POLLY. Decency, Madam, methinks might teach you to behave yourself with some Reserve with the Husband, while his Wife is present.

MACHEATH. But seriously, Polly, this is carrying the Joke a little too far.

LUCY. If you are determin'd, Madam, to raise a Disturbance in the Prison, I shall be obliged to send for the Turnkey to shew you the Door. I am sorry, Madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

POLLY. Give me leave to tell you, Madam: These forward Airs don't become you in the least, Madam. And my Duty, Madam, obliges me to stay with my Husband, Madam.

AIR XXXVII. Good-morrow, Gossip Joan.

LUCY. Why how now, Madam Flirt? If you thus must chatter; And are for flinging Dirt, Let's try who best can spatter; Madam Flirt.

POLLY. Why how now, saucy Jade; Sure the Wench is tipsy! How can you see me made [To him.] The Scoff of such a Gipsy? Saucy Jade! [To her.]

[Enter Peachum.]

PEACHUM. Where's my Wench? Ah Hussy! Hussy!--Come you home, you Slut; and when your Fellow is hang'd, hang yourself, to make your Family some Amends.

POLLY. Dear, dear Father, do not tear me from him--I must speak; I have more to say to him--Oh! twist thy Fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

PEACHUM. Sure all Women are alike! If ever they commit the Folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves--Away Not a Word more--You are my Prisoner, now, Hussy.

AIR XXXVIII. Irish Howl.

POLLY. No Power on Earth can e'er divide The Knot that sacred Love hath ty'd. When Parents draw against our Mind, The True-Love's Knot they faster bind. Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah--oh, oh, &c.

[Holding Macheath, Peachum pulling her.]

SCENE III. The Same.

Lucy, Macheath.

MACHEATH. I am naturally compassionate, Wife; so that I could not use the Wench as she deserv'd; which made you at first suspect there was something in what she said.

LUCY. Indeed, my Dear, I was strangely puzzled.

MACHEATH. If that had been the Case, her Father would never have brought me into this Circumstance-- No, Lucy, I had rather die than be false to thee.

LUCY. How happy am I, if you say this from your Heart! For I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hang'd than in the Arms of another.

MACHEATH. But could'st thou bear to see me hang'd?

LUCY. O Macheath, I can never live to see that Day.

MACHEATH. You see, Lucy; in the Account of Love you are in my Debt, and you must now be convinc'd, that I rather choose to die than be another's. Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my Life to thee--If you refuse to assist me, Peachum and your Father will immediately put me beyond all means of Escape.

LUCY. My Father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the Prisoners: and I fancy he is now taking his Nap in his own Room--If I can procure the Keys, shall I go off with thee, my Dear?

MACHEATH. If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie conceal'd. As soon as the Search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee--'Till then my Heart is thy Prisoner.

LUCY. Come then, my dear Husband--owe thy Life to me--and though you love me not--be grateful,--but that Polly runs in my Head strangely.

MACHEATH. A moment of Time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR XXXIX. The Lass of Patie's Mill, &c.

LUCY. I like the Fox shall grieve, Whose Mate hath left her Side, Whom Hounds from Morn to Eve, Chase o'er the Country wide. Where can my Lover hide? Where cheat the wary Pack? If Love be not his Guide, He never will come back! [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene, Newgate.

Lockit, Lucy.

LOCKIT. To be sure, Wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this Escape.

LUCY. Sir, here hath been Peachum and his Daughter Polly, and to be sure they know the Ways of Newgate as well as if they had been born and bred in the Place all their Lives. Why must all your Suspicion light upon me?

LOCKIT. Lucy, Lucy, I will have none of these shuffling Answers.

LUCY. Well then--If I know any thing of him I wish I may be burnt!

LOCKIT. Keep your Temper, Lucy, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

LUCY. Keep yours, Sir,--I do wish I may be burnt. I do--And what can I say more to convince you?

LOCKIT. Did he tip handsomly?--How much did he come down with? Come, Hussy, don't cheat your Father; and I shall not be angry with you--Perhaps, you have made a better Bargain with him than I could have done--How much, my good Girl?

LUCY. You know, Sir, I am fond of him, and would have given Money to have kept him with me.

LOCKIT. Ah Lucy! thy Education might have put thee more upon thy Guard; for a Girl in the Bar of an Ale-house is always besieg'd.

LUCY. Dear Sir, mention not my Education--for 'twas to that I owe my Ruin.

AIR XL. If Love's a sweet Passion, &c.

When young at the Bar you first taught me to score, And bid me be free of my Lips, and no more; I was kiss'd by the Parson, the Squire, and the Sot, When the Guest was departed, the Kiss was forgot. But his Kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest, That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the rest.

If you can forgive me, Sir, I will make a fair Confession, for to be sure he hath been a most barbarous Villain to me.

LOCKIT. And so you have let him escape, Hussy--Have you?

LUCY. When a Woman loves; a kind Look, a tender Word can persuade her to any thing--And I could ask no other Bribe.

LOCKIT. Thou wilt always be a vulgar Slut, Lucy.--If you would not be look'd upon as a Fool, you should never do any thing but upon the foot of Interest. Those that act otherwise are their own Bubbles.

LUCY. But Love, Sir, is a Misfortune that may happen to the most discreet Women, and in Love we are all Fools alike--Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinc'd that Polly Peachum is actually his Wife.--Did I let him escape, (Fool that I was!) to go to her?-- Polly will wheedle herself into his Money, and then Peachum will hang him, and cheat us both.

LOCKIT. So I am to be ruin'd, because, forsooth, you must be in Love!--a very pretty Excuse!

LUCY. I could murder that impudent happy Strumpet: --I gave him his Life, and that Creature enjoys the Sweets of it.--Ungrateful Macheath!

AIR XLI. South-Sea Ballad.

My Love is all Madness and Folly, Alone I lie, Toss, tumble, and cry, What a happy Creature is Polly! Was e'er such a Wretch as I! With rage I redden like Scarlet, That my dear inconstant Varlet, Stark blind to my Charms, Is lost in the Arms Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot! Stark blind to my Charms, Is lost in the Arms Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot! This, this my Resentment alarms.

LOCKIT. And so, after all this Mischief, I must stay here to be entertain'd with your Catterwauling, Mrs. Puss!--Out of my Sight, wanton Strumpet! you shall fast and mortify yourself into Reason, with now and then a little handsom Discipline to bring you to your Senses.--Go.

[Exit Lucy.]

Peachum then intends to outwit me in this Affair; but I'll be even with him.--The Dog is leaky in his Liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the Secret from him, and turn this Affair to my own Advantage.--Lions, Wolves, and Vultures don't live together in Herds, Drovers or Flocks.--Of all Animals of Prey, Man is the only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon his Neighbour, and yet we herd together.--Peachum is my Companion, my Friend.--According to the Custom of the World, indeed, he may quote thousands of Precedents for cheating me-- And shall not I make use of the Privilege of Friendship to make him a Return.

AIR XLII. Packington's Pound.

Thus Gamesters united in Friendship are found, Though they know that their Industry all is a Cheat; They flock to their Prey at the Dice-Box's Sound, And join to promote one another's Deceit. But if by mishap They fail of a Chap, To keep in their Hands, they each other entrap. Like Pikes, lank with Hunger, who miss of their Ends, They bite their Companions, and prey on their Friends.

Now, Peachum, you and I, like honest Tradesmen, are to have a fair Trial which of us two can over-reach the other.

SCENE II. A Gaming-House.

Macheath in a fine tarnish'd Coat, Ben Budge, Matt of the Mint.

MACHEATH. I am sorry, Gentlemen, the Road was so barren of Money. When my Friends are in

Difficulties, I am always glad that my Fortune can be serviceable to them. [Gives them Money.] You see, Gentlemen, I am not a mere Court Friend, who professes every thing and will do nothing.

AIR XLIII. Lillibullero.

The Modes of the Court so common are grown, That a true Friend can hardly be met; Friendship for Interest is but a Loan, Which they let out for what they can get. 'Tis true, you find Some Friends so kind, Who will give you good Counsel themselves to defend. In sorrowful Ditty, They promise, they pity, But shift for your Money, from Friend to Friend.

But we, Gentlemen, have still Honour enough to break through the Corruptions of the World.--And while I can serve you, you may command me.

BEN. It grieves my Heart that so generous a Man should be involv'd in such Difficulties, as oblige him to live with such ill Company, and herd with Gamesters.

MATT. See the Partiality of Mankind!--One Man may steal a Horse, better than another look over a Hedge.--Of all Mechanics, of all servile Handicrafts-men, a Gamester is the vilest. But yet, as many of the Quality are of the Profession, he is admitted amongst the politest Company. I wonder we are not more respected.

MACHEATH. There will be deep Play to-night at Marybone, and consequently Money may be pick'd up upon the Road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the Hint who is worth Setting.

MATT. The Fellow with a brown Coat with a narrow Gold Binding, I am told, is never without Money.

MACHEATH. What do you mean, Matt?--Sure you will not think of meddling with him!--He's a good honest kind of a Fellow, and one of us.

BEN. To be sure, Sir, we will put ourselves under your Direction.

MACHEATH. Have an Eye upon the Money-Lenders.--A Rouleau, or two, would prove a pretty sort of an Expedition. I hate Extortion.

MATT. Those Rouleaus are very pretty Things.--I hate your Bank Bills.--There is such a Hazard in putting them off.

MACHEATH. There is a certain Man of Distinction, who in his Time hath nick'd me out of a great deal of the Ready. He is in my Cash, Ben;--I'll point him out to you this Evening, and you shall draw upon him for the Debt.--The Company are met; I hear the Dice-Box in the other Room. So, Gentlemen, your Servant. You'll meet me at Mary- bone.

SCENE III. Peachum's Lock.

A Table with Wine, Brandy, Pipes and Tobacco.

Peachum, Lockit.

LOCKIT. The Coronation Account, Brother Peachum, is of so intricate a nature, that I believe it will never be settled.

PEACHUM. It consists indeed of a great Variety of Articles.--It was worth to our People, in Fees of different kinds, above ten Instalments.--This is part of the Account, Brother, that lies open before us.

LOCKIT. A Lady's Tail of rich Brocade: --that, I see, is dispos'd of.

PEACHUM. To Mrs. Diana Trapes, the Tally-Woman and she will make a good Hand on't in Shoes and Slippers, to trick out young Ladies, upon their going into Keeping. -

LOCKIT. But I don't see any Article of the Jewels.

PEACHUM. Those are so well known that they must be sent abroad-- You'll find them enter'd under the Article of Exportation.--As for the Snuff-Boxes, Watches, Swords, &c.--I thought it best to enter them under their several Heads.

LOCKIT. Seven and twenty Women's Pockets complete; with the several things therein contain'd; all Seal'd, Number'd, and Enter'd.

PEACHUM. But, Brother, it is impossible for us now to enter upon this Affair.--We should have the whole Day before us.--Besides, the Account of the last Half Year's Plate is in a Book by itself, which lies at the other Office.

LOCKIT. Bring us then more Liquor--To-day shall be for Pleasure--To-morrow for Business--Ah, Brother, those Daughters of ours are two slippery Hussies--Keep a watchful Eye upon Polly, and Macheath in a Day or two shall be our own again.

AIR XLIV. Down in the North Country, &c.

LOCKIT. What Gudgeons are we Men! Ev'ry Woman's easy Prey. Though we have felt the Hook, agen We bite and they betray.

The Bird that hath been trapt, When he hears his calling Mate, To her he flies, again he's clapt Within the wiry Grate.

PEACHUM. But what signifies catching the Bird, if your Daughter Lucy will set open the Door of the Cage?

LOCKIT. If men were answerable for the Follies and Frailties of their Wives and Daughters, no Friends could keep a good Correspondence together for two Days.--This in unkind of you, Brother; for among good Friends, what they say or do goes for nothing.

[Enter a Servant.]

SERVANT. Sir, here's Mrs. Diana Trapes wants to speak with you.

PEACHUM. Shall we admit her, Brother Lockit?

LOCKIT. By all means,--She's a good Customer, and a fine-spoken Woman--And a Woman who drinks and talks so freely, will enliven the Conversation.

PEACHUM. Desire her to walk in.

[Exit Servant.]

Peachum, Lockit, Mrs. Trapes.

PEACHUM. Dear Mrs. Dye, your Servant--One may know by your Kiss, that your Ginn is excellent.

MRS. TRAPES. I was always very curious in my Liquors.

LOCKIT. There is no perfum'd Breath like it--I have been long acquainted with the Flavour of those Lips--Han't I, Mrs. Dye.

MRS. TRAPES. Fill it up--I take as large Draughts of Liquor, as I did of Love.--I hate a Flincher in either.

AIR XLV. A Shepherd kept Sheep, &c.

In the Days of my Youth I could bill like a Dove, fa, la, la, &c. Like a Sparrow at all times was ready for Love, fa, la, la, &c. The Life of all Mortals in Kissing should pass, Lip to Lip while we're young--then the Lip to the Glass, fa, la, &c.

But now, Mr. Peachum, to our Business.--If you have Blacks of any kind, brought in of late; Mantoos--Velvet Scarfs--Petticoats--Let it be what it will--I am your Chap--for all my Ladies are very fond of Mourning.

PEACHUM. Why, look ye, Mrs. Dye--you deal so hard with us, that we can afford to give the Gentlemen, who venture their Lives for the Goods, little or nothing.

MRS. TRAPES. The hard Times oblige me to go very near in my Dealing.--To be sure, of late Years I have been a great Sufferer by the Parliament.--Three thousand Pounds would hardly make me amends.-- The Act for destroying the Mint, was a severe Cut upon our Business-- 'Till then, if a Customer stept out of the way--we knew where to have her--No doubt you know Mrs. Coaxer--there's a Wench now ('till to- day) with a good Suit of Clothes of mine upon her Back, and I could never set Eyes upon her for three Months together.--Since the Act too against Imprisonment for small Sums, my Loss there too hath been very considerable, and it must be so, when a Lady can borrow a handsom Petticoat, or a clean Gown, and I not have the least Hank upon her! And, o' my Conscience, now-a-days most Ladies take a Delight in cheating, when they can do it with Safety.

PEACHUM. Madam, you had a handsom Gold Watch of us 'tother Day for seven Guineas.-- Considering we must have our Profit.--To a Gentleman upon the Road, a Gold Watch will be scarce worth the taking.

MRS. TRAPES. Consider, Mr. Peachum, that Watch was remarkable, and not of very safe Sale.--If you have any black Velvet Scarfs--they are a handsom Winter-wear, and take with most Gentlemen who

deal with my Customers.--'Tis I that put the Ladies upon a good Foot. 'Tis not Youth or Beauty that fixes their Price. The Gentlemen always pay according to their Dress, from half a Crown to two Guineas; and yet those Hussies make nothing of bilking of me.--Then too, allowing for Accidents.--I have eleven fine Customers now down under the Surgeon's Hands--what with Fees and other Expenses, there are great Goings-out, and no Comings in, and not a Farthing to pay for at least a Month's Clothing.--We run great Risques--great Risques indeed.

PEACHUM. As I remember, you said something just now of Mrs. Coaxer.

MRS. TRAPES. Yes, Sir.--To be sure I stript her of a Suit of my own Clothes about two Hours ago; and have left her as she should be, in her Shift, with a Lover of hers at my House. She call'd him up Stairs, as he was going to Mary-bone in a Hackney Coach.--And I hope, for her own sake and mine, she will persuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the Ladies.

LOCKIT. What Captain?

MRS. TRAPES. He thought I did not know him--An intimate Acquaintance of yours, Mr. Peachum--Only Captain Macheath--as fine as a Lord.

PEACHUM. To-morrow, dear Mrs. Dye, you shall set your own Price upon any of the Goods you like--We have at least half a Dozen Velvet Scarfs, and all at your Service. Will you give me leave to make you a Present of this Suit of Night-clothes for your own wearing?--But are you sure it is Captain Macheath.

MRS. TRAPES. Though he thinks I have forgot him; no body knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's Money in my Time at second-hand, for he always lov'd to have his Ladies well drest.

PEACHUM. Mr. Lockit and I have a little Business with the Captain;-- You understand me--and we will satisfy you for Mrs. Coaxer's Debt.

LOCKIT. Depend upon it--we will deal like Men of Honour.

MRS. TRAPES. I don't enquire after your Affairs--so whatever happens, I wash my Hands on't--It hath always been my Maxim, that one Friend should assist another--But if you please--I'll take one of the Scarfs home with me. 'Tis always good to have something in Hand.

SCENE IV. Newgate.

LUCY. Jealousy, Rage, Love and Fear are at once tearing me to pieces, How I am weather-beaten and shatter'd with Distresses!

AIR XLVI. One Evening, having lost my Way, &c.

I'm like a Skiff on the Ocean tost, Now high, now low, with each Billow born, With her Rudder broke, and her Anchor lost, Deserted and all forlorn. While thus I lie rolling and tossing all Night, That Polly lies sporting on Seas of Delight! Revenge, Revenge, Revenge, Shall appease my restless Spirit.

I have the Rats-bane ready.--I run no Risque; for I can lay her Death upon the Ginn, and so many die of that naturally that I shall never be call'd in question.--But say, I were to be hang'd.--I never could be hang'd for any thing that would give me greater Comfort, than the poisoning that Slut.

[Enter Filch.]

FILCH. Madam, here's Miss Polly come to wait upon you.

LUCY. Show her in.

[Enter Polly.]

Dear Madam, your Servant.--I hope you will pardon my Passion, when I was so happy to see you last.--I was so over-run with the Spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself. And really when one hath the Spleen, every thing is to be excus'd by a Friend.

AIR XLVII. Now Roger, I'll tell thee because thou 'rt my Son.

When a Wife's in her Pout, (As she's sometimes, no doubt;) The good Husband as meek as a Lamb, Her Vapours to still, First grants her her Will, And the quieting Draught is a Dram. Poor Man! And the quieting Draught is a Dram.

- I wish all our Quarrels might have so comfortable a Reconciliation.

POLLY. I have no Excuse for my own Behaviour, Madam, but my Misfortunes.--And really, Madam, I suffer too upon your Account.

LUCY. But, Miss Polly--in the way of Friendship, will you give me leave to propose a Glass of Cordial to you?

POLLY. Strong-Waters are apt to give me the Headache--I hope, Madam, you will excuse me.

LUCY. Not the greatest Lady in the Land could have better in her Closet, for her own private drinking.--You seem mighty low in Spirits, my Dear.

POLLY. I am sorry, Madam, my Health will not allow me to accept of your Offer.--I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, Madam, had not my Papa haul'd me away so unexpectedly--I was indeed somewhat provok'd, and perhaps might use some Expressions that were disrespectful.--But really, Madam, the Captain treated me with so much Contempt and Cruelty, that I deserv'd your Pity, rather than your Resentment.

LUCY. But since his Escape, no doubt all Matters are made up again.- -Ah Polly! Polly! 'tis I am the unhappy Wife; and he loves you as if you were only his Mistress.

POLLY. Sure, Madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your Jealousy.--A Man is always afraid of a Woman who loves him too well--so that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

LUCY. Then our Cases, my dear Polly, are exactly alike. Both of us indeed have been too fond.

AIR XLVIII. O Bessy Bell.

POLLY. A Curse attend that Woman's Love, Who always would be pleasing. LUCY. The Pertness of the billing Dove, Like Tickling, is but teasing. POLLY. What then in Love can Woman do: LUCY. If we grow fond they shun us. POLLY. And when we fly them, they pursue: LUCY. But leave us when they've won us.

LUCY. Love is so very whimsical in both Sexes, that it is impossible to be lasting.--But my Heart is particular, and contradicts my own Observation.

POLLY. But really, Mistress Lucy, by his last Behaviour, I think I ought to envy you.--When I was forc'd from him, he did not shew the least Tenderness.--But perhaps, he hath a Heart not capable of it.

AIR XLIX. Would Fate to me Belinda give.

Among the Men, Coquettes we find, Who court by turns all Woman-kind; And we grant all their Hearts desir'd, When they are flatter'd, and admir'd.

The Coquettes of both Sexes are Self-lovers, and that is a Love no other whatever can dispossess. I hear, my dear Lucy, our Husband is one of those.

LUCY. Away with these melancholy Reflections,--indeed, my dear Polly, we are both of us a Cup too low--Let me prevail upon you to accept of my Offer.

AIR L. Come, sweet Lass.

Come, sweet Lass, Let's banish Sorrow 'Till To-morrow; Come, sweet Lass, Let's take a chirping Glass. Wine can clear The Vapours of Despair And make us light as Air; Then drink, and banish Care.

I can't bear, Child, to see you in such low Spirits.--And I must persuade you to what I know will do you good. [Aside.] I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical Strumpet. [Exit.]

POLLY. All this Wheedling of Lucy cannot be for nothing.--At this time too! when I know she hates me!--The Dissembling of a Woman is always the Forerunner of Mischief.--By pouring Strong-Waters down my Throat, she thinks to pump some Secrets out of me,--I'll be upon my Guard, and won't taste a Drop of her Liquor, I'm resolv'd.

[Re-enter Lucy, with Strong-Waters.]

LUCY. Come, Miss Polly.

POLLY. Indeed, Child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose.--You must, my Dear, excuse me.

LUCY. Really, Miss Polly, you are as squeamishly affected about taking a Cup of Strong-Waters as a Lady before Company. I vow, Polly, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me.--Brandy and Men (though Women love them ever so well) are always taken by us with some Reluctance--unless 'tis in private.

POLLY. I protest, Madam, it goes against me.--What do I see! Macheath again in Custody!--Now every Glimm'ring of Happiness is lost.

[Drops the Glass of Liquor on the Ground.]

LUCY. Since things are thus, I'm glad the Wench hath escap'd: for by this Event, 'tis plain, she was not happy enough to deserve to be poison'd.

[Enter Lockit, Macheath, Peachum.]

LOCKIT. Set your Heart to rest, Captain.--You have neither the Chance of Love or Money for another Escape,--for you are order'd to be call'd down upon your Trial immediately.

PEACHUM. Away, Hussies!--This is not a Time for a Man to be hamper'd with his Wives .--You see, the Gentleman is in Chains already.

LUCY. O Husband, Husband, my Heart long'd to see thee; but to see thee thus distracts me?

POLLY. Will not my dear Husband look upon his Polly? Why hadst thou not flown to me for Protection? with me thou hadst been safe.

AIR LI. The last time I went o'er the Moor.

POLLY. Hither, dear Husband, turn your Eyes. LUCY. Bestow one Glance to cheer me. POLLY. Think with that Look, thy Polly dies. LUCY. O shun me not--but hear me. POLLY. 'Tis Polly sues. LUCY. --'Tis Lucy speaks. POLLY. Is thus true Love requited? LUCY. My Heart is bursting. POLLY. --Mine too breaks. LUCY. Must I POLLY. --Must I be slighted?

MACHEATH. What would you have me say, Ladies?--You see this affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

PEACHUM. But the settling this Point, Captain, might prevent a Law- Suit between your two Widows.

AIR LII. Tom Tinker's my true Love.

MACHEATH. Which way shall I turn me--How can I decide? Wives, the Day of our Death, are as fond as a Bride. One Wife is too much for most Husbands to hear, But two at a time there's no mortal can bear. This way, and that way, and which way I will, What would comfort the one, t' other Wife would take ill.

POLLY. But if his own Misfortunes have made him insensible to mine-- A Father sure will be more compassionate--Dear, dear Sir, sink the material Evidence, and bring him off at his Trial--Polly upon her Knees begs it of you.

AIR LIII. I am a poor Shepherd undone.

When my Heroe in Court appears, And stands arraign'd for his Life; Then think of poor Polly's Tears; For Ah! poor Polly's his Wife. Like the Sailor he holds up his hand, Distrest on the dashing Wave. To die a dry Death at Land, Is as bad as a watery Grave. And alas, poor Polly! A lack, and well-a-day!

Before I was in Love, Oh! every Month was May.

LUCY. If Peachum's Heart is harden'd; sure you, Sir, will have more Compassion on a Daughter.--I know the Evidence is in your Power.--How then can you be a Tyrant to me? [Kneeling.]

AIR LIV. Ianthe the lovely, &c.

When he holds up his Hand arraign'd for his Life, O think of your Daughter, and think I'm his Wife! What are Canons, or Bombs, or clashing of Swords? For Death is more certain by Witnesses Words. Then nail up their Lips; that dread Thunder allay; And each Month of my Life will hereafter be May.

LOCKIT. Macheath's Time is come, Lucy.--We know our own Affairs, therefore let us have no more Whimpering or Whining.

AIR LV. A Cobler there was, &c.

Ourselves, like the Great, to secure a Retreat, When Matters require it, must give up our Gang: And good reason why, Or, instead of the Fry, Ev'n Peachum and I. Like poor petty Rascals, might hang, hang; Like poor petty Rascals, might hang.

PEACHUM. Set your Heart at rest, Polly.--Your Husband is to die to- day.--Therefore if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's Comfort for you, you Slut.

LOCKIT. We are ready, Sir, to conduct you to the Old Baily.

AIR LVI. Bonny Dundee.

MACHEATH. The Charge is prepar'd; the Lawyers are met, The Judges all rang'd (a terrible Show!) I go, undismay'd.--For Death is a Debt, A Debt on Demand.--So take what I owe. Then farewell, my Love--Dear Charmers, adieu. Contented I die--'Tis the better for you. Here ends all Disputes the rest of our Lives, For this way at once I please all my Wives.

Now, Gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

[Exeunt Macheath, Lockit, and Peachum.]

[Enter Filch.]

POLLY. Follow them, Filch, to the Court. And when the Trial is over, bring me a particular Account of his Behaviour, and of every thing that happen'd--You'll find me here with Miss Lucy. [Exit Filch.] But why is all this Musick?

LUCY. The Prisoners, whose Trials are put off 'till next Session, are diverting themselves.

POLLY. Sure there is nothing so charming as Music! I'm fond of it to Distraction!--But alas!--now, all Mirth seems an Insult upon my Affliction.--Let us retire, my dear Lucy, and indulge our Sorrows.-- The noisy Crew, you see, are coming upon us. [Exeunt.]

[A Dance of Prisoners in Chains, &c.]

SCENE V. The Condemn'd Hold. Macheath, in a melancholy Posture.

AIR LVII. Happy Groves.

O cruel, cruel, cruel Case! Must I suffer this Disgrace?

AIR LVIII. Of all the Girls that are so smart.

Of all the Friends in time of Grief, When threatning Death looks grimmer, Not one so sure can bring Relief, As this best Friend, a Brimmer. [Drinks.]

AIR LIX. Britons strike home.

Since I must swing,--I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine. [Rises.]

AIR LX. Chevy Chase.

But now again my Spirits sink; I'll raise them high with Wine. [Drinks a Glass of Wine.]

AIR LXI. To old Sir Simon the King.

But Valour the stronger grows, The stronger Liquor we'er drinking; And how can we feel our Woes, When we've lost the Trouble of Thinking? [Drinks.]

AIR LXII. Joy to Great Caesar.

If thus--A Man can die Much bolder with Brandy. [Pours out a Bumper of Brandy.]

AIR LXIII. There was an old Woman.

So I drink off this Bumper.--And now I can stand the Test, And my Comrades shall see, that I die as brave as the Best. [Drinks.]

AIR LXIV. Did you ever hear of a gallant Sailor.

But can I leave my pretty Hussies, Without one Tear, or tender Sigh?

AIR LXV. Why are mine Eyes still flowing.

Their Eyes, their Lips, their Busses Recall my Love,--Ah must I die!

AIR LXVI. Green Sleeves.

Since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree, To curb Vice in others, as well as me, I wonder we han't better Company, Upon Tyburn Tree! But Gold from Law can take out the Sting; And if rich Men like us were to swing, 'Twou'd thin the Land, such Numbers to string Upon Tyburn Tree!

JAILOR. Some Friends of yours, Captain, desire to be admitted I leave you together.

[Enter Ben Budge, Matt of the Mint.]

MACHEATH. For my having broke Prison, you see, Gentlemen, I am order'd immediate Execution.--The Sheriff's Officers, I believe, are now at the Door.--That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own surpris'd me!--'Tis a plain Proof that the World is all alike, and that even our Gang can no more trust one another than other People. Therefore, I beg you, Gentlemen, look well to yourselves, for in all probability you may live some Months longer.

MATT. We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your Misfortune.--But 'tis what we must all come to.

MACHEATH. Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous Scoundrels. Their Lives are as much in your Power, as yours are in theirs.--Remember your dying Friend!--'Tis my last Request.--Bring those Villains to the Gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

MATT. We'll do't.

JAILOR. Miss Polly and Miss Lucy intreat a Word with you.

MACHEATH. Gentlemen, adieu.

[Exeunt Ben Budge and Matt.]

[Enter Lucy and Polly.]

MACHEATH. My dear Lucy--My dear Polly--Whatsoever hath pass'd between us is now at an end--If you are fond of marrying again, the best Advice I can give you, is to Ship yourselves off for the West-Indies, where you'll have a fair Chance of getting a Husband a-piece, or by good Luck, two or three, as you like best.

POLLY. How can I support this Sight!

LUCY. There is nothing moves one so much as a great Man in Distress.

AIR LXVII. All you that must take a Leap, &c.

LUCY. Would I might be hang'd! POLLY. --And I would so too! LUCY. To be hang'd with you.

POLLY. --My Dear, with you. MACHEATH. O leave me to Thought! I fear! I doubt! I tremble! I droop!--See, my Courage is out. [Turns up the empty Bottle.] POLLY. No Token of Love?

MACHEATH.--See, my Courage is out. [Turns up the empty Pot.] LUCY. No Token of Love? POLLY. --Adieu. LUCY. --Farewell. MACHEATH. But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell. CHORUS. Tol de rol lol, &c.

JAILOR. Four Women more, Captain, with a Child apiece! See, here they come.

[Enter Women and Children.]

MACHEATH. What--four Wives more!--This is too much--Here--tell the Sheriff's Officers I am ready.

[Exit Macheath guarded.]

[To them, Enter Player and Beggar.]

PLAYER. But, honest Friend, I hope you don't intend that Macheath shall be really executed.

BEGGAR. Most certainly, Sir.--To make the Piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical Justice.--Macheath is to be hang'd; and for the other Personages of the Drama, the Audience must have suppos'd they were all either hang'd or transported.

PLAYER. Why then, Friend, this is a downright deep Tragedy. The Catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an Opera must end happily.

BEGGAR. Your Objection, Sir, is very just, and is easily remov'd. For you must allow, that in this kind of Drama, 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about--So--you Rabble there--run and cry, A Reprieve!--let the Prisoner be brought back to his Wives in Triumph.

PLAYER. All this we must do, to comply with the Taste of the Town.

BEGGAR. Through the whole Piece you may observe such a Similitude of Manners in high and low Life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable Vices) the fine Gentlemen imitate the Gentlemen of the Road, or the Gentlemen of the Road the fine Gentlemen.--Had the Play remained, as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent Moral. 'Twould have shewn that the lower Sort of People have their Vices in a degree as well as the Rich: And that they are punish'd for them.

[To them, Macheath with Rabble, &c.]

MACHEATH. So, it seems, I am not left to my Choice, but must have a Wife at last.--Look ye, my Dears, we will have no Controversy now. Let us give this Day to Mirth, and I am sure she who thinks herself my Wife will testify her Joy by a Dance.

ALL. Come, a Dance--a Dance.

MACHEATH. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a Partner to each of you. And (if I may without Offence) for this time, I take Polly for mine.--And for Life, you Slut,--for we were really marry'd.--As for the rest.--But at present keep your own Secret. [To Polly.]

[A DANCE.]

AIR LXVIII. Lumps of Pudding, &c.

Thus I stand like the Turk, with his Doxies around; From all Sides their Glances his Passion confound; For Black, Brown, and Fair, his Inconstancy burns, And the different Beauties subdue him by turns: Each calls forth her Charms to provoke his Desires: Though willing to all, with but one he retires. But think of this Maxim, and put off your Sorrow, The Wretch of To-day, may be happy To-morrow.

CHORUS. But think of this Maxim, &c.

Olivia in India by O. Douglas

PART I

THROUGH THE GATES OF THE EAST

page

S.S. Scotia, Oct. 19, 19—.

... This is a line to send off with the pilot. There is nothing to say except "Good-bye" again.

We have had luncheon, and I have been poking things out of my cabin trunk, and furtively surveying one—there are two, but the other seems to be lost at present—of my cabin companions. She has fair hair and a blue motor-veil, and looks quiet and subdued, but then, I dare say, so do I.

I hope you are thinking of your friend going down to the sea in a ship.

I feel, somehow, very small and lonely.

Olivia

S.S. Scotia, Oct. 21.

(In pencil.)

... Whatever you do, whatever folly you commit, never, never be tempted to take a sea voyage. It is quite the nastiest thing you can take—I have had three days of it now, so I know.

When I wrote to you on Saturday I had an uneasy feeling that in the near future all would not be well with me, but I went in to dinner and afterwards walked up and down the deck trying to feel brave. Sunday morning dawned rain-washed and tempestuous, and the way the ship heaved was not encouraging, but I rose, or rather I descended from my perch—did I tell you I had an upper berth?—and walked with an undulating motion towards my bath. Some people would have remained in bed, or at least gone unbathed, but, as I say, I rose—mark, please, the rugged grandeur of the Scots character—and such is the force of example the fair-haired girl rose also. Before I go any further I must tell you about this girl. Her name is Hilton, Geraldine Hilton, but as that is too long a name and already we are great friends, I call her G. She is very pretty, with the kind of prettiness that becomes more so the more you look—and if you don't know what I mean I can't stop to explain—with masses of yellow hair, such blue eyes and pink cheeks and white teeth that I am convinced I am sharing a cabin with the original Hans Andersen's Snow Queen. She is very big and most healthy, and delightful to look at; even sea-sickness does not make her look plain, and that, you will admit, is a severe test; and what is more, her nature is as healthy and sweet as her face. You will laugh and say it is like me to know all about anyone in three days, but two sea-sick and home-sick people shut up in a tiny cabin can exhibit quite a lot of traits, pleasant and otherwise, in three days.

Well, we dressed, and reaching the saloon, sank into our seats only to leave again hurriedly when a steward approached to know if we would have porridge or kippered herring! I know you are never sea-sick, unlovable creature that you are, so you won't sympathize with us as we lay limp and wretched in our deck-chairs on the damp and draughty deck. Even the fact that our deck-chairs were brand-new, and had our names boldly painted in handsome black letters across the back, failed to give us a thrill of pleasure. At last it became too utterly miserable to be borne. The sight of the deck-steward bringing round cups of half-cold beef-tea with grease spots floating on the top proved the last straw, so, with a graceful, wavering flight like a woodcock, we zigzagged to our bunks, where we have remained ever since.

I don't know where we are. I expect Ushant has slammed the door on us long ago. Our little world is bounded by the four walls of the cabin. All day we lie and listen to the swish of the waves as they tumble past, and watch our dressing-gowns hanging on the door swing backwards and forwards with the motion. At intervals the stewardess comes in, a nice Scotswoman,—Corrie, she tells me, is her home-place,—and brings the menu of breakfast—luncheon—dinner, and we turn away our heads and say, "Nothing—nothing!" Our steward is a funny little man, very small and thin, with pale yellow hair; he reminds me of a moulting canary, and his voice cheeps and is rather canary-like too. He is really a very kind little steward and trots about most diligently on our errands, and tries to cheer us by tales of the people he has known who have died of sea-sickness: "Strained their 'earts, Miss, that's wot they done!" It isn't very cheerful lying here, looking out through the port-hole, now at the sky, next at the sea, but what it would have been without G. I dare not think. We have certainly helped each other through this time of trial. It is a wonderful blessing, a companion in misfortune.

But where, you may ask, is the third occupant of the cabin? Would it not have been fearful if she, too, had been stretched on a couch of languishing? Happily she is a good sailor, though she doesn't look it. She is a little woman with a pale green complexion and a lot of sleek black hair, and somehow gives one the impression of having a great many more teeth than is usual. Her name is Mrs. Murray, and she is going to India to rejoin her husband, who rejoices in the name of Albert. Sometimes I feel a little sorry for Albert, but perhaps, after all, he deserves what he has got. She has very assertive manners. I think she regards G. and me as two young women who want keeping in their places, though I am sure we are humble enough now whatever we may be in a state of rude health. Happily she has friends on board, so she rarely comes to the cabin except to tidy up before meals, and afterwards to tell us exactly everything she has eaten. She seems to have a good appetite and to choose the things that sound nastiest when one is seedy.

No—I don't like Mrs. Murray much; but I dislike her hat-box more. It is large and square and black, and it has no business in the cabin, it ought to be in the baggage-room. Lying up here I am freed from its tyranny, but on Saturday, when I was unpacking, it made my life a burden. It blocks up the floor under my hooks, and when I hang things up I fall over it backwards, when I sit on the floor, which I have to do every time I pull out my trunk, it hits me savagely on the spine, and once, when I tried balancing it on a small chest of drawers, it promptly fell down on my head and I have still a large and painful bump as a memento.

I wonder if you will be able to make this letter out? I am writing it a little bit at a time, to keep myself from getting too dreadfully down-hearted. G. and I have both very damp handkerchiefs under our pillows to testify to the depressed state of our minds. "When I was at home I was in a better place, but travellers must be content."

I don't even care to read any of the books I brought with me, except now and then a page or two of

Memories and Portraits. It comforts me to read of such steady, quiet places as the Pentland Hills and of the decent men who do their herding there.

Is it really only three days since I left you all, and you envied me going out into the sunshine? Oh! you warm, comfortable people, how I, in this heaving uncertain horror of a ship, envy you!

25th.

(Still in pencil.)

You mustn't think I have been lying here all the time. On Tuesday we managed to get on deck, and on Wednesday it was warm and sunny, and we began to enjoy life again and to congratulate ourselves on having got our sea-legs. But we got them only to lose them, for yesterday the wind got up, the ship rolled, we became every minute more thoughtful, until about tea-time we retired in disorder. It didn't need the little steward's shocked remark, "Oh my! You never 'ave gone back to bed again!" to make us feel ashamed.

However, we reach Marseilles to-day at noon, and, glorious thought, the ship will stand still for twenty-four hours. Also there will be letters!

This isn't a letter so much as a wail.

Don't scoff. I know I'm a coward.

S.S.Scotia, Oct. 27.

... A fountain-pen is really a great comfort. I am writing with my new one, so this letter won't, I hope, be such a puzzle to decipher as my pencil scrawl.

We are off again, but now the sun shines from a cloudless sky on a sea of sapphire, and the passengers are sunning themselves on deck like snails after a shower. I'm glad, after all, I didn't go back from Marseilles by train.

When we reached Marseilles the rain was pouring, but that didn't prevent us ("us" means G. and myself) from bounding on shore. We found a dilapidated fiacre driven by a still more dilapidated cocher, who, for the sum of six francs, drove us to the town. I don't know whether, ordinarily, Marseilles is a beautiful town or an ugly one. Few people, I expect, would have seen anything attractive in it this dark, rainy October afternoon, but to us it was a sort of Paradise regained. We had tea at a café, real French tea tasting of hay-seed and lukewarm water, and real French cakes; we wandered through the streets, stopping to stare in at every shop window; we bought violets to adorn ourselves, and picture-postcards, and sheets of foreign stamps for Peter, and all the time the rain poured and the street lamps were cheerily reflected in the wet pavements, and it was so damp, and dark, and dirty, and home-like, we slopped joyfully through the mud and were happy for the first time for a whole week. The thought of letters was the only thing that tempted us back to the ship.

I heard from all the home people, even Peter wrote, a most characteristic epistle with only about half the words wrongly spelt, and finishing with a spirited drawing of the Scotia attacked by pirates, an abject figure crouching in the bows being labelled "You!" How I miss that young brother of mine! I ache to see his nubbly features ("nubbly" is a portmanteau word and exactly describes them) and the

hair that no brush can persuade to lie straight, and to hear the broad accent—a legacy from a nurse who hailed from a mining village in Lithgow—which is such a trial to his relatives I have no illusions about Peter's looks any more than he has himself. A too candid relative commenting once on his excessive plainness in his presence, he replied, "Yes, I know, but I've a nice good face." I sometimes feel that if Peter turns out badly it will be greatly my fault. Mother was so busy with many things that I naturally, as the big sister, did most of the training, and it wasn't easy. When I read to him on Sunday Tales of the Covenanters, he at once made up his mind that he much preferred Claverhouse to John Brown of Priesthill, an unheard-of heresy, and yawning vigorously, announced that he was as dull as a bull and as sick as a daisy. One night when I went to hear him say his prayers, he said:

"I'm not going to say any prayers,"

"Oh, Peter," I said, "why?"

"'Cos I've prayed for a whole year it would be snow on Christmas and it wasn't—just rain."

"Then," I said very gravely, "God won't take care of you through the night."

"Put me in my bed," said the little ruffian, "and I'll see;" and I was awakened at break of day by a small figure in pyjamas dancing at my bedside, shouting with unholy joy, "I'm here, you see, I'm here," and it was weeks before I could bring him to a better state of mind.

So much younger than any of us—the other boys were at Oxford when he was in his first knickerbockers—he was a lonely little soul and lived in a world of his own, peopled by the creatures of his own imaginings. His great friend was Mr. Bathboth of Bathboth—don't you like the name?—and he would come in from a walk with his nurse, fling down his cap and remark, "I've been seeing Mr. Bathboth in his own house—oh! a lovely house. It's a public-house!"

I'm afraid he was a very low character this Mr. Bathboth. According to Peter, "he smoked, and he swore, and he put his fingers to his nose when his mother said he wasn't to," so we weren't surprised to hear of his end. He was pulled up to heaven by a crane for bathing in the sea on Sunday. Another of Peter's creatures was a bogle called "Windy Wallops" who lived in the garrets and could only be repulsed with hairbrushes. "Whippetie Stooowrie," on the other hand, was a kindly creature inhabiting the nursery chimney, and given to laying small offerings such as a pistol and caps or a sugar mouse on the fender. A strange fancy once took Peter to dig graves for us all in the garden. It wasn't that he disliked us; on the contrary, he considered he was doing us an honour. My grave was suggestively near the rubbish-heap, but he pointed out that it was because the lily-of-the-valley grew there. One day he came in earthy but determined-looking. "Dodo didn't send me anything for my birthday," he announced, "so I've filled up his grave."

Now Peter has gone to school and has put away childish things, and the desire to be a knight like Launcelot. He no longer babbles to himself in such a way as to make strangers doubt of his sanity; and he confided to me lately that when he grew up he hoped to lead a Double Life. He who was brought up in Camelot, he who wept when Roland at Roncesvalles blew his horn for the last time, now devours blood-curdling detective stories, vile things in paper covers, which he keeps concealed about his person, and whips out at odd moments. What he hates is a book with the slightest hint of a love affair. I found him disgustingly punching a book with his fist and muttering (evidently to the hero), "I know you, I know you, you're in love with her," in tones of bitter scorn. When I begin to speak about Peter I can't stop, and forget how tiresome it must be for people to listen. I apologize, but please bear with me when

I enlarge upon this brother of mine; I simply must, sometimes.

How good of you to write such a long letter! Of course I shall write often and at length, but you must promise not to be bored, or expect too much. I fear you won't get anything very wise or witty from me. You know how limited I am. The fairies, when they came to my christening, might have come better provided with gifts. But then, I expect they have only a certain number of gifts for each family, so I don't in the least blame them for giving the boys the brains and giving me—what? At the moment I can't think of anything they did give me except a heart that keeps on the windy side of care, as Beatrice puts it; and hair that curls naturally. I have no grudge against the fairies. If they had given me straight hair and brains I might have been a Suffragist and shamed my kin by biting a policeman; and that would have been a pity.

Later.

G. and I are crouched in a corner, very awed and sad. A poor man died suddenly yesterday from heart failure, and the funeral is just over. I do hope I shall never again see a burial at sea. It was terrible. The bell tolled and the ship slowed down and almost stopped, while the body, wrapped in a Union Jack, was slipped into the water, committed to the deep in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection. In a minute it was all over.

The people are laughing and talking again; the dressing-bugle has sounded; things go on as if nothing had happened. We are steaming ahead, leaving the body—such a little speck it looked on the great water—far behind.

It is the utter loneliness of it that makes me cry!

S.S. Scotia, Oct. 29.

... This won't be a tidy letter, for I am sitting close beside the rail—has it a nautical name? I don't know—and every few minutes the spray comes over and wets the paper and incidentally myself. And the fountain-pen! I greatly fear it leaks, for my middle finger is blackened beyond hope of cleansing, and though not ten minutes ago Mr. Brand inked himself very comprehensively filling it for me, already it requires frequent shakings to make it write at all. I thought it would be a blessing, it threatens to become a curse. I foresee that very shortly I shall descend again to a pencil, or write my letters with the aid of scratchy pens and fat, respectable ink-pots in the stuffy music-room.

You will have two letters from Port Said. The one I wrote you two days ago finished in deep melancholy, but to-day it is so good to be alive I could shout with joy. I woke this morning with a jump of delight, and even Mrs. Albert Murray—she of the hat-box and the many teeth—could not irritate me, and you can't think how many irritating ways the woman has. It is 10 a.m. and we have just come up from breakfast, and have got our deck-chairs placed where they will catch every breeze (and some salt water), and, with a pile of books and two boxes of chocolate, are comfortably settled for the day.

You ask about the passengers.

We have all sorts and conditions. Quiet people who read and work all day; rowdy people who never seem happy unless they are throwing cushions or pulling one another downstairs by the feet; painfully enterprising people who get up sports, sweeps, concerts, and dances, and are full of a tiresome, misplaced energy; bridge-loving people who play from morning till night; flirtatious people who

frequent dark corners; happy people who laugh; sad people who sniff; and one man who can't be classed with anyone else, a sad gentleman, his hair standing fiercely on end, a Greek Testament his constant and only companion. We pine to know who and what he is and where he is going. Yesterday I found myself beside him at tea. I might not have existed for all the notice he took of me. "Speak to him," said G. in my ear. "You don't dare!"

Of course after that I had to, so pinching G's arm to give myself courage, I said in a small voice, "Are you enjoying the voyage?"

He turned, regarded me with his sad prominent eyes. "Do I look as if I enjoyed it?" asked this Monsieur Melancholy, and went back to his bread-and-butter. G. choked, and I finished my tea hurriedly and in silence.

Nearly everyone on board seems nice and willing to be pleasant. I am on smiling terms with most and speaking terms with many, but one really sees very little of the people outside one's own little set. It is odd how people drift together and make cliques. There are eight in our particular set. Colonel and Mrs. Crawley, Major and Mrs. Wilmot; Captain Gordon, Mr. Brand, G., and myself. The Crawleys, the Wilmots, and Captain Gordon are going back after furlough; Mr. Brand and G. and I are going only for pleasure and the cold weather. Our table is much the merriest in the saloon. Mrs. Crawley is a fascinating woman; I never tire watching her. Very pretty, very smart with a pretty wit, she has the most delightfully gay, infectious laugh, which contrasts oddly with her curiously sad, unsmiling eyes, Mrs. Wilmot has a Madonna face. I don't mean one of those silly, fat-faced Madonnas one sees in the Louvre and elsewhere, but one's own idea of the Madonna; the kind of face, as someone puts it, that God must love.

She isn't pretty and she isn't in the least smart, but she is just a kind, sweet, wise woman. Her husband is a cheery soul, very big and boyish and always in uproarious spirits. Captain Gordon makes a good listener. Mr. Brand, although he must have left school quite ten years ago, is still very reminiscent of Eton and has a school-boyish taste in silly rhymes and riddles. Colonel Crawley, a stern and somewhat awe-inspiring man, a distinguished soldier, I am told, hates passionately being asked riddles, and we make him frantic at table repeating Mr. Brand's witticisms. He sits with a patient, disgusted face while we repeat,

"Owen More had run away
Owin' more than he could pay;
Owen More came back one day
Owin' more";

and when he can bear it no longer leaves the table remarking Titbits. He had his revenge the other day, when the ship was rolling more than a little. We had ventured to the saloon for tea and were surveying uncertainly some dry toast, when Colonel Crawley came in. "Ah!" he said, "Steward! Pork chops for these ladies." The mere thought proved the thing too much, we fled to the fresh air—tealess.

I meant this to be a very long letter, but this pen, faint yet pursuing, shows signs of giving out. I have to shake it every second word now.

The bugle has gone for lunch, and G. who has been sound asleep for the last hour, is uncoiling herself preparatory to going down.

So good-bye.

S.S. Scotia, Nov. 1.

... All day we have glided through the Canal. Imagine a shining band of silver water, a band of deepest blue sky, and in between a bar of fine gold which is the desert—and you have some idea of what I am looking at. Sometimes an Arab passes riding on a camel, and I can't get away from the feeling that I am a child again looking at a highly coloured Bible picture-book on Sabbath afternoons.

We landed at Port Said yesterday morning. People told us it was a dirty place, an uninteresting place, a horribly dull place, not worth leaving the ship to see, but it was our first glimpse of the East and we were enchanted. The narrow streets, the white domes and minarets against the blue sky, the flat roofs of the houses, the queer shops with the Arabs shouting to draw attention to their wares, and, above all, the new strange smell of the East, were, to us, wonderful and fascinating.

When we got ashore the sun was shining with a directness hitherto unknown to us, making the backs of our unprotected heads feel somewhat insecure, so we went first to a shop where we spied exposed to sale a rich profusion of topis. In case you don't know, a topi is a sun-hat, a white thing, large and saucer-like, lined with green, with cork about it somewhere, rather suggestive of a lifebelt; horribly unbecoming but quite necessary.

A very polite man bowed us inside, and we proceeded on our quixotic search for a topi not entirely hideous. Half an hour later we came out of the shop, the shopman more obsequious than ever, not only wearing topis, but laden with boxes of Turkish Delight, ostrich-feather fans, tinsel scarves, and a string of pink beads which he swore were coral, but I greatly doubt it. We had an uneasy feeling as we bought the things that perhaps we were foolish virgins, but before the afternoon was very old we were sure of it. You wouldn't believe how heavy Turkish Delight becomes when you carry half a dozen boxes for some hours under a blazing sun, and I had a carved book-rest under one arm, and G. had four parcels and a green umbrella. To complete our disgust, after weltering under our purchases for some time we saw in a shop exactly the same things much cheaper. G. pointed a wrathful finger, letting two parcels fall to do it. "Look at that," she said. "I'm going straight back to tell the man he's cheated us." With difficulty I persuaded her it wasn't worth while, and tired and dusty we sank—no, we didn't sink, they were iron chairs—we sat down hard on chairs outside a big hotel and demanded tea immediately. Some of the ship people were also having tea at little tables, and a party of evil-looking Frenchmen were twanging guitars and singing sentimental songs for pennies. While we were waiting a man—an Arab, I think—crouched beside us and begged us to let him read our hands for half a crown, and we were weak enough to permit it. You may be interested to know that I am to be married "soon already" to a high official with gold in his teeth. It sounds ideal. G. was rather awed by the varied career he sketched for her. After tea, which was long in coming and when it came disappointing, we had still some time, so we hailed a man driving a depressed-looking horse attached to a carriage of sorts, and told him to drive us all round. He looked a very wicked man, but it may have been the effect of his only having one eye, for he certainly had a refined taste in sights. When we suggested that we would like to see the Arab bazaar he shook his head violently, and instead drove us along dull roads, stopping now and again to wave a vague whip towards some building, remarking in most melancholy tones as he did so, "The English Church"—"The American Mission."

Back on the ship again, sitting on deck in the soft darkness, watching the lights of the town and hearing a faint echo of the life there, I realized with something of a shock that it was Hallow-e'en. Does that convey nothing to your mind? To me it brings back memories of cold, fast-shortening days, and myself

jumping long-legged over cabbage-stalks in the kitchen-garden, chanting—

"This is the nicht o' Hallow-e'en
When a' the witches will be seen—"

in fearful hope of seeing a witch, not mounted on a broomstick, but on the respectable household cat, changed for that night into a flying fury; finally, along with my brothers, being captured, washed, and dressed, to join with other spirits worse than ourselves in "dooking" for apples and eating mashed potatoes in momentary expectation of swallowing a threepenny-bit or a thimble. To-night, far from the other spirits, far from the chill winds and the cabbage-stalks, I have been watching the sunset on the desert making the world a glory of rose and gold and amethyst. Now it is dark; the lights are lit all over the ship; the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold...

"In such a night did young Lorenzo ..."

Nov. 2, 11.30 a.m.

Our fellow-passengers derive much amusement from the way we sit and scribble, and one man asked me if I were writing a book! All this time I haven't mentioned the Port Said letters. We got them before we left the ship, and, determined for once to show myself a well-balanced, sensible young person, I took mine to the cabin and locked them firmly in a trunk, telling myself how nice it would be to read them in peace on my return. The spirit was willing, but—I found I must rush down to take just a peep to see if everyone was well, and the game ended with me sitting uncomfortably on the knobby edge of Mrs. Albert Murray's bunk, breathlessly tearing open envelopes.

They were all delightful, and I have read them many times. I have yours beside me now, and to make it like a real talk I shall answer each point as it comes.

You say the sun hasn't shone since I left.

Are you by any chance paying me a compliment? Or are you merely stating a fact? As Pet Marjorie would say, I am primmed up with majestic pride because of the compliments I receive. One lady, whose baby I held for a little this morning, told me I had such a sweet, unspoiled disposition! But what really pleased me and made me feel inches taller was that Captain Gordon told someone who told me that he thought I had great stability of character. It is odd how one loves to be told one has what one hasn't! I, who have no more stability of character than a pussy-cat, felt warm with gratitude. Only—I should like to make my exit now before he discovers how mistaken he is!

Yes, I wish you were sitting by my side racing through the waves. Indeed, I wish all my dear people were here.

Are you really feeling lonely, you popular young man of many engagements? Lonely and dissatisfied are your words. But why? Why? Surely no one ever had less reason to feel dissatisfied. There are very many people, my friend, who wouldn't mind being you. And yet you aren't thankful! Not thankful for the interesting life you have, the plays you see, the dinners you eat, the charming women you talk to, the balls you dance at, the clubs you frequent—though what a man does at his clubs beyond escaping for a brief season from his womenkind I never quite know. Think how nice to be a man and not have to look pleased when one is really bored to extinction! If you are bored you have only to slip away to your most comfortable rooms. Did I tell you how much I liked your rooms that day Margie and I went to tea

with you? or were we too busy talking about other things? Now don't be like Peter. He was grumbling about something and I told him to go away and count his blessings. He went obediently, and returned triumphant. "I've done it!" he said, "and I've six things to be thankful for and nine to be unthankful for _____"

One thing for which I think you might feel "unthankful" is your lamentable lack of near relations. It is hard to be quite alone in the world; for, I agree, aunts don't count for much. Weighed in the balance they are generally found woefully wanting.

I remember once, when we were laughing over some escapade of our childhood you said you had no very pleasant recollection of your childish days, that you didn't look forward to holidays and that your happiest time was at school, because then you had companions.

I feel quite sad when I think what you missed. We were very lucky, four of us growing up together, and I sometimes wonder if other children had the same full, splendid time we had, and if they employed it getting into as many scrapes. The village people, shaking their heads over us and our probable end, used to say, "They're a' bad, but the lassie (meaning me) is the verra deil." We were bad, but we were also extraordinarily happy. I treasure up all sorts of memories, some of them very trivial and absurd, store them away in lavender, and when I feel dreary I take them out and refresh myself with them. One episode I specially remember, though why I should tell you about it I don't quite know, for it is a small thing and "silly sooth." We were staying at the time with our grandmother, the grandmother I am called for, a very stern and stately lady—the only person I have ever really stood in awe of. We had been wandering all day, led by John, searching for hidden treasure at the rainbow's foot, climbing high hills to see if the world came to an end at the other side, or some equally fantastic quest. It was dark and almost supper-time and we had committed the heinous crime of not appearing for tea, so, when we were told to go at once to see our grandmother, and stumbled just as we were, tired and dusty, hair on end and stockings at our ankles into the quiet room where she sat knitting fleecy white things by the table with the lamp, we expected nothing better than to be sent straight to bed, probably supperless. Our grandmother laid down her knitting, took off her spectacles, and instead of the rebuke we expected and deserved said, "Bairns, come away in. I'm sure you must be tired." It had been an unsuccessful day; we had found no treasure, not even the World's End; the night had fallen damp, with an eerily sighing wind which depressed us vaguely as we trudged homewards; but now, the black night shut out, there was the fire-light and the lamp-light, the kind old voice, and the delicious sense of having come home.

All things considered, you are a young man greatly to be envied, also at the present moment to be scolded. How can you possibly allow yourself to think such silly things? You must have a most exaggerated idea of my charms if you think every man on board must be in love with me. Men aren't so impressionable. Did you think that when my well-nigh unearthly beauty burst on them they would fall on their knees and with one voice exclaim, "Be mine!" I assure you no one has ever even thought of doing anything of the kind, and if they had I wouldn't tell you. I know you are only chaffing, but I do so hate all that sort of thing, and to hear people talk of their "conquests" is revolting. One of the nicest things about G. is that she doesn't care a bit to philander about with men. She and I are much happier talking to each other, a fact which people seem to find hard to believe.

My attention is being diverted from my writing by a lady sitting a few yards away—the Candle we call her because so many silly young moths hover round. She is a buxom person, with very golden hair growing darker towards the roots, hard blue eyes, and a powdery white face. G. and I are intensely interested to know what is the attraction about her, for no one can deny there is one. She isn't young; the gods have not made her fair, and I doubt of her honesty; yet from the first she has been surrounded

by men—most of them, I grant you, unfinished youths bound to offices in Calcutta, but still men. I thought it might be her brilliant conversation, but for the last half-hour I have listened,—indeed we have no choice but to listen, the voices are so strident,—and it can't be that, because it isn't brilliant or even amusing, unless to call men names like Pyjamas, or Fatty, or Tubby, and slap them playfully at intervals is amusing. A few minutes ago Mrs. Crawley came to sit with us looking so fresh in a white linen dress. I don't know why it is—she wears the simplest clothes, and yet she manages to make all the other women look dowdy. She has the gift, too, of knowing the right thing to wear on every occasion. At Port Said, for instance, the costumes were varied. The Candle flopped on shore in a trailing white lace dress and an enormous hat; some broiled in serge coats and skirts; Mrs. Crawley in a soft green muslin and rose-wreathed hat was a cool and dainty vision. Well, to return. As Mrs. Crawley shook up her chintz cushions, she looked across at the Candle—a long look that took in the elaborate golden hair, the much too smart blouse, the abbreviated skirt showing the high-heeled slippers, the crowd of callow youths—and then, smiling slightly to herself, settled down in her chair. I grew hot all over for the Candle. I don't suppose I need trouble myself. I expect she is used to having women look at her like that, and doesn't mind. Does she really like silly boys so much and other women so little, I wonder! There is generally something rather nasty about a woman who declares she can't get on with other women and whom other women don't like. Men have an absurd notion that we can't admire another woman or admit her good points. It isn't so. We admire a pretty woman just as much as you do. The only difference is you men think that if a woman has a lovely face it follows, as the night the day, that she must have a lovely disposition. We know better that's all.

The poor Candle! I feel so mean and guilty writing about her under her very eyes, so to speak. She looked at me just now quite kindly. I have a good mind to tear this up, but after all what does it matter? My silly little observations won't make any impression on your masculine mind. Only don't say "Spiteful little cat," because I don't mean to be, really.

This is much the longest letter I ever wrote. You will have to read a page at a time and then take a long breath and try again.

Mr. Brand has just come up to ask us why a sculptor dies a horrible death? Do you know?

S.S. Scotia, Nov. 6.

No one unendowed with the temper of an angel and the patience of a Job should attempt the voyage to India. Mrs. Albert Murray has neither of these qualifications any more than I have, and for two days she hasn't deigned to address a remark to G. or me, all because of a lost pair of stockings; a loss which we treated with unseemly levity. However, the chill haughtiness of our cabin companion is something of a relief in this terrible heat. For it is hot. I am writing in the cabin, and in spite of the fact that there are two electric fans buzzing on either side of me, I am hotter than I can say, and deplorably ill-tempered. Four times this morning, trying to keep out of Mrs. Albert Murray's way, I have fallen over that wretched hat-box, still here despite our hints about the baggage-room, and now in revenge I am sitting on it, though what the owner would say, if she came in suddenly and found to what base uses I had put her treasure, I dare not let myself think. G. has a bad headache, and it is dull for her to be alone, so that is the reason why I am in the cabin at all. To be honest, it is most unpleasant on deck, rainy with a damp, hot wind blowing, and the music-room is crowded and stuffy beyond words, or I might not be unselfish enough to remain with G. I did go up, and a fat person, whose nurse was ill, gave me her baby to hold, a poor white-faced, fretful baby, who pulled down all my hair, and I have had the unpleasant task of doing it up again. If you have ever stood in a very hot greenhouse with the door shut, and wrestled with something above your head, you will know what I felt.

We passed Aden yesterday and stopped for a few hours to coal. That was the limit. The sun beating down on the deck, the absence of the slightest breeze, coal-dust sifting into everything—ouf! Aden's barren rocks reminded me rather of the Skye Coolin. I wonder if they are climbable. I haven't troubled you much, have I, with accounts of the entertainments on board? but I think I must tell you about a whistling competition we had the other day. You must know that we had each a partner, and the women sat at one end of the deck and the men stood at the other and were told the tune they had to whistle, when they rushed to us and each whistled his tune to his partner, who had to write the name on a piece of paper and hand it back, and the man who got back to the umpire first won—at least his partner did. Do you understand? Well, as you know, I haven't much ear for music, and I hoped I would get an easy tune; but when my partner, a long, thin, earnest man, with a stutter, burst on me and whistled wildly in my face, I had the hopeless feeling that I had never heard the tune before. In his earnestness he came nearer and nearer, his contortions every moment becoming more extraordinary, his whistling more piercing; and I, by this time convulsed by awful, helpless laughter, could only shrink farther back in my seat and gasp feebly, "Please don't."

Mrs. Crawley was not much better. In my own misery I was aware of her voice saying politely, "I have no idea what the tune is, but you whistle beautifully—quite like a gramophone."

When my disgusted and exhausted partner ceased trying to emulate a steam-engine and began to look human again, I timidly inquired what he had been whistling. "The tune," he replied very stiffly, "was 'Rule, Britannia!'"

"Dear me," I replied meekly, "I thought at least it was something from Die Meistersinger;" but he deigned no reply and walked away, evidently hating me quite bitterly. I shan't play that game again, and I can't believe the silly man really whistled "Rule, Britannia," for it is a simple tune and one with which I am entirely at home, whereas—but no matter!

G. won by guessing "Annie Laurie." She is splendid at all games, and did I tell you how well she sings? In the cabin, when we are alone, she sings to me snatches of all sorts of songs, grave and gay, but she won't sing in the saloon, where every other woman on board with the smallest pretensions to a voice carols nightly. She is a most attractive person this G., with quaint little whimsical ways that make her very lovable. We are together every minute of the day, and yet we never tire of one another's company. I rather think I do most of the talking. If it is true that to be slow in words is a woman's only virtue, then, indeed, is my state pitiable, for talk I must, and G. is a delightful person to talk to. She listens to my tales of Peter and the others, and asks for more, and shouts with laughter at the smallest joke. I pass as a wit with G., and have a great success. She is going to stay with a married sister for the cold weather. Quite like me, only I'm going to an unmarried brother. I think we are both getting slightly impertinent to our elders. They tease us so at meals in the saloon we have to answer back in self-defence, and it is very difficult to help trying to be smart; sometimes, at least with me, it degenerates into rudeness. I told you about all the people at our table, but I forgot one—a very aged man with a long white beard, rather like the evil magician in the fairy tales, but most harmless. "Old Sir Thomas Erpingham," I call him, for I am sure a good soft pillow for that good grey head were better than the churlish turf of India. He is very kind, and calls us Sunshine and Brightness, and pays us the most involved Early Victorian compliments, which we, talking and laughing all the time, seldom ever hear, and it is left to kind Mrs. Wilmot to respond.

Nov. 7.

Last night we had an excitement. We got into a thick fog and had to stand still and hoot, while something—a homeward-bound steamer, they say—nearly ran us down. The people sleeping on deck said it was most awesome, but I slept peacefully through it until awakened by an American female running down the corridor and remarking at the top of a singularly piercing voice, "Wal, I am scared!"

To-day it is beautifully calm and bright; the nasty, hot, damp wind has gone; and we are sitting in our own little corner of the deck, Mrs. Crawley, Mrs. Wilmot, G., and I, sometimes reading, sometimes writing, very often talking. It is luck for us to have two such charming women to talk to. Mrs. Crawley is supposed to be my chaperon, I believe I forgot to tell you that. Boggley, who is a great friend of hers, wrote and asked her to look after me. How clever of him to fix on one in every way so desirable! Suppose he had asked the Candle!

We have such splendid talks about books. Mrs. Wilmot has, I think, read everything that has been written, also she is very keen about poetry and has my gift—or is it a vice?—of being able to say great pieces by heart, so between us G. is sometimes just a little bored. You see, G. hasn't been brought up in a bookish atmosphere and that makes such a difference. The other night she was brushing her hair, unusually silent and evidently thinking deeply. At last she looked up at me in my bunk, with the brush in her hand and all her hair swept over one shoulder, and said in the most puzzled way, "What was that nasty thing Mrs. Wilmot was saying all about dead women?" and do you know what she objected to?

"Dear dead women, with such hair, too—
What's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I
Feel chilly and grown old."

We are very much worried by people planting themselves beside us and favouring us with their views on life in general. One woman—rather a tiresome person, a spinster with a curiously horse-like face and large teeth—sometimes stays for hours at a time and leaves us limp. Even gentle Mrs. Wilmot approaches, as nearly as it is possible for her to approach, unkindness in her comments on her. She has such playful, girlish manners, and an irritating way of giving vent to the most utter platitudes with the air of having just discovered a new truth. She has been with us this morning and mentioned that her father was four times removed from a peerage. I stifled a childish desire to ask who had removed him, while Mrs. Wilmot murmured, "How interesting!" As she minced away Mrs. Crawley said meditatively, "The Rocking Horse Fly," and with a squeal of delight I realized that that was what she had always vaguely reminded me of. You remember the insect, don't you, in *Through the Looking-Glass*? It lived on sawdust. One lesson one has every opportunity of learning on board ship is to suffer fools, if not gladly, at least with patience. The curious people who stray across one's path! One woman came on at Port Said—a globe-trotter, globe-trotting alone. Can you imagine anything more ghastly? She is very tall, dark and mysterious-looking, and last night when G. and I were in the music saloon before dinner, she sat down beside us and began to talk of spiritualism and other weird things. To bring her to homelier subjects I asked if she liked games. "Games" she said, "what sort of games? I can ride anything that has four legs and I can hold my own with a sword." She looked so fierce that if the bugle hadn't sounded at that moment I think I should have crept under a table.

"Quite mad," said G. placidly as we left her.

We are going to have a dance to-night.

S.S. Scotia, Nov. 11.

... Now we approach a conclusion. We have passed Colombo, and in three or four days ought to reach Calcutta.

Colombo was rather nice, warm and green and moist; but I failed to detect the spicy breeze blowing soft o'er Ceylon's isle, that the hymn led me to expect. The shops are good and full of interesting things, like small ivory elephants, silver ornaments, bangles, kimonos, and moonstones. We bought various things, and as we staggered with our purchases into the cabin, which now resembles nothing so much as an overcrowded pawnshop, Mrs. Murray remarked (we are on speaking terms again) "I suppose you thought the cabin looked rather empty that you bought so much rubbish to fill it up."

We were dumb under the deserved rebuke. We had bought her a fan as a peace-offering, rather a pretty one too, but she thanked us with no enthusiasm.

In Colombo we got rickshaws and drove out to the Galle Face Hotel, a beautiful place with the surf thundering on the beach outside. If I were rich I would always ride in a rickshaw. It is a delightful way of getting about, and as we were trotted along a fine broad road, small brown boys ran alongside and pelted us with big waxy, sweet-smelling blossoms. We did enjoy it so. At the Galle Face, in a cool and lofty dining-hall, we had an excellent and varied breakfast, and ate real proper Eastern curry for the first time. Another new experience! I don't like curry at home, curry as English cooks know it—a greasy make-up of cold joint served with sodden rice; but this was different. First, rice was handed round, every particle firm and separate and white, and then a rich brown mixture with prawns and other interesting ingredients, which was the curry. You mix the curry with the rice, when a whole trayful of condiments is offered to eat with it, things like very thin water biscuits, Bombay duck—all sorts of chutney, and when you have mixed everything up together the result is one of the nicest dishes it has been my lot to taste. Note also, you eat it with a fork and spoon, not with a fork alone as mere provincials do!

I begin to feel so excited about seeing Boggley. It is two years since he was home last. Will he have changed much, I wonder? There was a letter from him at Colombo, and he hadn't left Darjeeling and had no house to take me to in Calcutta, so it would appear that when I do land my lodging will be the cold ground. It sounds as if he were still the same casual old Boggley. Who began that name? John, I think. He had two names for him—"Lo-the-poor-Indian" and "Boggley-Wallah"—and in time we all slipped into calling him Boggley. I like to think you two men were such friends at Oxford. Long before I knew you I had heard many tales of your doings, and I think that was one reason why, when we did meet, we liked each other and became friends, because we were both so fond of Boggley. I am filled with qualms as to whether he will be glad to see me. It must be rather a nuisance in lots of ways to have a sister to look after, but he was so keen that I should come that surely he won't think me a bother. Besides, when you think of it, it was really very good of me to leave my home and all my friends and brave the perils of the deep, to visit a brother in exile.

I wish I knew exactly when we shall arrive; this suspense is wearing. One man told me we would be in on Wednesday, another said we would miss the tide and not be in till Saturday. I asked the captain, but he directed me to the barber, who, he said, knew everything—and indeed there are very few things he doesn't know. He is a dignified figure with a shiny curl on his forehead, and a rich Cockney accent, full of information, generally, I must admit, strikingly inaccurate, but bestowed with such an air. "I do believe him though I know he lies."

13th.

We are in the Hooghly and shall be in Kidderpore Dock to-morrow morning early. Actually the voyage is at an end. I may as well finish this letter and send it with the mail which leaves Calcutta to-morrow. We can't pack, because Mrs. Albert Murray is occupying all the cabin and most of the passage. We shall creep down when she is quite done and put our belongings together.

Everyone is flying about writing luggage labels, and getting their boxes up from the hold, and counting things. Curiously enough, I am feeling rather depressed; the end of anything is horrid, even a loathed sea-voyage. After all, it isn't a bad old ship, and the people have been nice. To-night I am filled with kindness to everyone. Even Mrs. Albert Murray seems to swim in a rosy and golden haze, and I am conscious of quite an affection for her, though I expect, when in a little I go down to the cabin and find her fussing and accusing us of losing her things, I shall dislike her again with some intensity. We have all laughed and played and groaned together, and now we part. No, I shan't say "Ships that pass in the night." Several people—mothers whose babies I have held and others—have given me their cards and a cordial invitation to go and stay with them for as long as I like. They mean it now, I know, but in a month's time shall we even remember each other's names?

It will be a real grief to part to-morrow from Mrs. Crawley and Mrs. Wilmot. The dear women! I wish they had been going to stay in Calcutta, but they go straight away up country. Are there, I wonder, many such charming women in India? It seems improbable. I shall miss all the people at our table: we have been such a gay company. Major Wilmot says G. and I have kept them all amused and made the voyage pleasant, but that is only his kind way. It is quite true, though, what Mrs. Crawley says of G. She is like a great rosy apple, refreshing and sweet and wholesome.

What is really depressing me is the thought that wherever I am to-morrow night there will be no G. to say:

"Good-night, my dear. Sleep well."

And I shan't be able to drop my head over my bunk and reply:

"Good-night, my dear old G."

It will seem so odd and lonely without her.

The ship has stopped—we are to anchor here till daylight.

HOW MUCH ANIMALS KNOW.

By F. A. FERNALD.

Popular Science Monthly Volume 23 May 1883

NO phenomena in nature are watched with more interest by all classes, young and old, ignorant and educated, than the displays of intelligence in the inferior animals. From the dog, which occupies a position of intelligent companionship with man, down through the less favored species even to the

lowest groups of animal life, we see manifested all degrees of that wonderful attribute which in its highest perfection constitutes the human mind. It is not surprising that these various indications of something like a capacity for thought should be of universal interest, but it also has a deeper meaning, which it is the office of science and philosophy to explore, and which relates to the profound and mysterious problem of "mind in nature." Before philosophy can make much headway with this question, however, there must be a more critical scrutiny of the question as to what degrees of intelligence different grades of animals really possess. Dr. George J. Romanes, in his recent interesting book on "Animal Intelligence," engages with this subject as a scientific question of comparative psychology, and he has done a good deal toward winnowing away the fictions that have become current in relation to the mental manifestations of the lower tribes, and has given us probably the most trustworthy book extant upon the subject. We cull from his pages a series of representative instances of animal sagacity which the reader will find both entertaining and instructive.

It is common to quote the oyster as the lowest example of stupidity, or absence of anything mental, and, as it is a headless creature, the accusation might not seem wholly unfounded. Yet the oyster is not such a fool but that it can learn by experience, for Diquemase asserts that, if it be taken from a depth never uncovered by the sea, it opens its shell, loses the water within, and perishes. But oysters taken from the same depth, if kept in reservoirs where they are occasionally left uncovered for a short time, learn to keep their shells closed, and then live for a much longer time when taken out of the water.

This fact is also stated by Bingley, and is now turned to practical account in the so-called "oyster-schools" of France. The distance from the coast to Paris being too great for the newly-dredged oysters to travel without opening their shells, they are first taught in the schools to bear a longer and longer exposure to the air without gaping, and when their education in this respect is completed, they are sent on their journey to the metropolis, where they arrive with closed shells and in a healthy condition.

The social life of ants has many parallels to that of the barbarous races of human beings. Thus, the habit of making slaves is said to obtain among at least three species of ant. A community attacks a nest of another species in a body; there is a great fight with much slaughter, and, if victorious, the slave-makers carry off the pupae of the vanquished nest in order to hatch them out as slaves. When the pupae hatch out in the nest of their captors, the young slaves begin their life of work, and seem to regard their masters' home as their own; for they never attempt to escape, and they fight no less keenly than their masters in defense of the nest. In the nests of *Formica sanguinea* the comparatively few captives are kept as household slaves. They never leave the nest, and so all the out-door work of foraging, slave-capturing, etc., is performed by the masters.

F. rufescens, on the other hand, assigns a much larger share of labor to the slaves. In this species the males and fertile females do no work of any kind, and the workers, or sterile females, though most energetic in capturing slaves, do no other kind of work. Therefore the whole community is absolutely dependent upon its slaves. Huber shut up thirty masters without a slave and with abundance of their favorite food, and also with their own larvæ and pupæ as a stimulus to work; but they could not feed even themselves, and many died of hunger. He then introduced a single slave, and she at once set to work, fed the surviving masters, attended to the larvæ, and made some cells.

A predatory expedition of ants for capturing slaves, or robbing the storehouse of another nest, marches out in a close column numbering from a few hundreds to several thousands. The army is guided to its destination, which may be an hour's march distant, by several ants who run from side to side with heads down, evidently finding their way by scent. A marauding excursion of the *F. rufescens*, or Amazons, against the *F. rufibarbis*, a sub-species of the *F. fusca*, or small black ants, took place as follows: The

vanguard of the robber army found that it had reached the neighborhood of the hostile nest more quickly than it had expected; for it halted suddenly and decidedly, and sent a number of messengers which brought up the main body and the rear-guard with incredible speed. In less than thirty seconds the whole army had closed up, and hurled itself in a mass on the dome of the hostile nest. This was the more necessary, as the rufibarbes during the short halt had discovered the approach of the enemy, and had utilized the time to cover the dome with defenders. An indescribable struggle followed, but the superior numbers of the Amazons overcame, and they penetrated into the nest, while the defenders poured by thousands out of the same holes, with their larvae and pupae in their jaws, and escaped to the nearest plants and bushes, running over the heaps of their assailants. These looked on the matter as hopeless, and began to retreat. But the rufibarbes, furious at their proceedings, pursued them, and endeavored to get away from them the few pupae they had obtained, by trying to seize the Amazons' legs and to snatch away the pupae. The Amazon lets its jaws slip slowly along the captive pupa, as far as the head of its opponent, and pierces it, if it does not, as generally happens, draw back. But it often manages to seize the pupa at the instant at which the Amazon lets it go, and flees with it. This is managed the more easily when a comrade holds the robber by the legs, and compels it to loose its prey in order to guard itself against its assailant. The strength of the rufibarbes proved at last so great that the rear-guard of the retreating army was seriously pressed, and was obliged to give up its booty. A number of the Amazons also were overpowered and killed, but not without the rufibarbes also losing many people. Nevertheless, some individuals, as though desperate, rushed into the thickest hosts of the enemy, penetrated again into the nest, and carried off several pupae by sheer audacity and skill. Ten minutes after the commencement of the retreat, all the Amazons had left the nest, and, being swifter than their opponents, they were only pursued for about half-way back. Their attack had failed on account of a short delay.

It seems to be a pretty general habit among many species of ants to dispose of the dead bodies of their comrades very carefully. The following especially notable account is given by an Australian observer:

"I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones, and determined to watch their proceedings closely. I followed four or five that started off from the rest toward a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ants' nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier-ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of one of their comrades; then two others, and so on, until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden; then two others with another dead ant, and so on, until the line was extended to about forty pairs, and the procession now moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and, laying down the dead ant, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them, and thus, by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid, where they now labored on until they had filled up the ants' graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending this funeral of the ants. Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging; these were caught and brought back, when they were at once attacked by the body of ants and killed. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it."

A remarkable acquaintance with mechanical principles is shown by spiders in building and attaching their webs. This ingenuity is perhaps most strikingly shown in making the repairs that some accident has necessitated. A web had been broken from one of its attachments during a storm and flapped violently in the wind. The spider let itself down to the ground, and crawled to a place where lay some

splintered pieces of a wooden fence thrown down by the storm. It fastened a thread to one of the bits of wood, turned back with it, and hung it to the lower part of its nest, about five feet from the ground. The performance was a wonderful one, for the weight of the wood sufficed to keep the nest tolerably firm, while it was yet light enough to yield to the wind, and so prevent further injury. The piece of wood was about two and a half inches long, and as thick as a goose quill. On the following day a careless servant knocked her head against the wood and it fell down. But in the course of a few hours the spider had found it and brought it back to its place. When the storm ceased the spider mended her web, broke the supporting thread, and let the wood fall to the ground!

The following interesting observation on the intelligence of snakes shows, not only that these animals are well able to distinguish persons, but also that they possess an intensity of amiable emotion scarcely to be expected in this class. A writer to the London "Times" thus describes the behavior of some pet snakes kept by a gentleman and lady of his acquaintance:

"Mr. M——, after we had talked for a little time, asked if I had any fear of snakes; and after a timid 'No, not very,' from me, he produced out of a cupboard a large boa-constrictor, a python, and several small snakes, which at once made themselves at home on the writing table among pens, ink, and books. I was at first a good deal startled, especially when the two large snakes coiled round and round my friend, and began to notice me with their bright eyes and forked tongues; but soon finding how tame they were, I ceased to feel

frightened. After a short time Mr. M—— expressed a wish to call Mrs. M——, and left me with the boa deposited on an arm-chair. I felt a little queer when the animal began gradually to come near, but the entrance of my host and hostess, followed by two charming little children, put me at my ease again. After the first interchange of civilities, she and the children went at once to the boa, and, calling it by the most endearing names, allowed it to twine itself most gracefully round about them. I sat talking for a long time, lost in wonder at the picture before me. Two beautiful little girls and their charming mother sat before me with a boa-constrictor (as thick as a small tree) twining playfully round the lady's waist and neck, and forming a kind of turban round her head, expecting to be petted and made much of like a kitten. The children, over and over again, took its head in their hands and kissed its mouth, pushing aside its forked tongue in doing so. The animal seemed much pleased, but kept turning its head continually toward me with a curious gaze, until I allowed it to nestle its head for a moment up my sleeve. Nothing could be prettier than to see this splendid serpent coiled all round Mrs. M—— while she moved about the room and when she stood to pour out our coffee. He seemed to adjust his weight so nicely, and every coil with its beautiful marking was relieved by the black velvet dress of the lady. It was long before I could make up my mind to end the visit."

Birds often show much ingenuity in attaining some desired end. Several stories are told of geese which show that they are by no means such scant-witted fowls as the common use of their name implies. Thus at Ardglass, county Down, Ireland, is a long tract of turf coming to the edge of the rocks overhanging the sea, where cattle and geese feed: at a barn on this tract there was a low inclosure, with a door fastening by a hook and staple to the side-post: when the hook was out of the staple the door fell open by its own weight. One day a goose with a large troop of goslings was seen coming off the turf to this door, which was secured by the hook being in the staple. The goose waited for a minute or two as if for the door to be opened, and then turned round as if to go away, but what she did was to make a rush at the door, and making a dart with her beak at the point of the hook nearly threw it out of the staple; she repeated this manœuvre, and succeeded at the third attempt, the door fell open, and the goose led her troop in with a sound of triumphant chuckling. How had the goose learned that the force of the rush was needful to give the hook a sufficient toss?

The intelligence of crows is well attested by the following account contributed by a lady: "In the inn-garden I saw a dog eating a piece of carrion in the presence of several of these covetous birds. They evidently said a great deal to each other on the subject, and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented. At last a big strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated, and after much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he immediately snapped at it, letting go the big piece unwisely for a second, on which two of the crows flew away with it to the pine, and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate, or rather gorged it, the deceived dog looking vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them inanely."

Crows have also been observed to hold general assemblies whose functions seem to be those of a criminal court. It often takes a day or two for the meeting to assemble; a palaver is then held, at the close of which the whole body sets upon two or three apparent culprits and kills them. No witness of such a scene can fail to be convinced that the accused have had a fair trial, and have not been put to death without cause.

The higher mental faculties are more developed in the elephant than in any other animal, except the dog and the monkey. The general fact that elephants are habitually employed in parts of India for storing timber, building, etc., shows a high level of docile intelligence. But perhaps in no labor in which they are employed do they display a more wonderful sagacity than in helping to catch wild elephants. A herd of wild elephants is driven into a corral, and two tame ones ridden in among them. The decoys will crowd up on either side of a wild one, and protect the nooser until a rope is fastened round the wild elephant's leg, when the tame one, to whose collar the other end of the rope is attached, will drag the captive out, and wind the rope round a tree, while the other decoy prevents any interference from the herd, and pushes the captive toward the tree, thus enabling the first one to take in the slack of the rope. The conduct of the tame ones during all these proceedings is truly wonderful. They display the most perfect conception of every movement, both of the object to be attained and of the means to accomplish it. On one occasion, in tying up a large elephant, he contrived, before he could be hauled close up to the tree, to walk once or twice round it, carrying the rope with him; the decoy, perceiving the advantage he had thus gained over the nooser, walked up of her own accord, and pushed him backward with her head, till she made him unwind himself again; upon which the rope was hauled tight and made fast.

One could almost fancy there was a display of dry humor in the manner in which the decoys thus play with the fears of the wild herd, and make light of their efforts at resistance. When reluctant they shove them forward, when violent they drive them back; when the wild ones throw themselves down, the tame ones butt them with head and shoulders and force them up again; and, when it is necessary to keep them down, they kneel upon them, and prevent them from rising, till the ropes are secured.

A remarkable degree of cunning was displayed by an elephant who had been chained to a tree, and whose driver had then made an oven at a short distance, into which he put some rice-cakes to bake. The man covered his cakes with stones and grass, and went away. When he was gone, the elephant with his trunk unfastened the chain round his foot, went to the oven and uncovered it, took out and ate the cakes, re-covered the oven with the stones and grass as before, and went back to his place. He could not fasten the chain again round his own foot, so he twisted it round and round it, in order to look the same, and when the driver returned the elephant was standing with his back to the oven. The driver went for his cakes, discovered the theft, and, looking round, caught the elephant's eye as he looked back over his shoulder out of the corner of it. Instantly he detected the culprit, and condign punishment followed.

The well-known intelligence of the dog is seldom more curiously manifested than in the cases of those who learn the use of money. A gentleman in Birmingham was acquainted with a small mongrel dog who, on being presented with a penny or a half-penny, would run with it in his mouth to a baker's, jump on to the top of the half-door leading into the shop, and ring the bell behind the door until the baker came forward and gave him a bun or a biscuit in exchange for the coin. The dog would accept any small biscuit for a half-penny, but nothing less than a bun would satisfy him for a penny. On one occasion the baker (being annoyed at the dog's too frequent visits), after receiving the coin, refused to give the dog anything in exchange, and on every future occasion the latter (who declined being taken in a second time) would put the coin on the floor, and not permit the baker to pick it up until he had received its equivalent.

In what may be called the chief pursuit of dogs—that of game—they often show great ingenuity in overcoming unusual obstacles. A little Skye terrier was once observed snuffing about on a wheat-stack which was in the course of being thrashed, when suddenly a very large rat bounced off, just from under her nose. It darted into a pit of water about a dozen yards from the stack, and tried to escape. The Skye, however, plunged after, and swam for some distance, but found she was being left behind. So she turned to the shore again, and ran round to the other side of the pit, and was ready and caught it just on landing.

Another dog, which had been sent to bring in a couple of wounded ducks from across a pretty wide stream, at first attempted to bring them both, but one always struggled out of his mouth; he then laid down one, intending to bring the other, but, whenever he attempted to cross, the bird left fluttered into the water; he immediately returned again, laid down the first on the shore, and recovered the other. The first now fluttered away, but he instantly secured it, and, standing over them both, seemed to cogitate for a moment; then, although on any other occasion he never ruffled a feather, he deliberately killed one, brought over the other, and then returned for the dead bird.

An instance of sagacity—indeed, amounting to reason—in a French poodle is told by Canon ——. Being a guest at luncheon with the dog's master, the canon fed the dog with pieces of beef. After luncheon the beef was taken into the larder. The dog did not think he had his fair share. What did he do? Now, he had been taught to stand on his hind-legs, put his paw on a lady's wrist, and hand her into the dining-room. He adopted the same tactics with the canon, stood on his hind-legs, put his paw on his arm, and made for the door. To see what would follow, Canon —— suffered himself to be led, but the sagacious dog, instead of steering for the dining-room, led him in the direction of the larder, along a passage, down steps, etc., and did not halt till he brought him to the larder, and close to the shelf where the beef had been put. The dog had a small bit given him for his sagacity, and Canon —— returned to the drawing-room. But the dog was still not satisfied. He tried the same trick again, but this time fruitlessly. The canon was not going again with him to the larder. What was Mori to do? And here comes the instance of reason in the poodle: Finding he could not prevail on the visitor to make a second excursion to the larder, he went out into the hall, took in his teeth the canon's hat from off the hall-table, and carried it under the shelf in the larder where the coveted beef lay out of his reach. There he was found, waiting for the owner of the hat, and expecting another savory bit when he should come for it.

Letter from House of Representatives to President of the United States, September 7, 2000

signed by Speaker of the House of Representatives Dennis Hastert, and House Minority Leader,
Richard Gephardt.

Speaker Hastert inserted this letter into the Congressional Record at 2000 E1523 illustrating his objections to President Clinton's statements as to the availability of the pocket veto during several of his veto messages. On November 13, 2000, the House reinserted the letter into their record by unanimous consent on Clinton's similar assertion of the availability (at 2000 H11852).

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Original introduction

Mr. HASTERT. Mr. Speaker, I submit for the RECORD a copy of a letter signed jointly by myself and the Democratic Leader, Mr. Gephardt. It is addressed to President Clinton. In it, we express our views on the limits of the "pocket-veto" power. I also submit a copy of the letter referenced therein, which was sent to President Bush on November 21, 1989, by Speaker Foley and Republican Leader Michel.

November 13 introduction

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. PEASE). The objections of the President will be spread at large upon the Journal, and the veto message and the bill will be printed as a House document.

On September 19, 2000, the Speaker inserted in the Extensions of Remarks portion of the RECORD a copy of a letter dated September 7, 2000, signed jointly by him and the Democratic leader and addressed to the President of the United States, expressing their views on the limits of the "pocket veto" power and including a similar letter from Speaker Foley and Republican leader Michel sent to President Bush on November 21, 1989. Without objection, that correspondence is reinserted at this point in the RECORD, since no response has been received to the September 7, 2000, letter and the same assertion by the President of "pocket-veto" power during an intrasession adjournment of Congress to a day certain is contained in the veto message just read to the House.

Text of the letter

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES,

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

Washington, DC, September 7, 2000.

Hon. WILLIAM J. CLINTON,

The President, The White House, Washington, DC.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: This is in response to your actions on H.R. 4810, the Marriage Tax Relief Reconciliation Act of 2000, and H.R. 8, the Death Tax Elimination Act of 2000. On August 5, 2000,

you returned H.R. 4810 to the House of Representatives without your approval and with a message stating your objections to its enactment. On August 31, 2000, you returned H.R. 8 to the House of Representatives without your approval and with a message stating your objections to its enactment. In addition, however, in both cases you included near the end of your message the following:

Since the adjournment of the Congress has prevented my return of [the respective bill] within the meaning of Article I, section 7, clause 2 of the Constitution, my withholding of approval from the bill precludes its becoming law. The Pocket Veto Case, 279 U.S. 655 (1929). In addition to withholding my signature and thereby invoking my constitutional power to "pocket veto" bills during an adjournment of the Congress, to avoid litigation, I am also sending [the respective bill] to the House of Representatives with my objections, to leave no possible doubt that I have vetoed the measure.

President Bush similarly asserted a pocket-veto authority during an intersession adjournment with respect to H.R. 2712 of the 101st Congress but, by nevertheless returning the enrollment, similarly permitted the Congress to reconsider it in light of his objections, as contemplated by the Constitution. Your allusion to the existence of a pocket-veto power during even an intrasession adjournment continues to be most troubling. We find that assertion to be inconsistent with the return-veto that it accompanies. We also find that assertion to be inconsistent with your previous use of the return-veto under similar circumstances but without similar dictum concerning the pocket-veto. On January 9, 1996, you stated your disapproval of H.R. 4 of the 104th Congress and, on January 10, 1996—the tenth Constitutional day after its presentment—returned the bill to the Clerk of the House. At the time, the House stood adjourned to a date certain 12 days hence. Your message included no dictum concerning the pocket-veto.

We enclose a copy of a letter dated November 21, 1989, from Speaker Foley and Minority Leader Michel to President Bush. That letter expressed the profound concern of the bipartisan leaderships over the assertion of a pocket veto during an intrasession adjournment. That letter states in pertinent part that "[s]uccessive Presidential administrations since 1974 have, in accommodation of *Kennedy v. Sampson*, exercised the veto power during intrasession adjournments only by messages returning measures to the Congress." It also states our belief that it is not "constructive to resurrect constitutional controversies long considered as settled, especially without notice or consultation." The Congress, on numerous occasions, has reinforced the stance taken in that letter by including in certain resolutions of adjournment language affirming to the President the absence of "pocket veto" authority during adjournments between its first and second sessions. The House and the Senate continue to designate the Clerk of the House and the Secretary of the Senate, respectively, as their agents to receive messages from the President during periods of adjournment. Clause 2(h) of rule II, Rules of the House of Representatives; House Resolution 5, 106th Congress, January 6, 1999; the standing order of the Senate of January 6, 1999. In *Kennedy v. Sampson*, 511 F.2d 430 (D.C. Cir. 1974), the court held that the "pocket veto" is not constitutionally available during an intrasession adjournment of the Congress if a congressional agent is appointed to receive veto messages from the President during such adjournment.

On these premises we find your assertion of a pocket veto power during an intrasession adjournment extremely troublesome. Such assertions should be avoided, in appropriate deference to such judicial resolution of the question as has been possible within the bounds of justifiability.

Meanwhile, citing the precedent of January 23, 1990, relating to H.R. 2712 of the 101st Congress, the House yesterday treated both H.R. 4810 and H.R. 8 as having been returned to the originating House, their respective returns not having been prevented by an adjournment within the meaning of article I,

section 7, clause 2 of the Constitution.

Sincerely,

J. DENNIS HASTERT,

Speaker.

RICHARD A. GEPHARDT,

Democratic Leader.

Related works

Letter from House of Representatives to President of the United States, November 21, 1989: This letter was attached to the above letter, and referred to a situation where by President George H. W. Bush invoked the pocket veto at a time the House claimed it was not available.

This work is in the public domain in the United States because it is a work of the United States federal government (see 17 U.S.C. 105).

Joseph Fawcett Letter 1821-03-16

by Joseph Fawcett

Source: Handwritten original in the private collection of the Chambless family. Transcribed to softcopy by Susan D. Chambless, 1998.

To his son, Lyle Branson Fawcett.

Lyle B Fawcett, Strasburg, Shenandoah, Va

Harrisonburg, 16 March 1821

Dear Son,

enclosed I send you 4 notes in Blank for your uncle Isaacs note in Bank, and two for my self, which I want you to present to Col Spengler and get him to endorse them. Be shure [sic] to not neglect this before you come away. I only want his own name on my notes, but on your uncles I want him to get some person to join with him. Mr Sites endorsed with me in place of Ragin & he must get one

Tell Mr Tillett that I have handed his paper to Doct. Harrison who will hold a meeting with some of the principal subscribers to ascertain what can be done, the result I will make known to him so soon as I can – Mr. Fletcher has intimated to me that he would have no objection to join him, it is not impossible but that if they formed such a connection that they would do a good business. Of this however Mr Tillett may reflect and say how he would like it, you can inform him what sort of a man Mr. Fletcher is

enclosed are \$20 to pay boarding and Tuition

Italian with Grammar

by Mark Twain

I found that a person of large intelligence could read this beautiful language with considerable facility without a dictionary, but I presently found that to such a parson a grammar could be of use at times. It is because, if he does not know the WERE'S and the WAS'S and the MAYBE'S and the HAS-BEENS'S apart, confusions and uncertainties can arise. He can get the idea that a thing is going to happen next week when the truth is that it has already happened week before last. Even more previously, sometimes. Examination and inquiry showed me that the adjectives and such things were frank and fair-minded and straightforward, and did not shuffle; it was the Verb that mixed the hands, it was the Verb that lacked stability, it was the Verb that had no permanent opinion about anything, it was the Verb that was always dodging the issue and putting out the light and making all the trouble.

Further examination, further inquiry, further reflection, confirmed this judgment, and established beyond peradventure the fact that the Verb was the storm-center. This discovery made plain the right and wise course to pursue in order to acquire certainty and exactness in understanding the statements which the newspaper was daily endeavoring to convey to me: I must catch a Verb and tame it. I must find out its ways, I must spot its eccentricities, I must penetrate its disguises, I must intelligently foresee and forecast at least the commoner of the dodges it was likely to try upon a stranger in given circumstances, I must get in on its main shifts and head them off, I must learn its game and play the limit.

I had noticed, in other foreign languages, that verbs are bred in families, and that the members of each family have certain features or resemblances that are common to that family and distinguish it from the other families--the other kin, the cousins and what not. I had noticed that this family-mark is not usually the nose or the hair, so to speak, but the tail--the Termination--and that these tails are quite definitely differentiated; insomuch that an expert can tell a Pluperfect from a Subjunctive by its tail as easily and as certainly as a cowboy can tell a cow from a horse by the like process, the result of observation and culture. I should explain that I am speaking of legitimate verbs, those verbs which in the slang of the grammar are called Regular. There are other--I am not meaning to conceal this; others called Irregulars, born out of wedlock, of unknown and uninteresting parentage, and naturally destitute of family resemblances, as regards to all features, tails included. But of these pathetic outcasts I have nothing to say. I do not approve of them, I do not encourage them; I am prudishly delicate and sensitive, and I do not allow them to be used in my presence.

But, as I have said, I decided to catch one of the others and break it into harness. One is enough. Once familiar with its assortment of tails, you are immune; after that, no regular verb can conceal its specialty from you and make you think it is working the past or the future or the conditional or the unconditional when it is engaged in some other line of business--its tail will give it away. I found out all these things by myself, without a teacher.

I selected the verb AMARE, TO LOVE. Not for any personal reason, for I am indifferent about verbs; I care no more for one verb than for another, and have little or no respect for any of them; but in foreign languages you always begin with that one. Why, I don't know. It is merely habit, I suppose; the first teacher chose it, Adam was satisfied, and there hasn't been a successor since with originality enough to

start a fresh one. For they ARE a pretty limited lot, you will admit that? Originality is not in their line; they can't think up anything new, anything to freshen up the old moss-grown dullness of the language lesson and put life and "go" into it, and charm and grace and picturesqueness.

I knew I must look after those details myself; therefore I thought them out and wrote them down, and set for the FACCHINO and explained them to him, and said he must arrange a proper plant, and get together a good stock company among the CONTADINI, and design the costumes, and distribute the parts; and drill the troupe, and be ready in three days to begin on this Verb in a shipshape and workman-like manner. I told him to put each grand division of it under a foreman, and each subdivision under a subordinate of the rank of sergeant or corporal or something like that, and to have a different uniform for each squad, so that I could tell a Pluperfect from a Compound Future without looking at the book; the whole battery to be under his own special and particular command, with the rank of Brigadier, and I to pay the freight.

I then inquired into the character and possibilities of the selected verb, and was much disturbed to find that it was over my size, it being chambered for fifty-seven rounds--fifty-seven ways of saying I LOVE without reloading; and yet none of them likely to convince a girl that was laying for a title, or a title that was laying for rocks.

It seemed to me that with my inexperience it would be foolish to go into action with this mitrailleuse, so I ordered it to the rear and told the facchino to provide something a little more primitive to start with, something less elaborate, some gentle old-fashioned flint-lock, smooth-bore, double-barreled thing, calculated to cripple at two hundred yards and kill at forty--an arrangement suitable for a beginner who could be satisfied with moderate results on the offstart and did not wish to take the whole territory in the first campaign.

But in vain. He was not able to mend the matter, all the verbs being of the same build, all Gatlings, all of the same caliber and delivery, fifty-seven to the volley, and fatal at a mile and a half. But he said the auxiliary verb AVERE, TO HAVE, was a tidy thing, and easy to handle in a seaway, and less likely to miss stays in going about than some of the others; so, upon his recommendation I chose that one, and told him to take it along and scrape its bottom and break out its spinnaker and get it ready for business.

I will explain that a facchino is a general-utility domestic. Mine was a horse-doctor in his better days, and a very good one.

At the end of three days the facchino-doctor-brigadier was ready. I was also ready, with a stenographer. We were in a room called the Rope-Walk. This is a formidably long room, as is indicated by its facetious name, and is a good place for reviews. At 9:30 the F.-D.-B. took his place near me and gave the word of command; the drums began to rumble and thunder, the head of the forces appeared at an upper door, and the "march-past" was on. Down they filed, a blaze of variegated color, each squad gaudy in a uniform of its own and bearing a banner inscribed with its verbal rank and quality: first the Present Tense in Mediterranean blue and old gold, then the Past Definite in scarlet and black, then the Imperfect in green and yellow, then the Indicative Future in the stars and stripes, then the Old Red Sandstone Subjunctive in purple and silver --and so on and so on, fifty-seven privates and twenty commissioned and non-commissioned officers; certainly one of the most fiery and dazzling and eloquent sights I have ever beheld. I could not keep back the tears. Presently:

"Halt!" commanded the Brigadier.

"Front--face!"

"Right dress!"

"Stand at ease!"

"One--two--three. In unison--RECITE!"

It was fine. In one noble volume of sound of all the fifty-seven Haves in the Italian language burst forth in an exalting and splendid confusion. Then came commands:

"About--face! Eyes--front! Helm alee--hard aport! Forward--march!" and the drums let go again.

When the last Termination had disappeared, the commander said the instruction drill would now begin, and asked for suggestions. I said:

"They say I HAVE, THOU HAST, HE HAS, and so on, but they don't say WHAT. It will be better, and more definite, if they have something to have; just an object, you know, a something--anything will do; anything that will give the listener a sort of personal as well as grammatical interest in their joys and complaints, you see."

He said:

"It is a good point. Would a dog do?"

I said I did not know, but we could try a dog and see. So he sent out an aide-de-camp to give the order to add the dog.

The six privates of the Present Tense now filed in, in charge of Sergeant AVERE (TO HAVE), and displaying their banner. They formed in line of battle, and recited, one at a time, thus:

"IO HO UN CANE, I have a dog."

"TU HAI UN CANE, thou hast a dog."

"EGLI HA UN CANE, he has a dog."

"NOI ABBIAMO UN CANE, we have a dog."

"VOI AVETE UN CANE, you have a dog."

"EGLINO HANNO UN CANE, they have a dog."

No comment followed. They returned to camp, and I reflected a while. The commander said:

"I fear you are disappointed."

"Yes," I said; "they are too monotonous, too singsong, too dead-and-alive; they have no expression, no elocution. It isn't natural; it could never happen in real life. A person who had just acquired a dog is either blame' glad or blame' sorry. He is not on the fence. I never saw a case. What the nation do you suppose is the matter with these people?"

He thought maybe the trouble was with the dog. He said:

"These are CONTADINI, you know, and they have a prejudice against dogs --that is, against marimane. Marimana dogs stand guard over people's vines and olives, you know, and are very savage, and thereby a grief and an inconvenience to persons who want other people's things at night. In my judgment they have taken this dog for a marimana, and have soured on him."

I saw that the dog was a mistake, and not functionable: we must try something else; something, if possible, that could evoke sentiment, interest, feeling.

"What is cat, in Italian?" I asked.

"Gatto."

"Is it a gentleman cat, or a lady?"

"Gentleman cat."

"How are these people as regards that animal?"

"We-ll, they--they--"

"You hesitate: that is enough. How are they about chickens?"

He tilted his eyes toward heaven in mute ecstasy. I understood.

"What is chicken, in Italian?" I asked.

"Pollo, PODERE." (Podere is Italian for master. It is a title of courtesy, and conveys reverence and admiration.) "Pollo is one chicken by itself; when there are enough present to constitute a plural, it is POLLI."

"Very well, polli will do. Which squad is detailed for duty next?"

"The Past Definite."

"Send out and order it to the front--with chickens. And let them understand that we don't want any more of this cold indifference."

He gave the order to an aide, adding, with a haunting tenderness in his tone and a watering mouth in his aspect:

"Convey to them the conception that these are unprotected chickens." He turned to me, saluting with his hand to his temple, and explained, "It will inflame their interest in the poultry, sire."

A few minutes elapsed. Then the squad marched in and formed up, their faces glowing with enthusiasm, and the file-leader shouted:

"EBBI POLLI, I had chickens!"

"Good!" I said. "Go on, the next."

"AVEST POLLI, thou hadst chickens!"

"Fine! Next!"

"EBBE POLLI, he had chickens!"

"Moltimoltissimo! Go on, the next!"

"AVEMMO POLLI, we had chickens!"

"Basta-basta aspettatto avanti--last man--CHARGE!"

"EBBERO POLLI, they had chickens!"

Then they formed in echelon, by columns of fours, refused the left, and retired in great style on the double-quick. I was enchanted, and said:

"Now, doctor, that is something LIKE! Chickens are the ticket, there is no doubt about it. What is the next squad?"

"The Imperfect."

"How does it go?"

"IO AVENA, I had, TU AVEVI, thou hadst, EGLI AVENA, he had, NOI AV--"

"Wait--we've just HAD the hads. What are you giving me?"

"But this is another breed."

"What do we want of another breed? Isn't one breed enough? HAD is HAD, and your tricking it out in a fresh way of spelling isn't going to make it any hadder than it was before; now you know that yourself."

"But there is a distinction--they are not just the same Hads."

"How do you make it out?"

"Well, you use that first Had when you are referring to something that happened at a named and sharp and perfectly definite moment; you use the other when the thing happened at a vaguely defined time and in a more prolonged and indefinitely continuous way."

"Why, doctor, it is pure nonsense; you know it yourself. Look here: If I have had a had, or have wanted to have had a had, or was in a position right then and there to have had a had that hadn't had any chance to go out hadding on account of this foolish discrimination which lets one Had go hadding in any kind of indefinite grammatical weather but restricts the other one to definite and datable meteoric convulsions, and keeps it pining around and watching the barometer all the time, and liable to get sick through confinement and lack of exercise, and all that sort of thing, why--why, the inhumanity of it is enough, let alone the wanton superfluity and uselessness of any such a loafing consumptive hospital-bird of a Had taking up room and cumbering the place for nothing. These finical refinements revolt me; it is not right, it is not honorable; it is constructive nepotism to keep in office a Had that is so delicate it can't come out when the wind's in the nor'west--I won't have this dude on the payroll. Cancel his exequator; and look here--"

"But you miss the point. It is like this. You see--"

"Never mind explaining, I don't care anything about it. Six Hads is enough for me; anybody that needs twelve, let him subscribe; I don't want any stock in a Had Trust. Knock out the Prolonged and Indefinitely Continuous; four-fifths of it is water, anyway."

"But I beg you, podere! It is often quite indispensable in cases where--"

"Pipe the next squad to the assault!"

But it was not to be; for at that moment the dull boom of the noon gun floated up out of far-off Florence, followed by the usual softened jangle of church-bells, Florentine and suburban, that bursts out in murmurous response; by labor-union law the COLAZIONE[1] must stop; stop promptly, stop instantly, stop definitely, like the chosen and best of the breed of Hads.

Notes

Colazione is Italian for a collection, a meeting, a seance, a sitting.--M.T.

This work was published before January 1, 1924, and is in the public domain worldwide because the author died at least 100 years ago.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio (1961) by Erik Norman Kjellesvig-Waering

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Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio

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In contrast to the Silurian, the North American Devonian deposits have not yielded a rich fauna of eurypterids, although the list of known species is continuously growing. The occurrence of eurypterids

in the Holland Quarry shale, a lens locally underlying the Sylvania sandstone at the base of the Devonian in Lucas County, Ohio (see Carman, 1960), adds materially to our relatively meager knowledge of Devonian forms in North America.

The eurypterids in this Lower Devonian deposit are preserved as patches of integument up to four inches in diameter, although most patches cover no more than one or two inches. The preservation of these fragments is excellent, and permits study of minute details in structure and ornamentation. The eurypterids are intimately associated with numerous fishes and land plants in a dark gray to black bituminous shale with numerous single grains of coarse, round, frosted quartz sand, and clusters of these sand grains in pockets, along with small light-gray mud pellets (phosphatic?), some sulphur specks, selenite crystals, pyrite and coaly or carbonized streaks which probably represent mineralized plants. The fishes included are pteraspids, cyathaspids and arthrodire (see Denison, 1960). The pterygotids are by far the most common eurypterids present.

It is of interest to note again the intimate association of primitive fishes with eurypterids. In this bed, the pointed teeth of the large pterygotid chelicerae are very worn. The ends are rounded and all traces of the longitudinal ridges are worn off from the distal ends of the teeth.

It might be well to speculate on the prey on which these chelicerae were abraded. Besides the common fishes and eurypterids, no animal remains are present. It is difficult to explain the intimate association of fishes and eurypterids not only in this black shale but also throughout the Silurian and Devonian sections other than by the conclusion that one served as prey for the other. In the Ohio Devonian, the pterygotids surpassed five feet in length (from the anterior of the carapace to the end of the telson) and were armed with stout and formidable chelicerae which, with their strong teeth, served as excellent grasping organs. Also, the pterygotids were active swimmers, as suggested by the flattened body and great telsonic flipper. In contrast to these active swimmers, the associated eurypterids, namely, *Dolichopterus asperatus* and *Syntomopterus richardsoni*, had simple, small chelicerae not serviceable as weapons of either defense or predation; both were probably benthonic forms, crawling on the mud but perhaps capable of swimming to a limited extent. These could well have been prey to the fishes and, indeed, to the large pterygotids. However, in this shale the fishes are the only animals with a covering rigid and hard enough to abrade the tough pincer-teeth of the pterygotids.

The numerous and persistent instances of the intimate association of pterygotids with primitive fishes throughout Silurian and Devonian time, as well as the presence of the greatly abraded teeth in the pterygotids herein described, point to the tentative conclusion that the fishes were a source of food to the great pterygotids.

The four forms from the Ohio Lower Devonian are different from any of the described North American species. In particular, there is no basis for comparison with the eurypterids of the Lower Devonian Beartooth Butte (listed above as "Wyoming"), as each species is quite different. The same is true of a comparison with the Lower Devonian of the Rhineland, Germany (Størmer, 1936). The Ohio Lower Devonian eurypterid fauna retains such Silurian elements as *Erettopterus* and *Dolichopterus*, two genera previously unknown above the Silurian. *Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *carmani* likewise shows closer relationship to Silurian than to Devonian forms. The Downtonian eurypterids of the Welsh borderland seem to bear closest resemblance to the Ohio forms. The Downtonian is considered Devonian by some authors, although it has been recognized for many decades as a transition zone between Silurian and Devonian. Our knowledge of Devonian and even Downtonian eurypterids is still far from complete, and correlations on the basis of these fossils are not desirable at the present time. Undoubtedly, the highly specialized eurypterids will constitute good index fossils when more is known of their

occurrences. They do so in parts of the Upper Silurian of New York, where the various specific ranges are well known.

The list of North American eurypterids of the Devonian is as follows:

Adelophthalmus approximatus (Hall and Clarke)
Upper Devonian? Pennsylvania
Ctenopterus (?) *lacoana* (Claypole)
Upper Devonian Pennsylvania, New York
Dolichopterus asperatus, n. sp.
Lower Devonian Ohio
Doropterus angusticollis Kjellesvig-Waering
Lower Devonian Wyoming
Erieopterus latus (Ruedemann)
Lower Devonian Wyoming
Grossopterus inexpectans (Ruedemann)
Middle Devonian New York
Pterygotus (*Erettopterus*) *serratus* n. sp.
Lower Devonian Ohio
Pterygotus (*Pterygotus*) *atlanticus* Clarke and Ruedemann
Middle Devonian New Brunswick
Pterygotus (*Pterygotus*) *carmani* n. sp.
Lower Devonian Ohio
Pterygotus (*Pterygotus*) *elleri* Ruedemann
Upper Devonian New York
Pterygotus (*Pterygotus*) *gaspensis* Russell
Middle Devonian Quebec
Pterygotus (*Pterygotus*) *howelli* Kjellesvig-Waering and Størmer
Lower Devonian Wyoming
Pterygotus (*Pterygotus*) *montanensis* Ruedemann
Upper Devonian Montana
Rhenopterus (?) *maccarthyi* (Kjellesvig-Waering)
Middle Devonian New York
Strobilopterus princetonii (Ruedemann)
Lower Devonian Wyoming
Stylonurus arnoldi (Ehlers)
Upper Devonian Pennsylvania
Stylonurus beecheri (Hall)
Upper Devonian Pennsylvania
Stylonurus (?) *wrightianus* (Dawson)
Upper Devonian New York
Syntomopterus richardsoni, n. sp.
Lower Devonian Ohio
The ecological conditions are discussed by Dr. Denison in his paper on fishes (1960, p. 610) and will not be repeated here.

Class Merostomata Dana, 1852

Subclass Eurypterida Burmeister, 1843

Superfamily Eurypteracea Burmeister, 1845
Family Pterygotidae Clarke and Ruedemann, 1912
Genus Pterygotus Agassiz, 1839

Pterygotus (*Pterygotus*) *carmani*, new species
Figures 35–42

This large eurypterid is the most common element of the Lower Devonian eurypterid fauna of Lucas County. Most of the patches of integument retaining typical *Pterygotus* ornamentation probably belong to this species, although part may be referable to the rarer *Pterygotus* (*Erettopterus*) *serratus* (see p. 87). The species is based on three incomplete chelicerae, the gnathobases of two coxae, a metastoma, and a pretelson. Fragments described herein indicate a form that reached an overall length of body, exclusive of the long chelicerae, of more than five feet, a size not unusually large for the genus.

The holotype (PE5105) comprises fragments of an articulated chelicera retaining the proximal part of both rami (see fig. 35). Two of the specimens designated as paratypes (PE5106 and PE5107) retain the base and ramus of the chelicera, as well as parts of the fixed and free rami (see figs. 36 and 37). A reconstruction of an almost complete chelicera is therefore possible (see fig. 38).

The hand of the chelicera comprises a rather slender, rectangular structure, without any trace of ornamentation. The rami are slender, and the free ramus is slightly more curved. The distal ends are missing in our specimens. On the inner edge of the rami are a number of teeth, all of which are curved backward and are stout and unusually short. Part of this general stoutness of the teeth is due to conspicuous wearing, as the distal part of each tooth has been rounded off as if by an abrasive. However, part of the general stout aspect is inherent. The majority of the teeth are small, with several large, thick teeth interspersed. The central, or principal, tooth of the free ramus (no. 1 in figs. 35–38) is the largest, and is represented by a curved, thick structure. Nearly opposite this tooth is a similar but smaller tooth (no. 3). In front of this tooth is another one, half as large (no. 4). This combination is present on all chelicerae of this species.

Each tooth is longitudinally marked by narrow ridges, which generally are described in the literature as striations, anastomosing furrows, or fine longitudinal furrows. In reality, these structures are longitudinal ridges strengthening the individual tooth and are not furrows or striations. The longitudinal ridges are worn off at the distal end of most teeth in the present specimens.

The hand of specimen PE5107 measures 18.5 mm. at midsection; the large tooth (no. 3) is 3 mm. long by 2.2 mm. wide; the ramus, opposite the no. 3 tooth, is 6.3 mm. wide. In the holotype (PE5105) the free ramus opposite the no. 1 tooth is 14.5 mm. in diameter, and the principal tooth, which has been broken out, measures 9.1 mm. in length and 6.3 mm. at the base. Paratype no. PE5106 is approximately the same size as paratype PE5107.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 35.jpg

Fig. 35. Holotype of *Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *carmani*, n. sp., PE5105. Part of a chelicera; natural size.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 36.jpg

Fig. 36. Paratype of *Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *carmani*, n. sp., PE5106. Part of a chelicera; $\times 2$.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 37.jpg

Fig. 37. Paratype of *Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *carmani*, n. sp., PE5107. The fixed ramus of a chelicera; $\times 2$.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 38.jpg

Fig. 38. Composite of known parts of chelicera of *Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *carmani*, n. sp.; natural size.

The gnathobase of the coxa of the swimming legs (figs. 39, 40) comprises a row of triangular, curved teeth, progressively smaller from anterior to posterior. A complete gnathobase (fig. 40) reveals that the anterior tooth is largest, and that 13 teeth are present. Another, but larger, gnathobase (fig. 39) is incomplete and lacks the anterior two teeth. The width of the gnathobase illustrated (fig. 40; specimen PE5109) is 20.3 mm.; the first tooth is 3.5 mm. in length

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 39.jpg

Fig. 39. *Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *carmani*, n. sp., paratype, PE5110; $\times 3.5$. Part of gnathobase of coxa of swimming leg. Ruled line, one centimeter.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 40.jpg

Fig. 40. Gnathobase of coxa of swimming leg of *Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *carmani*, n. sp., paratype, PE5109. Shading indicates preserved patches of test. Ruled line, one centimeter.

and 2.7 mm. in width. The incomplete structure in figure 39 (specimen PE5110) is 21.5 mm. in width.

The gnathobase of the coxa of one of the walking legs (PE5113) measures 17 mm. in width; it bears at least 18 teeth, of which the second tooth is the largest and measures 5.5 mm. in length. The teeth are slender and pointed and become exceedingly slender in the posterior part of the gnathobase.

The metastoma is represented by a single specimen (PE5112 a and b) in which the posterior third is missing. It is an ovoid-cordate plate, deeply indented on the anterior margin and reaching its greatest width slightly anterior to the midsection. It is covered with large scales, more prominently developed on the anterior part. The metastoma is 41.0 mm. in greatest width with an estimated length of 55.0 mm. (see fig. 41).

The mesosoma is undoubtedly represented by many of the fragments found throughout the black shale but these cannot be determined as belonging certainly to *P. carmani*. Another pterygotid, *P. (Erettopterus) serratus*, which has similar ornamentation, is

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 41.jpg

Fig. 41. Metastoma of *Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *carmani*, n. sp., paratype, PE5112; $\times 1.4$.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 41a.jpg

Fig. 41, a. *Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *carmani*, n. sp., paratype, PE5118 a, part of a pretelson; $\times 1.25$.

associated. The last two tergites of the metasoma, however, can be described. The twelfth tergite, or pretelson (fig. 41, a), reveals through the midsection an elevated ridge that becomes more prominent posteriorly.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 42.jpg

Fig. 42. Dorsal side of eleventh tergite of *Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *carmani*, n. sp., paratype, PE5119; $\times 2.2$.

In the anterior part, this ridge comprises three to four elongated scales which grade into a simple, greatly thickened, elongated scale which occupies the entire ridge at the posterior part of the pretelson. The scales on the lateral parts of the pretelson are densely packed, large, semilunar or concentric in outline on the anterior part of the tergite, grading into more scattered and more sharply pointed scales. On the sides of the central ridge and at the base of the tergite the scales become more elongated. The pretelson is 58.0 mm. long. The preceding tergite, likewise, has a ridge of large scales on its posterior part (see fig. 42) . The largest scale is 4.5 mm. long and 5.0 mm. wide. The telson is unknown.

Remarks.—*Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *carmani* differs greatly from other species of the genus. From the New York Silurian *Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *cobbi* Hall, and *Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *juvenis* Clarke and Ruedemann and from the Bohemian *Pterygotus* (*Pterygotus*) *barrandei* (Semper) it differs in the much stouter and less well-developed cheliceral teeth, and in a considerably different arrangement of these teeth. From the New York Devonian *P. (Pterygotus) elleri* Ruedemann and the Montana Devonian *P. (Pterygotus) montanensis* Ruedemann, the stout, short teeth of *P. (Pterygotus) carmani* are sufficient to distinguish the Ohio form.

The species has been named in honor of Dr. J. Ernest Carman, Ohio State University, who discovered the fish-eurypterid fauna of the Holland Quarry shale.

The holotype (PE5105) and paratypes (PE5106–PE5112, PE5118 and PE5119) are in the collections of Chicago Natural History Museum.

Pterygotus (Erettopterus) serratus, new species
Figure 43

The species is based on a single well-preserved, complete, free ramus of the chelicera. Inward bowing at the distal end indicates that it is the free ramus of the left chelicera. The specimen is broken through the midsection into two parts. Figure 43 is a composite of both parts ($\times 4$).

The ramus is a short, stout structure tapering into a curved distal end. The inner margin, armed with teeth, is inclined with respect to the almost straight outer margin, resulting in an overall tapering form. The teeth are short and stout, in keeping with the overall robust aspect of the stem. These teeth are mostly of fairly uniform size, mainly lanceolate to rhomboidal, but some are truncated, giving a nearly quadrate appearance. The two distal teeth are badly worn but apparently were the largest. Wear is also apparent on the succeeding three teeth. No longitudinal ridges ("striations") occur on any of the teeth. The distal end is slightly curved inward; that is, in normal position the end would be curved inward toward the oral opening. The free ramus is estimated to have been 27.5 mm. long on the base and is 5 mm. wide at midsection.

Remarks.—The subgenus *Pterygotus* (*Erettopterus*) is poorly represented in North America but is well known in Scotland, England, and Saaremaa (Oesel) . The form above described is the first record of the subgenus in the Devonian of North America. *P. (Erettopterus) serratus* differs greatly from the common *P. (Erettopterus) bilobus* (Salter) of the upper Silurian of Scotland in having the chela much thicker and in having short, stout teeth in contrast to the slender, curved teeth of the latter. From *P. (Erettopterus) osiliensis* Schmidt, the common Oesel form, it differs in the much stouter chela as well as the more prominently developed teeth. It may be easily distinguished from the associated *P. (Pterygotus) carmani* in the altogether different type of chela, as well as in the lack of prominent ridges ("striations") on the teeth. The latter characteristic serves to distinguish both forms even in small fragments of the teeth.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 43.jpg

Fig. 43. Holotype of *Pterygotus* (*Erettopterus*) *serratus*, n. sp., PE5104. Free ramus of chelicera; × 4. The holotype (PE5104 a and b) is in the collections of Chicago Natural History Museum.

Superfamily *Stylonuracea* Diener, 1924

Family *Dolichopteridae* Kjellesvig-Waering and Størmer, 1952

Genus *Dolichopterus* Hall, 1859

Dolichopterus asperatus, new species

Figures 44–47

This interesting species is based on a partial prosoma and three paddles of the swimming legs which indicate a form unlike any of the described dolichopterids. One of the paddles (PE5114) has been selected as the holotype.

The prosoma is represented by one specimen (PE5117) indicating an individual approximately 70 cm. in length. The specimen retains only the left side of the prosoma, with a faint outline of part of the left lateral eye, and without trace of the ocelli; figure 44 illustrates the parts known. The prosoma is rounded along the outer lateral angles and along the anterior margin. Anteriorly the lateral margins converge slightly. The margins are bounded by a narrow but pronounced ornamented rim which gives this form a distinctive appearance. This marginal rim is composed of a single row of flat, oblong, elevated structures (see fig. 44, a); it is narrow at the genal angles and is not developed on the posterior edge. Apart from this ornamented rim, the prosoma is smooth.

The compound eyes are not preserved except for the barely perceptible anterior margin of the left eye and a slight elevation that

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 44.jpg

Fig. 44. Restoration of prosoma of *Dolichopterus asperatus*, n. sp., based on a paratype, PE5117; natural size.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 45.jpg

Fig. 45. Holotype of *Dolichopterus asperatus*, n. sp., PE5114. Paddle of swimming leg. Shading indicates preserved patches of test. Ruled line, one centimeter.

may represent the eye node. The node is probably arcuate, and the palpebral lobe covers most of the eye.

The prosoma measures 69 mm. in length, 79 mm. in width behind the compound eyes, and 99 mm. in width along the base. The compound eye node is 28.0 mm. long and possibly 10 mm. wide. It is 6.5 mm. from the anterior margin, 9.0 mm. from the lateral margin, and 50.0 mm. from the base of the prosoma. The preceding measurements are estimated. The marginal rim measures 0.8 mm. in width. The doublure along the base of the prosoma is 5.1 mm. wide.

A fragment of the ventral shield, or doublure, of the prosoma is present on the anterior part of the specimen. The part preserved is not sufficient to warrant description except to note that ornamentation is present. This consists of flat, slightly curved to linear scales parallel to the rim, with their crests

pointing toward the marginal rim.

The fact that the scales point to the marginal rim indicates the independence of the ventral plates and the dorsal shield. This condition is better emphasized by *Syntomopterus richardsoni*. The doublure is rather wide and measures 21 mm. in width in the anterior part.

The distal part of the swimming legs is well represented by three specimens which further reveal this form as a distinct species. The holotype (PE5114) and two paratypes (PE5115 and PE5116) retain the seventh and eighth joints. These joints (together) form a semi-elliptical structure with numerous serrations, particularly on the last joint. Supplementary lobes are present, but their outline is impossible to detect. On specimen PE5116 a supplementary joint line occurs along the posterior distal part, and serrations were superimposed along the extreme end and also on the anterior part of the joint (see fig. 47), indicating supplementary lobes. The distinctive feature of the species is, however, the small but conspicuous row of spine-like projections that border the joints. These serrations vary in size within the species. The holotype measures 12 mm. in width at the seventh joint and 11.1 mm. at the eighth. The greatest width of specimen PE5115 is 11.8 mm.

Remarks.—This is the first reported occurrence of the genus in Devonian beds. It differs from all Silurian dolichopterids in the presence of the chain-like marginal rim of the prosoma, and particularly in the fine serrations that border the swimming leg paddles. It is a distinctive and easily recognizable species.

The holotype (PE5114) and paratypes (PE5115–PE5117) are in the collections of Chicago Natural History Museum.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 46.jpg

Fig. 46. Paddle of swimming leg of *Dolichopterus asperatus*, n. sp., paratype, PE5115. Shading indicates preserved patches of test. Ruled line, one centimeter.

Fig. 47. Distal end of paddle of swimming leg of *Dolichopterus asperatus*, n. sp., paratype, PE5116. Shading indicates preserved patches of test. Ruled line, one centimeter.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 47.jpg

Family Stylonuridae Diener, 1924

Genus *Syntomopterus*, new genus

The prosoma is paraboloidal, very wide, straight along the base, and bordered with a wide marginal rim. The ventral shield is very narrow and band-like, and without sutures. The compound eyes, located slightly behind midsection, are crescentic, small, and close-set. The ocellar mound is located opposite the anterior part of the compound eyes. Ornamentation comprises large wart-like pustules, elongated and pointed at the margins.

Type species: *Syntomopterus richardsoni*, new species.

Remarks.—*Syntomopterus* differs greatly from other genera of the Stylonuridae. In some respects, particularly in the form of the cephalothorax and the nearly centrally located eyes, *Syntomopterus*

resembles some of the species included under *Erieopterus* in the family Eurypteridae. However, the arcuate eyes, with the wide palpebral lobe, located behind the middle of the cephalothorax, as well as the anterior position of the ocellar mound, the flat, wide marginal rim, the narrow, unjointed ventral shield and the pattern of the ornamentation, which is much like that of *Stylonurus megalops* (Salter), precludes its inclusion in that family and aligns it in the family Stylonuridae.

The wide, paraboloidal cephalothorax is in marked contrast to other Stylonuridae. However, the cephalothorax of *Stylonurus myops* Clarke, of the Silurian Shawangunk sandstone of New York, reveals similar widening, although the form is different from that of *Syntomopterus*. The New York Silurian *Erieopterus pustulosus* (Hall) has much in common with this form. In all references (Hall, 1859, p. 413; Pohlman, 1882, p. 41; and Clarke and Ruedemann, 1912, p. 201) the authors have described and figured the compound eyes as being the Eurypterus type of reniform eyes and not the arcuate type found in *Syntomopterus*. It is possible that the palpebral lobe has been broken out in the specimens described, though there is no reason to believe that those authors would not have noted that easily recognizable condition. The eyes of *E. pustulosus* are placed in front of midsection, whereas those of *Syntomopterus* are behind. The ornamentation of *E. pustulosus* is in some respects strikingly like that of *Syntomopterus* although it differs greatly in the presence of pointed scales; it also lacks the wide, flat, marginal rim of the latter—an important difference.

I recently studied the types of the British Downtonian *Stylonurus megalops* (Salter), and it was mainly on that basis that I arrived at the conclusion that the Ohio form was probably a stylonurid. The compound eyes are somewhat similar in having the wide palpebral lobes, but, above that, the ornamentation on the cephalothorax and on the wide marginal rim is of the same type, although not as pronounced or as densely distributed as in *Syntomopterus richardsoni*. The similarity, however, ends with the ornamentation, as the form of the cephalothorax and the position of the eyes are entirely different.

Few eurypterid genera have the compound eyes situated on the posterior half of the cephalothorax. Some that have are the Australian Silurian *Melbournopterus* and the Scottish Devonian *Tarsopterella*, both of which are included in the Stylonuridae.

Syntomopterus richardsoni, new species
Figures 48–53

This unusual species is based on the holotype (PE5120) and three paratypes (PE5121, PE5122, PE5123) which together retain all details of the prosoma, the doublure, and fragments of the tergites. It is a pleasure to name this unique species in honor of Dr. Eugene S. Richardson, Jr., Curator of Fossil Invertebrates at Chicago Natural

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 48.jpg

Fig. 48. Part of prosoma and left compound eye of *Syntomopterus richardsoni*, n. sp., paratype, PE5121; × 4.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 49.jpg

Fig. 49. Compound eye of *Syntomopterus richardsoni*, n. sp., paratype, PE5121; × 8.
History Museum, who has contributed considerably to my study of the Eurypterida.

The prosoma is very wide, forming an almost perfect parabola, and is straight along the base. The lateral eyes are small and crescentic, and are covered by a conspicuous palpebral lobe; they are located slightly behind the center of the carapace and closer to each other than to the lateral margins (see figs.

48–50, 52). The ocelli are probably very small, as they were not detected. The ocellar mound, upon which the ocelli would be situated, was, however, preserved, and this occupies a nearly central position on the carapace, midway between and anterior to the center line of the compound eyes. A wide, prominent, flat marginal rim surrounds the carapace, becoming narrower toward the genal angles (see figs. 50, 51).

The ornamentation is highly distinctive and can be recognized even in small fragments in the black shale (see figs. 48, 50, 52). On the prosoma the central and posterior-central parts consist of

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 50.jpg

Fig. 50. Reconstruction of prosoma of *Syntomopterus richardsoni*, n. sp., drawn mainly from holotype, PE5120; $\times 2$. A: Ventral side of marginal rim of doublure. The large elongated pustules are on the dorsal shield, seen from the inside. B, C: Dorsal side of marginal rim.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 51.jpg

Fig. 51. Diagram of prosoma of *Syntomopterus richardsoni*, n. sp., to show general direction of axis of elongated pustules, forming flow of ornament pattern. Prosoma restored to approximate natural dimensions.

scattered wart-like, round pustules of various sizes. Anteriorly, toward the marginal rim, these pustules are slightly elongated, and around the marginal rim they become more elongated, or elliptical (see fig. 50, A), grading into pointed, elongated scales in the region of the genal angles. This results in a "flow-like" pattern from a point anterior to the lateral eyes, around both sides of the prosoma to the genal angles (see fig. 51), a pattern which is characteristic of many *Stylonuridae* such as *Ctenopterus*, *Melbournopterus*, *Stylonurus*, and *Tarsoptereia*, and which accentuates the double "pouch-like" structures of the prosoma in these genera.

The ornamentation of the marginal rim, however, contrasts greatly with that present on the rest of the carapace. Here the pattern is totally different, consisting of small crescentic scales which point anteriorly at the anterior part of the rim, but become orientated posteriorly to follow the rim around the carapace until they grade into pointed scales at the genal angles (see fig. 50, B, C). The ornamentation of the palpebral lobe comprises much smaller pustules than are found on the rest of the carapace (see figs. 48–50).

The ventral shield is a flattened, narrow and unjointed band, rounded at the periphery and with ornamentation quite unlike that

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 52.jpg

Fig. 52. Fragment of left side of prosoma of *Syntomopterus richardsoni*, n. sp., paratype, PE5121; $\times 4$. The dark area is the palpebral lobe, which is covered with smaller pustules than the rest of the prosoma. of the dorsal marginal rim. At the inside of the rim this comprises closely packed semilunar scales, which grade into thicker and less well-defined, scattered scales toward the margin. At a given position on the margin the scales on the ventral rim point outward, whereas those of the dorsal rim point toward the rear of the prosoma (see fig. 50, A, B, C). This condition accentuates the independence of the two rims and indicates that the dorsal rim of the prosoma and ventral shield apparently are separate and distinct structures meeting at a suture (not seen) on the periphery. This suture is suggested by the totally different ornamentation. No sutures were noted dividing the ventral shield into plates.

The holotype consists of two counterparts and is a nearly complete prosoma, lacking only a small area of the left genal angle. Measurements could be made, therefore, with considerable accuracy.

Eurypterids of the Devonian Holland Quarry Shale of Ohio figure 53.jpg

Fig. 53. Ornamentation on posterior part of prosoma of *Syntomopterus richardsoni*, n. sp., holotype, PE5120; $\times 2.5$. A portion of front margin may be seen at upper left of specimen.

Measurements

Holotype mm.

Prosoma length 30.3

Prosoma width behind eyes 53.0

Prosoma width at base 58.0

Compound eyes located on prosoma:

From anterior margin 14.5

From posterior margin 11.3

From lateral margin 17.5

Distance between eyes 10.5

Length of eye 3.5

Width of visual area 1.0

Width of palpebral lobe 2.0

Width of rim at anterior of carapace 1.2

Paratype PE5121 (figs. 48, 49, 52)

Length of compound eye 3.5

Distance from eye to posterior margin 15.6

Two paratypes (PE5122 and PE5123) retain parts of some of the tergites, probably from the metasoma. These have the same pustular ornamentation that occurs on the prosoma. On the posterior edge of each tergite, however, is a single fringe of large, crescentic, flat scales. One of the tergites measures 10.5 mm. in incomplete length.

Remarks.—This species differs greatly from all other associated forms, and can easily be distinguished from them by the distinctive ornamentation, which enables identification from small fragments. The very wide prosoma, having a length-width ratio of 5.2:10, is unusual for the Stylonuridae but recalls forms such as *Erieopterus latus* (Ruedemann), *E. pustulosus* (Hall), and *E. brewsteri* Woodward, of the family Eurypteridae. The diagnostic crescentic eye is, however, a structure not present in any of these. Comparison with other forms is superfluous on a species basis as the distinctive characteristics described above will separate this form from all other eurypterids.

The holotype (PE5120 a and b) and paratypes (PE5121, PE5122 and PE5123) are in the collections of Chicago Natural History Museum.

The lens of dark bituminous Holland Quarry shale in Lucas County, Ohio, was discovered by Dr. J. Ernest Carman of Ohio State University, who kindly donated his collections to Chicago Natural History Museum. I wish to thank Dr. Robert H. Denison and Dr. Eugene S. Richardson, Jr., for the opportunity

of studying the eurypterids.

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Fragments of Xenophanes (1920)

by Xenophanes, translated by John Burnet

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Excerpted from Chapter 2 of Early Greek Philosophy by John Burnet

Fragments of Xenophanes

I give the fragments according to the text and arrangement of Diels.

Elegies

(1)

Now is the floor clean, and the hands and cups of all; one sets twisted garlands on our heads, another hands us fragrant ointment on a salver. The mixing bowl stands ready, full of gladness, and there is more wine at hand that promises never to leave us in the lurch, soft and smelling of flowers in the jars. In the midst the frankincense sends up its holy scent, and there is cold water, sweet and clean. Brown loaves are set before us and a lordly table laden with cheese and rich honey. The altar in the midst is clustered round with flowers; song and revel fill the halls.

But first it is meet that men should hymn the god with joy, with holy tales and pure words; then after libation and prayer made that we may have strength to do right—for that is in truth the first thing to do—no sin is it to drink as much as a man can take and get home without an attendant, so he be not stricken in years. And of all men is he to be praised who after drinking gives goodly proof of himself in the trial of skill,[1] as memory and strength will serve him. Let him not sing of Titans and Giants—those fictions of the men of old—nor of turbulent civil broils in which is no good thing at all; but to give heedful reverence to the gods is ever good.

(2)

What if a man win victory in swiftness of foot, or in the pentathlon, at Olympia, where is the precinct of Zeus by Pisa's springs, or in wrestling,—what if by cruel boxing or that fearful sport men call pankration he become more glorious in the citizens' eyes, and win a place of honour in the sight of all at the games, his food at the public cost from the State, and a gift to be an heirloom for him,—what if he conquer in the chariot-race,—he will not deserve all this for his portion so much as I do. Far better is our art than the strength of men and of horses! These are but thoughtless judgements, nor is it fitting to set strength before goodly art.[2] Even if there arise a mighty boxer among a people, or one great in the pentathlon or at wrestling, or one excelling in swiftness of foot—and that stands in honour before all tasks of men at the games—the city would be none the better governed for that. It is but little joy a city gets of it if a man conquer at the games by Pisa's banks; it is not this that makes fat the store-houses of a city.

(3)

They learnt dainty and unprofitable ways from the Lydians, so long as they were free from hateful tyranny; they went to the market-place with cloaks of purple dye, not less than a thousand of them all told, vainglorious and proud of their comely tresses, reeking with fragrance from cunning salves.

(4)

Nor would a man mix wine in a cup by pouring out the wine first, but water first and wine on the top of it.

(5)

Thou didst send the thigh-bone of a kid and get for it the fat leg of a fatted bull, a worthy guerdon for a man to get, whose glory is to reach every part of Hellas and never to pass away, so long as Greek songs last.[3]

(7)

And now I will turn to another tale and point the way. . . . Once they say that he (Pythagoras) was passing by when a dog was being beaten and spoke this word: "Stop! don't beat it! For it is the soul of a friend that I recognised when I heard its voice." [4]

(8)

There are by this time threescore years and seven that have tossed my careworn soul [5] up and down the land of Hellas; and there were then five-and-twenty years from my birth, if I can say aught truly about these matters.

(9)

Much weaker than an aged man.

Satires

(10)

Since all at first have learnt according to Homer. . . .

(11)

Homer and Hesiod have ascribed to the gods all things that are a shame and a disgrace among mortals, stealings and adulteries and deceivings of one another. R. P. 99.

(12)

Since they have uttered many lawless deeds of the gods, stealings and adulteries and deceivings of one another. R. P. ib.

(14)

But mortals deem that the gods are begotten as they are, and have clothes like theirs, and voice and form. R. P. 100.

(15)

Yes, and if oxen and horses or lions had hands, and could paint with their hands, and produce works of art as men do, horses would paint the forms of the gods like horses, and oxen like oxen, and make their bodies in the image of their several kinds. R. P. ib.

(16)

The Ethiopians make their gods black and snub-nosed; the Thracians say theirs have blue eyes and red hair. R. P. 100 b.

(18)

The gods have not revealed all things to men from the beginning, but by seeking they find in time what is better. R. P 104 b.

(23)

One god, the greatest among gods and men, neither in form like unto mortals nor in thought. . . . R. P. 100.

(24)

He sees all over, thinks all over, and hears all over. R. P. 102.

(25)

But without toil he swayeth all things by the thought of his mind. R. P. 108 b.

(26)

And he abideth ever in the selfsame place, moving not at all; nor doth it befit him to go about now hither now thither. R. P. 110 a.

(27)

All things come from the earth, and in earth all things end. R. P. 103 a.

(28)

This limit of the earth above is seen at our feet in contact with the air;[6] below it reaches down without a limit. R. P. 103.

(29)

All things are earth and water that come into being and grow. R. P. 103.

(30)

The sea is the source of water and the source of wind; for neither in the clouds (would there be any blasts of wind blowing forth) from within without the mighty sea, nor rivers' streams nor rain-water from the sky. The mighty sea is father of clouds and of winds and of rivers.[7] R. P. 103.

(31)

The sun swinging over[8] the earth and warming it. . . .

(32)

She that they call Iris is a cloud likewise, purple, scarlet and green to behold. R. P. 103.

(33)

For we all are born of earth and water. R. P. ib.

(34)

There never was nor will be a man who has certain knowledge about the gods and about all the things I speak of. Even if he should chance to say the complete truth, yet he himself knows not that it is so. But all may have their fancy.[9] R. P. 104.

(35)

Let these be taken as fancies[10] something like the truth. R. P. 104 a.

(36)

All of them[11] that are visible for mortals to behold.

(37)

And in some caves water drips. . . .

(38)

If god had not made brown honey, men would think figs far sweeter than they do.

Footnotes

So I understand ἀμφ' ἀρετῆς. The τόνος is "strength of lungs." The next verses are directed against Hesiod and Alkaios (Diels).

At this date "art" is the natural translation of σοφίη in such a writer as Xenophanes.

Diels suggests that this is an attack on a poet like Simonides, whose greed was proverbial.

The name of Pythagoras does not occur in the lines that have been preserved; but the source of Diogenes viii. 36 must have had the complete elegy before him; for he said the verses occurred ἐν ἐλεγείᾳ, ἥς ἀρχὴ Νῦν αὖτ' ἄλλον ἔπειμι λόγον κτλ.

Bergk (Litteraturgesch. ii. p. 418, n. 23) took φροντίς here to mean the literary work of Xenophanes, but it is surely an anachronism to suppose that at this date it could be used like the Latin cura.

Reading ἡέρι for καὶ ῥεῖ with Diels.

This fragment has been recovered from the Geneva scholia on Homer (see Arch. iv. p. 652). The words in brackets are added by Diels.

The word is ὑπεριήμενος. This is quoted from the Allegories as an explanation of the name Hyperion, and doubtless Xenophanes so meant it.

It is more natural to take πᾶσι as masculine than as neuter, and ἐπὶ πᾶσι can mean "in the power of all."

Reading δεδοξάσθω with Wilamowitz.

As Diels suggests, this probably refers to the stars, which Xenophanes held to be clouds.

[116][117][118][114][118][119][120][121]

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4 KHANDAS TALAVAKÂRA-UPANISHAD.

From *Sacred Books of the East Volume 1*

Unknown, translated by Friedrich Max Müller

Talavakâra-upanishad Aitareya-âranyaka→

Also known as *Kena-upanishad*.

FIRST Khanda

1. The Pupil asks: "At whose wish does the mind sent forth proceed on its errand? At whose command does the first breath go forth? At whose wish do we utter this speech? What god directs the eye, or the ear?"
2. The Teacher replies: "It is the ear of the ear, the mind of the mind, the speech of speech, the breath of breath, and the eye of the eye. When freed (from the senses) the wise, on departing from this world, become immortal[1].
3. The eye does not go thither, nor speech, nor mind. We do not know, we do not understand, how any one can teach it.
4. It is different from the known, it is also above the unknown, thus we have heard from those of old, who taught us this[2].
5. That which is not expressed by speech and by which speech is expressed, that alone know as Brahman, not that which people here adore.
6. That which does not think by mind, and by which, they say, mind is thought[3], that alone know as Brahman, not that which people here adore.
7. That which does not see by the eye, and by which one sees (the work of) the eyes, that alone know as Brahman, not that which people here adore.
8. That which does not hear by the ear, and by which the ear is heard, that alone know as Brahman, not that which people here adore.
9. That which does not breathe by breath, and by which breath is drawn, that alone know as Brahman, not that which people here adore."

SECOND Khanda

1. The Teacher says: "If thou thinkest I know it well; then thou knowest surely but little, what is that form of Brahman known, it may be, to thee[4]?"
2. The Pupil says: "I do not think I know it well, nor do I know that I do not know it. He among us who knows this, he knows it, nor does he know that he does not know it[5].
3. He by whom it (Brahman) is not thought, by him it is thought; he by whom it is thought, knows it not. It is not understood by those who understand it, it is understood by those who do not understand it.
4. It is thought to be known (as if) by awakening, and (then) we obtain immortality indeed. By the Self we obtain strength, by knowledge we obtain immortality.
5. If a man know this here, that is the true (end of life); if he does not know this here, then there is great destruction (new births). The wise who have thought on all things (and recognised the Self in them) become immortal, when they have departed from this world."

THIRD Khanda[6]

1. Brahman obtained the victory for the Devas. The Devas became elated by the victory of Brahman man, and they thought, this victory is ours only, this greatness is ours only.
2. Brahman perceived this and appeared to them. But they did not know it, and said: "What sprite (yaksha or yakshya) is this?"
3. They said to Agni (fire): "O Gâtavedas, find out what sprite this is." "Yes," he said.
4. He ran toward it, and Brahman said to him: "Who are you?" He replied: "I am Agni, I am Gâtavedas."
5. Brahman said: "What power is in you?" Agni replied: "I could burn all whatever there is on earth."
6. Brahman put a straw before him, saying: "Burn this" He went towards it with all his might, but he could not burn it. Then he returned thence and said: "I could not find out what sprite this is."
7. Then they said to Vâyu (air): "O Vâyu, find out what sprite this is." "Yes" he said.
8. He ran toward it, and Brahman said to him: "Who are you?" He replied: "I am Vâyu, I am Mâtarisvan."
9. Brahman said: "What power is in you?" Vâyu replied: "I could take up all whatever there is on earth."
10. Brahman put a straw before him, saying: "Take it up." He went towards it with all his might, but he could not take it up. Then he returned thence and said: "I could not find out what sprite this is."
11. Then they said to Indra: "O Maghavan, find out what sprite this is." He went towards it, but it disappeared from before him.

12. Then in the same space (ether) he came towards a woman, highly adorned: it was Umâ, the daughter of Himavat[7]. He said to her: "Who is that sprite?"

FOURTH Khanda

1. She replied: "It is Brahman. It is through the victory of Brahman that you have thus become great." After that he knew that it was Brahman.

2. Therefore these Devas, viz. Agni, Vâyu, and Indra, are, as it were, above the other gods, for they touched it (the Brahman) nearest[8].

3. And therefore Indra is, as it were, above the other gods, for he touched it nearest, he first knew it.

4. This is the teaching of Brahman, with regard to the gods (mythological): It is that which now flashes forth in the lightning, and now vanishes again.

5. And this is the teaching of Brahman, with regard to the body (psychological): It is that which seems to move as mind, and by it imagination remembers again and again[9].

6. That Brahman is called Tadvana[10], by the name of Tadvana it is to be meditated on. All beings have a desire for him who knows this.

7. The Teacher: "As you have asked me to tell you the Upanishad, the Upanishad has now been told you. We have told you the Brâhmî Upanishad.

8. The feet on which that Upanishad stands are penance, restraint, sacrifice; the Vedas are all its limbs[11], the True is its abode. 9. He who knows this Upanishad, and has shaken off all evil, stands in the endless, unconquerable[12] world of heaven, yea, in the world of heaven".

This verse admits of various translations, and still more various explanations. Instead of taking vâkam, like all the other words, as a nominative, we might take them all as accusatives, governed by atimukya, and sa u prânasya prânah as a parenthetical sentence. What is meant by the ear is very fully explained by the commentator, but the simplest acceptation would seem to take it as an answer to the preceding questions, so that the ear of the ear should be taken for him who directs the ear, i.e. the Self, or Brahman. This will become clearer as we proceed.

Cf. Îsa Up. 11; 13.

The varia lectio manaso matam (supported also by the commentary) is metrically and grammatically easier, but it may be, for that very reason, an emendation.

In order to obtain a verse, we must leave out the words tvam yad asya deveshv atha nu mîmâmsyam eva. They were probably inserted, as an excuse for the third khanda treating of the relation of Brahman to the Devas. There is considerable variety in the text, as handed down in the Sâma-veda and in the Atharva-veda, which shows that it has been tampered with. Daharam for dabhram may be the older reading, as synezesis occurs again and again in the Upanishads.

This verse has again been variously explained. I think the train of thought is this: We cannot know Brahman, as we know other objects, by referring them to a class and pointing out their differences. But, on the other hand, we do not know that we know him not, i.e. no one can assert that we know him not, for we want Brahman in order to know anything. He, therefore, who knows this double peculiarity of

the knowledge of Brahman, he knows Brahman, as much as it can be known; and he does not know, nor can anybody prove it to him, that he does not know Brahman.

This khanda is generally represented as a later addition, but its prose style has more of a Brâhmana character than the verses in the preceding khandas, although their metrical structure is irregular, and may be taken as a sign of antiquity.

Umâ may here be taken as the wife of Siva, daughter of Himavat, better known by her earlier name, Pârvatî, the daughter of the mountains. Originally she was, not the daughter of the mountains or of the Himâlaya, but the daughter of the cloud, just as Rudra was originally, not the lord of the mountains, girîsa, but the lord of the clouds. We are, however, moving here in a secondary period of Indian thought, in which we see, as among Semitic nations, the manifested powers, and particularly the knowledge and wisdom of the gods, represented by their wives. Umâ means originally flax, from vâ, to weave, and the same word may have been an old name of wife, she who weaves (cf. duhitri, spinster, and possibly wife itself, if O.H.G. wîb is connected with O.H.G. wëban). It is used almost synonymously with ambikâ, Taitt. Âr. p. 839. If we wished to take liberties, we might translate umâ haimavatâ by an old woman coming from the Himavat mountains; but I decline all responsibility for such an interpretation.

The next phrase was borrowed from §3, without even changing the singular to the plural. As Indra only found out that it was Brahman, the original distinction between Indra and the other gods, who only came near to it, was quite justified. Still it might be better to adopt the var. lect. sa hy etat in §2.

I have translated these paragraphs very differently from Sankara and other interpreters. The wording is extremely brief, and we can only guess the original intention of the Upanishad by a reference to other passages. Now the first teaching of Brahman, by means of a comparison with the gods or heavenly things in general, seems to be that Brahman is what shines forth suddenly like lightning. Sometimes the relation between the phenomenal world and Brahman is illustrated by the relation between bubbles and the sea, or lightning and the unseen heavenly light (Mait. Up. VI, 35). In another passage, Kh. Up. VIII, 12, 2, lightning, when no longer seen, is to facilitate the conception of the reality of things, as distinct from their perceptibility. I think, therefore, that the first simile, taken from the phenomenal world, was meant to show that Brahman is that which appears for a moment in the lightning, and then vanishes from our sight.

The next illustration is purely psychological. Brahman is proved to exist, because our mind moves towards things, because there is something in us which moves and perceives, and because there is something in us which holds our perceptions together (sankalpa), and revives them again by memory. I give my translation as hypothetical only, for certainty is extremely difficult to attain, when we have to deal with these enigmatical sayings which, when they were first delivered, were necessarily accompanied by oral explanations.

Tadvana, as a name of Brahman, is explained by "the desire of it," and derive l from van, to desire, the same as vâñkh.

It is impossible to adopt Sankara's first rendering, "the Vedas and all the Angas," i.e. the six subsidiary doctrines. He sees himself that sarvângâni stands in opposition to pratishthâ and âyatana, but seeing Veda and Anga together, no Brahman could help thinking of the Vedângas.

Might we read agyeye for gyeye? cf. Satap. Brâhm. XI, 5, 7, 1.

Dictionary of National Biography, 1885-1900, Volume 19

Fitzgibbon, Edward

by Morgan George Watkins Fitzgibbon, Gerald→

Sister Projects.sister projects: Wikipedia article, Wikidata item.

FITZGIBBON, EDWARD (1803–1857), who wrote under the pseudonym 'Ephemera,' son of a land

agent, was born at Limerick in 1803. He was devotedly attached to fishing from boyhood. When he was fourteen years old his father died, and he came to London. At sixteen he was articled to a surgeon in the city, but quitted the profession in disgust two years later, and became a classical tutor in various parts of England for three years, finding time everywhere to practise his favourite sport. He then visited Marseilles, where he remained six years, devoting himself to politics and the French language and literature, and becoming a welcome guest in all literary and polite circles. Having taken some part in the revolution of 1830, he returned to England and recommended himself to the notice of Black, the editor of the 'Morning Chronicle.' Being admitted to the staff, he worked with success in the gallery of the House of Commons. For a long series of years he wrote on angling for 'Bell's Life in London,' his knowledge of the subject and the attractive style in which his articles were written giving them great celebrity. For twenty-eight years he was a diligent worker for the daily press. His 'Lucid Intervals of a Lunatic' was a paper which at the time obtained much attention. He wrote often for the 'Observer,' and was a theatrical critic of considerable acumen.

With his fine genius, excellent classical attainments, and perfect knowledge of French, Fitzgibbon would have been more famous but for an unfortunate weakness. He had periodical fits of drinking. Physicians viewed his case with much interest, as his weakness seemed almost to amount to a kind of monomania, in the intervals of which his life was marked by abstemiousness and refined tastes. Fitzgibbon often promised that he would write his experiences of intoxication, which his friends persuaded themselves would have won him fame. But he became a wreck some years before his death, on 19 Nov. 1857, after a month's illness. He died in the communion of the Roman catholic church. He left no family, and was buried in Highgate cemetery. Fitzgibbon made a great impression upon all who knew him by the brilliancy of his gifts. He possessed unblemished integrity, a kind and liberal disposition, much fire and eloquence, and the power of attaching to him many friends. From 1830 to the time of his death his writings had given a marvellous impulse to the art of fishing, had caused a great improvement in the manufacture and sale of fishing tackle, and largely increased the rents received by the owners of rivers and proprietors of fishing rights. He once killed fifty-two salmon and grilse on the Shin river in fifty-five hours of fishing. His 'Handbook of Angling' (1847), which reached a third edition in 1853, is perhaps the very best of the enormous number of manuals on fishing which are extant. Besides it Fitzgibbon wrote, in conjunction with Shipley of Ashbourne, 'A True Treatise on the Art of Fly-fishing as practised on the Dove and the Principal Streams of the Midland Counties,' 1838; and 'The Book of the Salmon,' together with A. Young, who added to it many notes on the life-history of this fish, 1850. 'Ephemera' regarded this as the acme of his teachings on fishing. He also edited and partly rewrote the section on 'Angling' in Elaine's 'Encyclopædia of Rural Sports' (1852), and published the best of all the practical editions of 'The Compleat Angler' of Walton and Cotton in 1853.

[Bell's Life in London, 22 and 29 Nov. 1857; Francis's By Lake and River, p. 221; Annual Register, 1857, p. 347; Quarterly Review, No. 278, p. 365.]

SHOWY LADY'S SLIPPER.

(MOCCASIN FLOWER.)

from Project Gutenberg's etext of *North American Wild Flowers* by Catharine Parr Strickland Trail

Cypripedium spectabile.

But ye have lovely leaves, where we

May see how soon things have

Their end, tho' n'er so brave;

And after they have bloomed awhile,

Like us, they sink

Into the grave.

Herrick.

AMONG the many rare and beautiful flowers that adorn our native woods and wilds, few, if any, can compare with the lovely plants belonging to the family to which the central flower of our Artist's group belongs. Where all are so worthy of notice it was difficult to make a choice; happily there is no rivalry to contend with in the case of our Artist's preferences.

There are two beautiful varieties of the species, the pink and white, and purple and white Lady's Slipper (*Cypripedium Spectabile*), better known by the familiar local name of Moccasin-Flower, a name common in this country to all the plants of this family.

Whether we regard these charming flowers for the singularity of their form, the exquisite texture of their tissues, or the delicate blending of their colours, we must acknowledge them to be altogether lovely and worthy of our admiration.

The subject of the figure in our plate is the Pink-flowered Moccasin; it is chiefly to be found in damp ground, in tamarack swamps, and near forest creeks, where, in groups of several stems, it appears, showing its pure blossoms among the rank and coarser herbage. The stem rises to the height of from 18 inches to 2 feet high. The leaves, which are large, ovate, many nerved and plaited, sheathing at the base, clothe the fleshy stem, which terminates in a single sharp pointed bract above the flower. The flowers are terminal, from one to three, rarely more; though in the large purple and white Lady's Slipper, the older and stronger plants will occasionally throw out three or four blossoms. This variety is found on the dry plain-lands, in grassy thickets, among the oak openings above Rice Lake, and eastward on the hills above the River Trent. This is most likely the plant described by Gray; the soil alone being different. The unfolded buds of this species are most beautiful, having the appearance of slightly flattened globes of delicately-tinted primrose coloured rice paper.

The large sac-like inflated lip of our Moccasin flower is slightly depressed in front, tinged with rosy pink and striped. The pale thin petals and sepals, two of each, are whitish at first, but turn brown when the flower is more advanced toward maturity. The sepals may be distinguished from the petals; the former being longer than the latter, and by being united at the back of the flower. The column on which the stamens are placed is three-lobed; the two anthers are placed one on either side, under the two lobes; the central lobe is sterile, thick, fleshy, and bent down—in our species it is somewhat blunt and heart-shaped. The stigma is obscurely three-lobed. The root of the Lady's Slipper is a bundle of white fleshy fibres.

One of the remarkable characteristics of the flowers of this genus, and of many of the natural order to which it belongs, is the singular resemblance of the organs of the blossom to the face of some animal or

insect. Thus the face of an Indian hound may be seen in the Golden-flowered *Cypripedium pubescens*; that of a sheep or ram, with the horns and ears, in *C. arietinum*; while our “Showy Lady’s Slipper,” (*C. spectabile*), displays the curious face and peering black eyes of the ape.

One of the rarest and, at the same time, the most beautiful of these flowers, is the “Stemless Lady’s Slipper,” (*C. acaule*), a figure of which will appear in our second volume.

It is a matter of wonder and also of regret, that so few persons have taken the trouble to seek out and cultivate the beautiful native plants with which our country abounds, and which would fully reward them for their pains, as ornaments to the garden border, the shrubbery, the rookery, or the green-house. Our orchidaceous plants alone would be regarded by the foreign florist with great interest.

A time will come when these rare productions of our soil will disappear from among us, and can be found only on those waste and desolate places where the foot of civilized man can hardly penetrate; where the flowers of the wilderness flourish, bloom and decay unseen but by the all-seeing eye of Him who adorns the lonely places of the earth, filling them with beauty and fragrance.

For whom are these solitary objects of beauty reserved? Shall we say with Milton:—

“Thousands of unseen beings walk this earth,

Both while we wake and while we sleep:—

And think though man were none,—

That earth would want spectators—God want praise.”

Poems by Rupert Brooke and

D. H. Lawrence

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Georgian Poetry 1913-15*, by Various

Tiare Tahiti

Mamua, when our laughter ends,
And hearts and bodies, brown as white,
Are dust about the doors of friends,
Or scent ablowing down the night,
Then, oh! then, the wise agree,
Comes our immortality.
Mamua, there waits a land
Hard for us to understand.
Out of time, beyond the sun,
All are one in Paradise,
You and Pupure are one,
And Taû, and the ungainly wise.

There the Eternals are, and there
The Good, the Lovely, and the True,
And Types, whose earthly copies were
The foolish broken things we knew;
There is the Face, whose ghosts we are;
The real, the never-setting Star;
And the Flower, of which we love
Faint and fading shadows here;
Never a tear, but only Grief;
Dance, but not the limbs that move;
Songs in Song shall disappear;
Instead of lovers, Love shall be;
For hearts, Immutability;
And there, on the Ideal Reef,
Thunders the Everlasting Sea!

And my laughter, and my pain,
Shall home to the Eternal Brain;
And all lovely things, they say,
Meet in Loveliness again;
Miri's laugh, Teipo's feet,
And the hands of Matua,
Stars and sunlight there shall meet,
Coral's hues and rainbows there,
And Teilra's braided hair;
And with the starred tiare's white,
And white birds in the dark ravine,
And flamboyants ablaze at night,
And jewels, and evening's after-green,
And dawns of pearl and gold and red,
Mamua, your lovelier head!
And there'll no more be one who dreams
Under the ferns, of crumbling stuff,
Eyes of illusion, mouth that seems,
All time-entangled human love.
And you'll no longer swing and sway
Divinely down the scented shade,
Where feet to Ambulation fade,
And moons are lost in endless Day.
How shall we wind these wreaths of ours,
Where there are neither heads nor flowers?
Oh, Heaven's Heaven! — but we'll be missing
The palms, and sunlight, and the south;
And there's an end, I think, of kissing,
When our mouths are one with Mouth ...

Taû here, Mamua,
Crown the hair, and come away!
Hear the calling of the moon,

And the whispering scents that stray
About the idle warm lagoon.
Hasten, hand in human hand,
Down the dark, the flowered way,
Along the whiteness of the sand,
And in the water's soft caress,
Wash the mind of foolishness,
Mamua, until the day.
Spend the glittering moonlight there
Pursuing down the soundless deep
Limbs that gleam and shadowy hair,
Or floating lazy, half-asleep.
Dive and double and follow after,
Snare in flowers, and kiss, and call,
With lips that fade, and human laughter,
And faces individual,
Well this side of Paradise!...
There's little comfort in the wise.

The Great Lover

I have been so great a lover: filled my days
So proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,
Desire illimitable, and still content,
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
My night shall be remembered for a star
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
The inenarrable godhead of delight?
Love is a flame; — we have beaconed the world's night.
A city: — and we have built it, these and I.
An emperor: — we have taught the world to die.
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,
And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names
Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,
And set them as a banner, that men may know,
To dare the generations, burn, and blow
Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming ...

These I have loved:
White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,

Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such —
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns ...
Dear names,
And thousand other throng to me! Royal flames;
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;
Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;
And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold
Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mould;
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;
And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass; —
All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,
Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power
To hold them with me through the gate of Death.
They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath,
Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust
And sacramented covenant to the dust.
— Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,
And give what's left of love again, and make
New friends, now strangers...
But the best I've known,
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown
About the winds of the world, and fades from brains
Of living men, and dies.
Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give: that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,

Praise you, 'All these were lovely'; say, 'He loved.'

Beauty and Beauty

When Beauty and Beauty meet
All naked, fair to fair,
The earth is crying-sweet,
And scattering-bright the air,
Eddying, dizzying, closing round,
With soft and drunken laughter;
Veiling all that may befall
After — after —

Where Beauty and Beauty met,
Earth's still a-tremble there,
And winds are scented yet,
And memory-soft the air,
Bosoming, folding glints of light,
And shreds of shadowy laughter;
Not the tears that fill the years
After — after —

Heaven

Fish (fly-replete, in depth of June,
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,
Each secret fishy hope or fear.
Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond;
But is there anything Beyond?
This life cannot be All, they swear,
For how unpleasant, if it were!
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud;
And, sure, the reverent eye must see
A Purpose in Liquidity.
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
The future is not Wholly Dry.
Mud unto mud! — Death eddies near —
Not here the appointed End, not here!
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time,
Is wetter water, slimier slime!
And there (they trust) there swimmeth One
Who swam ere rivers were begun,
Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;
And under that Almighty Fin,

The littlest fish may enter in.
Oh! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
But more than mundane weeds are there,
And mud, celestially fair;
Fat caterpillars drift around,
And Paradisal grubs are found;
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.

Contents

Clouds

Down the blue night the unending columns press
In noiseless tumult, break and wave and flow,
Now tread the far South, or lift rounds of snow
Up to the white moon's hidden loveliness.
Some pause in their grave wandering comradeless,
And turn with profound gesture vague and slow,
As who would pray good for the world, but know
Their benediction empty as they bless.

They say that the Dead die not, but remain
Near to the rich heirs of their grief and mirth.
I think they ride the calm mid-heaven, as these,
In wise majestic melancholy train,
And watch the moon, and the still-raging seas,
And men, coming and going on the earth.

D. H. Lawrence

Service of All the Dead

Between the avenues of cypresses,
All in their scarlet cloaks, and surplices
Of linen, go the chaunting choristers,
The priests in gold and black, the villagers.

And all along the path to the cemetery
The round, dark heads of men crowd silently,
And black-scarved faces of women-folk, wistfully
Watch at the banner of death, and the mystery.

And at the foot of a grave a father stands
With sunken head, and forgotten, folded hands;
And at the foot of a grave a woman kneels
With pale shut face, and neither hears nor feels

The coming of the chaunting choristers
Between the avenues of cypresses,
The silence of the many villagers,
The candle-flames beside the surplices.

Meeting Among the Mountains

The little pansies by the road have turned
Away their purple faces and their gold,
And evening has taken all the bees from the thyme,
And all the scent is shed away by the cold.

Against the hard and pale blue evening sky
The mountain's new-dropped summer snow is clear
Glistening in steadfast stillness: like transcendent
Clean pain sending on us a chill down here.

Christ on the Cross! — his beautiful young man's body
Has fallen dead upon the nails, and hangs
White and loose at last, with all the pain
Drawn on his mouth, eyes broken at last by his pangs.

And slowly down the mountain road, belated,
A bullock wagon comes; so I am ashamed
To gaze any more at the Christ, whom the mountain snows
Whitely confront; I wait on the grass, am lamed.

The breath of the bullock stains the hard, chill air,
The band is across its brow, and it scarcely seems
To draw the load, so still and slow it moves,
While the driver on the shaft sits crouched in dreams.

Surely about his sunburnt face is something
That vexes me with wonder. He sits so still
Here among all this silence, crouching forward,
Dreaming and letting the bullock take its will.

I stand aside on the grass to let them go;
— And Christ, I have met his accusing eyes again,
The brown eyes black with misery and hate, that look
Full in my own, and the torment starts again.

One moment the hate leaps at me standing there,
One moment I see the stillness of agony,
Something frozen in the silence that dare not be
Loosed, one moment the darkness frightens me.

Then among the averted pansies, beneath the high
White peaks of snow, at the foot of the sunken Christ
I stand in a chill of anguish, trying to say
The joy I bought was not too highly priced.

But he has gone, motionless, hating me,
Living as the mountains do, because they are strong,
With a pale, dead Christ on the crucifix of his heart,
And breathing the frozen memory of his wrong.

Still in his nostrils the frozen breath of despair,
And heart like a cross that bears dead agony
Of naked love, clenched in his fists the shame,
And in his belly the smouldering hate of me.

And I, as I stand in the cold, averted flowers,
Feel the shame-wounds in his hands pierce through my own,
And breathe despair that turns my lungs to stone
And know the dead Christ weighing on my bone.

Cruelty and Love

What large, dark hands are those at the window
Lifted, grasping in the yellow light
Which makes its way through the curtain web
At my heart to-night?

Ah, only the leaves! So leave me at rest,
In the west I see a redness come
Over the evening's burning breast —
For now the pain is numb.

The woodbine creeps abroad
Calling low to her lover:
The sunlit flirt who all the day
Has poised above her lips in play
And stolen kisses, shallow and gay
Of dalliance, now has gone away
— She woos the moth with her sweet, low word,
And when above her his broad wings hover
Then her bright breast she will uncover
And yield her honey-drop to her lover.

Into the yellow, evening glow
Saunters a man from the farm below,
Leans, and looks in at the low-built shed
Where hangs the swallow's marriage bed.
The bird lies warm against the wall.
She glances quick her startled eyes
Towards him, then she turns away
Her small head, making warm display
Of red upon the throat. Her terrors sway
Her out of the nest's warm, busy ball,

Whose plaintive cries start up as she flies
In one blue stoop from out the sties
Into the evening's empty hall.

Oh, water-hen, beside the rushes
Hide your quaint, unfading blushes,
Still your quick tail, and lie as dead,
Till the distance covers his dangerous tread.

The rabbit presses back her ears,
Turns back her liquid, anguished eyes
And crouches low: then with wild spring
Spurts from the terror of the oncoming
To be choked back, the wire ring
Her frantic effort throttling:
Piteous brown ball of quivering fears!

Ah soon in his large, hard hands she dies,
And swings all loose to the swing of his walk.
Yet calm and kindly are his eyes
And ready to open in brown surprise
Should I not answer to his talk
Or should he my tears surmise.

I hear his hand on the latch, and rise from my chair
Watching the door open: he flashes bare
His strong teeth in a smile, and flashes his eyes
In a smile like triumph upon me; then careless-wise
He flings the rabbit soft on the table board
And comes towards me: ah, the uplifted sword
Of his hand against my bosom, and oh, the broad
Blade of his hand that raises my face to applaud
His coming: he raises up my face to him
And caresses my mouth with his fingers, smelling grim
Of the rabbit's fur! God, I am caught in a snare
I know not what fine wire is round my throat,
I only know I let him finger there
My pulse of life, letting him nose like a stoat

Who sniffs with joy before he drinks the blood:
And down his mouth comes to my mouth, and down
His dark bright eyes descend like a fiery hood
Upon my mind: his mouth meets mine, and a flood
Of sweet fire sweeps across me, so I drown
Within him, die, and find death good.

THE NATURE OF METEORS

from

Project Gutenberg's *Space Nomads*, by Lincoln LaPaz and Leota Jean LaPaz

In answer to an exam question, a freshman astronomy student wrote:

A meteor is the flash of light

Made by a falling meteorite

As it rushes through the air in flight—

I hope to gosh this answer's right!

Doggerel or not, the student's definition correctly stated the true distinction between the two terms, and the teacher marked his off-beat answer correct.

Defined in more scientific terms, a meteor is the streak of light (usually of brief duration) that accompanies the flight of a particle of matter from outer space through our atmosphere. This particle may be as small as a tiny dust grain or as large as one of the minor planets which are called asteroids. Fortunately for the inhabitants of the earth, most of the meteor-forming masses encountered by our globe are of the "small-fry" variety!

As the rapidly moving particle plunges earthward through denser and denser layers of atmosphere, the air molecules offer ever-increasing resistance to its passage. This resistance heats up the meteorite body until it glows. Technically speaking, it becomes incandescent. The meteor is this incandescence. We see it as a darting point. Or as a ball of white, orange, bluish, or reddish light. But the material object that produced this light is the meteorite. The distinction between these two terms—meteor and meteorite—we must emphasize again and again because people continue to use them incorrectly, as, for instance, when 102 they keep saying "meteor crater" instead of "meteorite crater."

The majority of the meteors we observe represent the heat-induced "evaporation" of exceedingly small fragments of cosmic matter. The smallest meteor-forming bodies reach the surface of the earth only as the finest of dust particles or as microscopic droplets of solidified meteorite melt.

These residues descend slowly through the atmosphere and may be carried for great distances. Afterwards, they may be found scattered so widely and uniformly on the ground that their presence in

any given locality cannot be accounted for by the fall of any specific meteorite. This is a fact that, for example, one school of modern Russian meteoriticists overlooked when they were dealing with tiny granules of meteoritic dust that had been recently found at Podkamennaya Tunguska. These scientists tried to identify the tiny granules with the meteorite that had fallen there, June 30, 1908. But the members of the latest (1958) Russian expedition to that region about the impact point of 1908 clearly recognize the widespread character of meteoritic dust. So they reject the theory that such dust found in the Podkamennaya Tunguska area is specifically connected with the meteorite that fell there a half century ago.

If sizable chunks of meteoritic material enter the atmosphere, they may produce exceptionally large and brilliant meteors. A spectacular meteor is generally known as a “fireball” if it is as bright as Venus or Jupiter. It receives the French term bolide if, in addition to showing great brilliance, its flight is accompanied by detonations like the alarming sounds heard at the time of the Ussuri and Norton meteorite falls.

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COURTESY OF UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS A bright Giacobinid meteor, photographed from a B-29 during the shower of October 9, 1946. See p. 115.

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The term “shooting star,” which is often applied to meteors, in newspapers and magazine articles, is a misnomer. A meteor is not a distant sun (that is, a star) in rapid motion, for the whole path of the meteor lies close at hand within a restricted zone of the earth’s atmosphere.

The word “meteor” comes from the Greek word meteōra, which once applied to any natural occurrence in the atmosphere—for example, rainbows, halos, auroras, and so forth. Nowadays, the word “meteor” is used in a much more specialized sense than it was by the ancient Greeks. We have a specialized word, meteoritics, for the study of meteors and meteorites. No one should confuse meteoritics with meteorology, which is the science of things other than meteors and meteorites, in the atmosphere—for example, clouds, storms, air currents.

The region in which meteoric phenomena take place was long the subject of controversy. Some persons felt that meteors were nearby, like lightning. Others said that they moved at the distances of the remote fixed stars. This controversy on the whereabouts of meteors became heated, although it could have been settled quickly by a simple experiment you can try out for yourself.

Hold a pencil against the tip of your nose and look at it first with your right eye closed and then with your left eye closed. Repeat this experiment with the pencil held at arm’s length. In the first case, the pencil will seem to shift position very greatly; in the second, although the same base line (the distance between your eyes) is used, the pencil will seem to shift position only slightly.

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Such an apparent shift in position is called a parallactic displacement, or, simply, parallax. The notion of parallax is of the greatest importance in most branches of astronomy, and it leads (with proper instruments and a little mathematics) to exact determinations of the distances of remote objects.

For our purpose, we need not go into all the interesting but complicated details. Our experiment with the pencil shows that if a meteor was close by, like a blinding bolt of lightning, then, as seen by a pair

of observers separated by only a few blocks, the meteor would show a large parallax. But if this meteor was as far away as the stars, it would show no parallax at all, no matter how widely the pair of observers were separated on the earth.

There were many clever scientists among the Greeks, and it is quite possible that a pair of them actually tried out this simple parallax experiment on the meteors and so were able to prove that these beautiful light effects occurred in the high but not too distant layers of the atmosphere. The earliest calculations of meteor heights that are so far known, however, were made in Bologna, Italy, in 1719 and 1745—long after the heyday of Greek science.

The meteor heights found by the Italians were quite low in the atmosphere, probably for two reasons. First, the visual (unaided-eye) observations they had to use were made by eyewitnesses stationed so close together that accurate fixes were impossible. Secondly, these visual observations must have related only to the very brightest and therefore lowest portions of the luminous paths of the meteors through the atmosphere.

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In 1798, two German students operating from carefully chosen and widely separated stations began the systematic observation of meteors for parallax. They found that the height of appearance of most meteors lay between 48 and 60 miles above the earth's surface. It is now known that most meteors, as observed with the naked eye, appear at about 70 miles and disappear at about 50 miles above the surface of the earth. These figures, obtained from visual work, still stand in spite of the development of such modern techniques as photographic and radar recording of meteor paths.

Rarely, meteors may appear at heights of 150 or more miles and fireballs may penetrate to within a few miles of the earth. The average meteors, however, appear and disappear within a well-defined, high-altitude zone in the atmosphere. Fortunately, this atmospheric zone serves us as an effective shield against the constant bombardment of the smaller and much more numerous particles from outer space.

In earlier times, scientists thought that the particles becoming visible as meteors must be tiny dense masses of iron or stone like the material composing the recovered meteorites. Most modern investigators, however, believe that the typical meteor-forming particles may be small loosely bound-together "dust-balls"; that is, fluffy clusters of matter held together by frozen cosmic vapors, generally referred to simply as "ices." In any event, these masses are usually very small, ranging perhaps from the size of a pinhead to that of a marble.

Because we cannot collect the tiny masses that are seen only as meteors, it is impossible to determine their composition by ordinary laboratory methods. The best we can do is to observe and record carefully the light these masses give off when they become incandescent in their plunge through the atmosphere.

We can examine this meteor light by using the spectroscope and spectrograph. Through these specially designed instruments we can make the meteor light reveal the chemical elements present in the incandescent masses. Each such element sends out light rays as characteristic of its nature as fingerprints are of the individual who made them. Photographs taken of these characteristic light rays are called spectrograms, and what might be termed the "fingerprints of light" recorded on these spectrograms are known as spectra—which is the plural of the word spectrum. If the source of light is a meteor, the photograph shows a meteor spectrum.

From a study of a considerable number of good quality meteor spectra, scientists have found that the principal elements in the masses responsible for meteors are iron, calcium, manganese, magnesium, chromium, silicon, nickel, aluminum, and sodium.

As we have already noted, the resistance encountered by meteor-forming particles as they dash through our atmosphere is so great that they become incandescent and vaporize. These small bodies must therefore be in very rapid motion.

Before we attempt to find out the nature of the paths in space followed by meteorites, we must take into account the fact that these bodies are observed from a station—the earth—which is itself in rapid motion. You may have noticed that on a still day, when rain drops fall vertically downward, the streaks they leave on the windows of a swiftly moving car are not vertical but almost horizontal. Obviously, it would be wrong to say the rain drops are falling from left to right or from right to left when they are actually falling almost straight down, and it is only the forward motion of the car that makes them leave horizontal streaks.

Diagram showing meteorite moving along a “closed” (elliptic) orbit, *e*, which intersects the earth’s orbit, *E*. Held by the gravitational attraction of the sun, the meteorite is a permanent member of the Solar System.

Similarly, neither the apparent speed nor the apparent direction of motion of a meteorite with respect to the moving earth is significant. The important factor is the meteorite’s velocity with respect to the sun at the time the meteorite is picked up by the earth.

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Diagram showing meteorite moving across the earth’s orbit, *E*, along an “open” (hyperbolic) orbit, *h*. The meteorite is traveling at such high velocity that it will pass right through the Solar System and back out into space unless it should chance to collide with the earth or another planet. The sun, however, in any case is able to change materially the direction of motion of the transient visitor to our Solar System.

This factor enables us to determine in which of two possible kinds of path the meteorite was moving before it was “fielded,” as we might say in baseball, by the earth. This factor tells us whether the meteorite was moving about the sun in a relatively short, closed, oval-shaped path or, instead, was following an indefinitely long, open path which began in the depths of space and would have returned there if the collision with the earth had not prevented.

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Either type of path is technically called an orbit. The closed orbits are what the mathematicians term ellipses; the open orbits, hyperbolas.

To scientists, the nature of the orbits followed by meteorites is most important, especially in efforts to determine the mode and place of origin of these bodies. To rocket engineers and astronauts, it also matters a good deal whether the meteorites encountered on flights through space are traveling sedately along closed orbits about the sun or are zipping swiftly along open orbits.

The greater the speed of these cosmic “hot-rods,” the more dangerous they are to space travelers. For

example, a mere grain of nickel-iron moving at 40 miles per second is quite as lethal as a .50-caliber machine-gun slug, which, relatively speaking, is traveling at only a snail's pace.

As our earth moves along its orbit about the sun, meteoritic bodies can run into it from any direction. The direction from which they do approach strongly influences the speed of these bodies as they plunge through the earth's atmosphere. A meteorite moving slowly about the sun in the same direction as the earth and chancing to catch up with our globe more or less from behind will have an observed speed of only a few miles a second. For example, the speed calculated from Harvard meteor-photographs of one such not-too-spectacular "rear-end" collision amounted to no more than 7.3 miles per second, just about the speed a rocket must acquire to escape from the apron strings of Mother Earth.

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Meteor shower. Earth and particle-swarm passing through the intersection of their orbits at nearly the same moment.

In contrast to such a "rear-end" collision, the speed observed would be far greater if the meteorite happened to collide exactly "head-on" with the earth. For, in this case, the orbital speed of our planet would be added to that of the meteorite about the sun. As an example, suppose that at the earth's average distance from the center of our Solar System, the speed of a meteorite with respect to the sun were 32.23 miles per second. (This speed was actually found for the mass that produced one of the first meteors photographed simultaneously by the Harvard stations at Cambridge and Oak Ridge, Massachusetts.) Then if such a meteorite ran "head-on" into the earth, the speed observed for it 112 in the atmosphere would be over 51 miles per second. And mathematics would show that the orbit of this meteorite with respect to the sun was a wide open hyperbola.

If the orbit of the earth and the orbit of a swarm of particles of cosmic matter intersect, and if the earth and the swarm pass through this intersection in space at nearly the same moment, multitudes of meteors appear. We then say that a meteor shower takes place. The position of the point at which the particle-swarm crosses the earth's orbit about the sun fixes the date of the meteor shower.

Because the particles that make a meteor shower are moving through space along parallel paths as they come into the earth's atmosphere, the meteors all seem to shoot out from a single small area in the sky. You may have seen something like this in the case of the sunrise or sunset effect known as "the sun drawing water." In this more familiar phenomenon, the sun's disk is the area from which shafts of sunlight radiate out in a beautiful, if somewhat irregular, fan-like pattern. The area from which the meteors of a given shower seem to come is the radiant of that shower.

Meteor showers are named for the constellation in which their radiant lies. The suffix "-id" (Greek for "daughters of"), or some modification of this suffix, is added to the name of the constellation from which the meteors seem to radiate. The Orionid radiant, for example, is in Orion, the Hunter; the Leonid radiant is in Leo, the Lion; and the Lyrid radiant is in Lyra, the Harp. Exceptions to this rule do occur, however. Astronomers may refer to a shower sometimes appearing on the night of October 9 as the "Giacobinid" shower in honor of the comet Giacobini-Zinner, which is associated with this particle-swarm.

113

Radiant of a meteor shower. Generally not a point but a small area, here intentionally exaggerated in

size. Solid arrows represent plotted paths of observed meteors. By extending these paths backwards, observer can determine the radiant.

114

In the course of each year, the earth passes through a number of particle-swarms of varying densities. Some of the resulting meteor showers, like the Leonids and Giacobinids, are very feeble in most years, but sometimes produce spectacular displays.

The more important recognized meteor showers are:

NAME OF SHOWER	DATE OF MAXIMUM
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Quadrantids	January 1-3
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Lyrids	April 21
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Eta-Aquarids	May 4-6
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Perseids	August 10-14
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Giacobinids (Nu-Draconids)	October 9
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Orionids	October 20-23
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Leonids	November 16-17
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Geminids	December 12-13
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Certain daytime streams are also known to be active during June and July. These daytime showers are, of course, invisible in the glare of sunlight, but they can be picked up by radar devices like those used in World War II to spot enemy airplanes.

Some meteor showers have been splendid enough to make a place for themselves in the historical record. Examples are the Leonid returns of 1833 and 1866, and the Giacobinid showers of 1933 and 1946. During these displays, meteors fell in a veritable fiery snowstorm, several hundred meteors sometimes appearing within a minute.

Not every annual return of a meteor shower is spectacular, 115 however, since conditions may not be favorable each year for a brilliant display. After all, both parties to a traffic collision at an intersection must try to pass through the intersection at the same time. Our earth, like a well-managed train, always goes through the intersection on schedule, but the particles responsible for meteor showers are much more erratic. They may be early or late—or they may not show up at all. Of the meteor showers seen annually, the Perseids are the most dependable. The Leonids put on their best shows at intervals of 33 years (1799-1800, 1832-33, 1866, etc.). The Giacobinids at intervals of 6½ years (1933, strong; 1939-40, poor; 1946, magnificent).

If you plan to observe a meteor shower, here are some suggestions. You will need:

Acquaintance with the stars, both faint and bright, in the region containing the radiant of the shower.

Comfortable reclining lawn-chair.

Warm clothing (including blankets) for winter showers or summer ones at high elevations.

A patient family that will not only approve of your observing but will help you get up to watch after midnight, when most showers are at their best.

A corner of your back yard (or sun roof) where you can shade your eyes from street lights and other

illumination.

Timepiece, preferably with radiant dial.

116

Sit back and watch Nature put on her show. Any records you make may have some scientific value even if you note only these two things: Hourly number of meteors seen. Condition of the sky (clear, hazy, cloudy, etc.) during each hour of your watch.[6] At present, we know of only one instance in which it seems probable that a meteorite came to earth during a meteor shower. The Mazapil, Mexico, iron meteorite fell at 9:00 p.m. on November 27, 1885, during a return of the now very weak Bielid meteor shower. Scientists still cannot decide whether or not a mere coincidence was involved in this case.

As we have already mentioned, most of the cosmic particles rushing into our atmosphere evaporate and do not reach the earth at all except as the tiny congealed droplets and spherules of their own melt. Some cosmic particles, the micro-meteorites, are so tiny that they “stall” rather than fall down. These minute objects do not melt or disintegrate and so preserve their original cosmic form unchanged. Scientists have developed various methods for the collection of both of these types of material in order that at least rough estimates of their rate of accumulation on the earth can be made.

One of the simplest methods of collecting this so-called “meteoritic dust” is to expose a sticky glycerine-coated glass microscope slide for at least a 24-hour period in a protected spot well 117 away from locations where any industrial contamination is in the air. At the end of the period of exposure, the “catch” on the slide is examined microscopically, and the individual trapped particles are counted and classified. Meteoritic dust is also carried down to the ground by rain, snow, and hail and can therefore be obtained by filtering rainwater or melted glacier-ice, snow, and hail.

Such collection efforts have been plagued by the difficulty of identifying the particles. How can a collector be sure that the dust he has trapped, even though magnetic and possibly even in part metallic, does not come from some smelter or other industrial plant? Because of such uncertainties, the current estimates of the annual deposit of meteoritic dust for the world range from approximately 20 tons to several million tons. We need improved collection and identification techniques if we are to obtain trustworthy figures.

Recent analyses of rainfall records indicate that the infall of meteoritic dust produces at least one interesting weather-effect. These analyses show that rainfall peaks often occur some 30 days after the appearance of important meteor showers. Apparently, as meteoritic dust particles from the meteor showers filter down through the cloud systems in the lower layers of the atmosphere, the individual particles serve as centers about which atmospheric moisture condenses to form raindrops. The time lag of approximately a month is considered to be due to the very slow rate of fall of such tiny particles. It looks very much as if Mother Nature had beaten man to the idea of “seeding” the clouds to produce rainfall!

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9. THE NATURE OF METEORITES

So far in this book we have dealt with meteorites indirectly, chiefly in connection with their fall, distribution, and recovery. In this chapter, however, we are shifting our attention to the meteorites themselves, and will tell what the main types of meteorites are, what meteorites are made of, what they look like, and how to tell them from ordinary rocks.

First of all, meteorites neither all look alike nor have the same composition. The general term “meteorite” applies to any mass that reaches the earth from space. Such masses are made up of metals and minerals in varying proportions. The term “meteorite” is nearly as general in meaning as the word “rock,” which geologists apply to bodies, large and small, that are formed by earth processes and are composed of various kinds of minerals. Actually, there are almost as many different kinds of meteorites as there are kinds of rocks; so you can see that in meteorites a wide range of composition and appearance is possible.

All recognized meteorites belong to one of three main divisions,[7] irons, stones, and stony-irons.

The irons are composed of an alloy of iron and nickel which may contain small inclusions of nonmetallic minerals.

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Internal structure revealed when the “etching” process is applied to that type of meteorite known as a “granular hexahedrite.” See p. 120.

120

After a cut section of an iron meteorite has been polished, the flat surface, except for possible inclusions, is mirror-like and resembles stainless steel. It appears to be remarkably uniform and uninteresting, but this appearance is misleading. A characteristic and beautiful structural pattern develops when such a polished nickel-iron surface is treated with, for example, a special mixture of nitric acid, alcohol, and Arabol glue.

This process of treatment is known as “etching.” The different structural patterns brought out by such etching give us the basis for classifying the iron meteorites.

If the etching process reveals certain features from which we can infer a cubic, or 6-faced, crystalline structure, we classify the iron meteorite as a hexahedrite.

If etching produces a certain special pattern from which we can infer an 8-faced, or octahedral, crystalline structure, we recognize the second subdivision of iron meteorites: the octahedrites. This remarkable pattern was discovered and first described by Alois von Widmanstätten, of Vienna, in 1808.

The third subdivision of iron meteorites consists of the “structureless” ataxites. (From the Greek for “without arrangement.”) On an ataxite, etching brings out only a finely granular pattern with a stippled appearance.

The stones are composed chiefly of minerals that are combinations of various elements with silicon and oxygen—for example, olivine ($\text{Mg, Fe}_2\text{SiO}_4$). Meteorites belonging to this division also contain combinations of elements with oxygen—such as magnesium oxide (MgO) and aluminum oxide (Al_2O_3). Usually, the stony groundmass contains scattered specks, grains, and thin veins of the same shiny nickel-iron alloy that makes up the iron meteorites almost in their entirety.

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A. BREZINA & E. COHEN PHOTO Widmanstätten pattern which emerges when the carefully

polished surface of that type of iron meteorite technically known as a “fine octahedrite” is “etched.”

122

The stony-irons, as the name indicates, are an “in-between” division. Some of the stony-irons, called pallasites, are sponge-like but rigid networks of nickel-iron alloy in which the smoothly rounded openings in the sponge enclose small gemlike masses of olivine. A cut and polished section of a pallasite showing round and oval gems of yellow-green olivine set in a silvery mesh of nickel-iron is a beautiful museum specimen indeed!

In the silicate-siderites, another type of stony-iron, a nickel-iron matrix is studded with angular fragments, shreds, and splinters of silicate minerals of all sizes. In the photograph, we can see that each of the various areas of the nickel-iron matrix (lighter in color) exhibits its own distinct crystallographic orientation, as is clearly indicated by the different Widmanstätten patterns.

Even a hasty comparison of polished sections of silicate-siderites and pallasites will leave no doubt that two quite distinct modes of formation were required to produce stony-irons of such different types.

Meteoritic nickel-iron has the following average chemical composition. To the nearest tenth, this alloy contains: Iron (Fe), 90.9%; nickel (Ni), 8.5%; cobalt (Co), 0.6%. This alloy gave scientists the key to the development of commercial stainless steels. It may also contain small amounts of phosphorous, sulfur, copper, chromium, and carbon.

The average chemical composition of stony meteoritic material is somewhat more complicated. To the nearest tenth, the “stones” contain: oxygen (O), 41.0%; silicon (Si), 21.0%; iron (Fe), 15.5%; magnesium (Mg), 14.3%; aluminum (Al), 1.6%; calcium (Ca), 1.8%; sulfur (S), 1.8%. The stony material may also contain smaller percentages of nickel, cobalt, copper, carbon, chromium, and titanium.

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A. BREZINA & E. COHEN PHOTO Enlarged section of a stony-iron meteorite showing rounded olivine grains (dark in color) set in a network of nickel-iron alloy (light in color).

A. BREZINA & E. COHEN PHOTO Polished and etched section of a silicate-siderite showing angular fragments of silicate minerals (dark in color) imbedded in a metallic matrix.

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In the stony-iron meteorites, we analyze the nickel-iron and stony portions separately. On the average, each of these portions has about the chemical composition that is given for it above.

Mineralogists have identified a variety of familiar minerals in meteorites. These include olivine, the plagioclase feldspars, magnetite, quartz, chromite, and, rarely, microscopic diamonds. All of these minerals are found here on earth in such igneous rocks as basalts and peridotites.

On the other hand, the meteoritic nickel-iron alloys (kamacite, taenite, and plessite, for example) and such meteoritic minerals as schreibersite (nickel-iron phosphide) and daubreelite (iron chromium sulfide) do not occur naturally on the earth.

We should stress here that although unusual combinations of known elements are present in meteorites, no new elements have been discovered during the increasingly intensive study of these masses during the last 150 years.

The majority of stony meteorites show a structure not found in terrestrial rocks. These meteorites are made up of rounded, shot-like bodies called chondrules (from the Greek word for “grain”). The individual chondrules may vary in size from those as large or even larger than a walnut down to dust-sized grains. The most common size is about that of peppercorns. The chondrules are often composed of the same material as the groundmass in which they are imbedded and unless the meteorite containing them is a very fragile one, they will break with the rest of the mass, as will sand grains in a quartzite. If the meteorite is fragile, however, the individual chondrules can generally be broken out whole. Meteorites containing chondrules are called chondrites.

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COURTESY OF AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY Microphotograph of a thin section of a chondrite, showing the circular, or nearly circular, cross sections of a number of chondrules, including one of large size at the upper edge of the section.

126

A small percentage of stony meteorites have no chondrules. These meteorites are known as achondrites (meaning “not chondrites”) and they resemble terrestrial rocks more closely than the chondrites do. Some achondrites contain almost no trace whatever of metal, although in others (for example, the Norton County meteorite, of Chapter 2) small lumps and specks of nickel-iron are sparsely distributed through the stony groundmass.

Meteorites are as variable in shape as they are in composition and structure. Many are cone-shaped; others shield-, bell-, or ring-shaped; still others pear-shaped. One iron fragment recently recovered from the Glorieta, New Mexico, fall has been described as “macro-spicular,” meaning needle-shaped on a very large scale. The photographs opposite illustrate a number of the commoner forms known. The Glorieta specimen has been nicknamed “Alley Oop’s shillelagh,” for only a person of great strength could wield this 13-pounder with ease!

In general, the shape of meteorites depends upon the amount of mass lost by “evaporation” during passage through the earth’s atmosphere. This factor, in turn, depends not only upon the speed of transit, but also on such physical characteristics of the meteorite as its tensile strength and whether or not it contains certain alloys and minerals that vaporize more easily than the rest of the meteorite. The ring-shape of the Tucson, Arizona, iron is believed to have resulted from the “melting away” of a huge inclusion of stony material during the descent of the meteorite.

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CHICAGO MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY PHOTOS(BOTTOM RIGHT) INSTITUTE OF METEORITICS PHOTO A few of the many shapes exhibited by meteorites: ring-shaped, perforated and highly irregular, pear-shaped, jaw shaped, needle-shaped.

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When meteorites are recovered and taken to the laboratory for study, one of the first things scientists do is to weigh them. If a meteorite is very large, special scales sometimes have to be constructed for this

purpose. Such was the case for the largest meteorite so far weighed: the giant Ahnighito, Greenland, meteorite, which Peary brought to New York City by ship. (See Chapter 3.) A specially constructed scale on which this huge mass is now mounted gives for its weight about 68,000 pounds. Other meteorites famous for their great size are: the Bacubirito, Mexico, 27 tons; Willamette, Oregon, 14 tons; Morito, Mexico, 11 tons; and the Bendego, Brazil, 5 tons. All of these are irons.

The largest stone meteorite so far recovered as one mass is the so-called Furnas County, Nebraska, stone, which is the principal fragment of the Norton, Kansas, fall, and weighs about 2,360 pounds.

At the other end of the size-range, investigators have recovered meteoritic masses weighing no more than a small fraction of a gram. From a stone shower that occurred at Holbrook, Arizona, field searchers have found some of the very smallest specimens in anthills. The insects had carried these tiny meteorites along with sand and garnet grains in building their hills!

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COURTESY OF AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY The Willamette iron, famous for its great size and weight (14 tons), on exhibit at the Hayden Planetarium, New York City. See pp. 36, 39.

130

The only sure way to determine whether or not an object is a meteorite is to have a small piece of it (say, a fragment the size of an egg) tested chemically and microscopically by an expert on meteorites. Nevertheless, there are several questions whose answers will help you to decide whether or not you are on the right track in suspecting that a “rock” you have found may be a meteorite:

Is your specimen especially heavy?

Does your specimen show a thin blackish or brownish crust on its outer surface?

Does your “rock” have shallow, oval pits on its outer surface?

If the specimen has a corner knocked off, do you see specks and grains of metal on the broken surface?

Is your specimen especially heavy? The iron and stony-iron meteorites are very heavy. A 1-inch cube of iron meteorite weighs approximately 8 times as much as a 1-inch cube of ice. Even the stones, which are only about half as dense as the irons, are much heavier than ordinary rocks.

Does your specimen show a thin blackish or brownish crust on its outer surfaces? You will recall that specimens of both the Ussuri and Norton meteorites showed a “glaze” of fused material which we call fusion crust. Most freshly-fallen meteorites are covered with such a crust. To illustrate how this crust forms, consider a snowball that you bravely hold in your freezing hand until the outer surface melts. If you then were to leave the snowball outside overnight, the melted outer surface would freeze into a hard crust.

131

Piezoglyphs (oval pits resembling thumb-prints) in a stone meteorite, found at Belly River, Canada. See p. 132.

In similar fashion, the surface of a meteorite melts during the blazing-hot part of its flight through the air, only to “freeze” into a hard, firm coating in the lower, cooler portions of its path. This hardened coating, the fusion crust, is of much importance. Its presence is one of the best indications that a “rock” is really a meteorite. From the character of the fusion crust, experts can piece together a good deal about what happened to a meteorite on its way down to earth. If you should be lucky enough to find a meteorite, don’t break off the fusion crust. A whole encrusted specimen in the hand is worth 200 crustless fragments scattered at your feet!

Does your “rock” have shallow, oval pits or depressions on its outer surface? Such features are known technically as piezoglyphs (Greek piezein, to press + glyph, to carve) and popularly as “thumb-prints.” They were formed during the meteorite’s flight through the atmosphere when the softer portions of its outer shell were “eroded” away, leaving small scooped-out places. These pittings are very similar to the prints that would be made by the human hand in a lump of modeling clay or bread dough. In one case, they gave rise to the false idea that the meteorite had fallen in a plastic state and that the imprints had been formed when its finders first pulled the mass out of the ground by hand.

If the specimen you have found already has a corner knocked off, do you see specks and grains of metal on the broken surface? Such scattered bits of nickel-iron (not to be confused with 133 the shiny mica flakes often seen in igneous rocks) characteristically occur in the grayish or brownish groundmass of stony meteorites. If your specimen is unbroken, hold it lightly against a spinning carborundum wheel or use a file to grind a small flat surface upon it, and then examine this surface for specks of metal.

If the answers to these questions are yes, then there is a good possibility that you have found a genuine meteorite.

If meteorites remain buried in the ground for a long period of time, their characteristic surface-features may weather away. Under such conditions, iron meteorites develop heavy-layered coatings of rust (iron oxide) as much as several inches in thickness. If irons stay in the ground long enough, they may rust away almost completely and turn into shale balls, like those found near the ancient Wolf Creek, Australia meteorite crater. (See Chapter 4.) Stone meteorites buried in the ground for any great length of time may disintegrate and become completely unrecognizable as meteorites.

The fact that meteorites of all kinds are attacked by weathering has always argued strongly in favor of their prompt recovery. In the case of witnessed falls, prompt recovery is even more important, for only thus can specimens still retaining measurable amounts of various short-lived radioactivities be made available to physicists eager to investigate them with the most modern radiometric equipment.

Goso, the Teacher – and - The Ape, the Snake, and the Lion.

from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Zanzibar Tales*, by Various

Once there was a man named Go’so, who taught children to read, not in a schoolhouse, but under a calabash tree. One evening, while Goso was sitting under the tree deep in the study of the next day’s lessons, Paa, the gazelle, climbed up the tree very quietly to steal some fruit, and in so doing shook off

a calabash, which, in falling, struck the teacher on the head and killed him.

When his scholars came in the morning and found their teacher lying dead, they were filled with grief; so, after giving him a decent burial, they agreed among themselves to find the one who had killed Goso, and put him to death. [68]

After talking the matter over they came to the conclusion that the south wind was the offender.

So they caught the south wind and beat it.

But the south wind cried: "Here! I am Koo'see, the south wind. Why are you beating me? What have I done?"

And they said: "Yes, we know you are Koosee; it was you who threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it."

But Koosee said, "If I were so powerful would I be stopped by a mud wall?"

So they went to the mud wall and beat it.

But the mud wall cried: "Here! I am Keeyambaa'za, the mud wall. Why are you beating me? What have I done?"

And they said: "Yes, we know you are Keeyambaaza; it was you who stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the [69]south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it."

But Keeyambaaza said, "If I were so powerful would I be bored through by the rat?"

So they went and caught the rat and beat it.

But the rat cried: "Here! I am Paan'ya, the rat. Why are you beating me? What have I done?"

And they said: "Yes, we know you are Paanya; it was you who bored through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it."

But Paanya said, "If I were so powerful would I be eaten by a cat?"

So they hunted for the cat, caught it, and beat it.

But the cat cried: "Here! I am Paa'ka, [70]the cat. Why do you beat me? What have I done?"

And they said: "Yes, we know you are Paaka; it is you that eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it."

But Paaka said, "If I were so powerful would I be tied by a rope?"

So they took the rope and beat it.

But the rope cried: “Here! I am Kaam’ba, the rope. Why do you beat me? What have I done?”

And they said: “Yes, we know you are Kaamba; it is you that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it.” [71]

But Kaamba said, “If I were so powerful would I be cut by a knife?”

So they took the knife and beat it.

But the knife cried: “Here! I am Kee’soo, the knife. Why do you beat me? What have I done?”

And they said: “Yes, we know you are Keesoo; you cut Kaamba, the rope; that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it.”

But Keesoo said, “If I were so powerful would I be burned by the fire?”

And they went and beat the fire.

But the fire cried: “Here! I am Mo’to, the fire. Why do you beat me? What have I done?”

And they said: “Yes, we know you are Moto; you burn Keesoo, the knife; that [72]cuts Kaamba, the rope; that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it.”

But Moto said, “If I were so powerful would I be put out by water?”

And they went to the water and beat it.

But the water cried: “Here! I am Maa’jee, the water. Why do you beat me? What have I done?”

And they said: “Yes, we know you are Maajee; you put out Moto, the fire; that burns Keesoo, the knife; that cuts Kaamba, the rope; that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it.” [73]

But Maajee said, “If I were so powerful would I be drunk by the ox?”

And they went to the ox and beat it.

But the ox cried: “Here! I am Ng’om’bay, the ox. Why do you beat me? What have I done?”

And they said: “Yes, we know you are Ng’ombay; you drink Maajee, the water; that puts out Moto, the

fire; that burns Keesoo, the knife; that cuts Kaamba, the rope; that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it.”

But Ng’ombay said, “If I were so powerful would I be tormented by the fly?”

And they caught a fly and beat it.

But the fly cried: “Here! I am Een’zee, the fly. Why do you beat me? What have I done?” [74]

And they said: “Yes, we know you are Eenzee; you torment Ng’ombay, the ox; who drinks Maajee, the water; that puts out Moto, the fire; that burns Keesoo, the knife; that cuts Kaamba, the rope; that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it.”

But Eenzee said, “If I were so powerful would I be eaten by the gazelle?”

And they searched for the gazelle, and when they found it they beat it.

But the gazelle said: “Here! I am Paa, the gazelle. Why do you beat me? What have I done?”

When they found the gazelle they beat it.

When they found the gazelle they beat it.

And they said: “Yes, we know you are Paa; you eat Eenzee, the fly; that torments Ng’ombay, the ox; who drinks Maajee, the water; that puts out Moto, [77]the fire; that burns Keesoo, the knife; that cuts Kaamba, the rope; that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it.”

The gazelle, through surprise at being found out and fear of the consequences of his accidental killing of the teacher, while engaged in stealing, was struck dumb.

Then the scholars said: “Ah! he hasn’t a word to say for himself. This is the fellow who threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. We will kill him.”

So they killed Paa, the gazelle, and avenged the death of their teacher.

The Ape, the Snake, and the Lion.

Long, long ago there lived, in a village called Keejee’jee, a woman whose husband died, leaving her with a little baby boy. She worked hard all day to get food for herself and child, but they lived very poorly and were most of the time half-starved.

When the boy, whose name was ’Mvoo’ Laa’na, began to get big, he said to his mother, one day: “Mother, we are always hungry. What work did my father do to support us?”

His mother replied: "Your father was a hunter. He set traps, and we ate what he caught in them."

"Oho!" said 'Mvoo Laana; "that's not work; that's fun. I, too, will set traps, and see if we can't get enough to eat." [82]

The next day he went into the forest and cut branches from the trees, and returned home in the evening.

The second day he spent making the branches into traps.

The third day he twisted cocoanut fiber into ropes.

The fourth day he set up as many traps as time would permit.

The fifth day he set up the remainder of the traps.

The sixth day he went to examine the traps, and they had caught so much game, beside what they needed for themselves, that he took a great quantity to the big town of Oongoo'ja, where he sold it and bought corn and other things, and the house was full of food; and, as this good fortune continued, he and his mother lived very comfortably.

But after a while, when he went to his traps he found nothing in them day after day.

"Mother, we are always hungry."

"Mother, we are always hungry."

[85]

One morning, however, he found that an ape had been caught in one of the traps, and he was about to kill it, when it said: "Son of Adam, I am Neea'nee, the ape; do not kill me. Take me out of this trap and let me go. Save me from the rain, that I may come and save you from the sun some day."

So 'Mvoo Laana took him out of the trap and let him go.

When Neeanee had climbed up in a tree, he sat on a branch and said to the youth: "For your kindness I will give you a piece of advice: Believe me, men are all bad. Never do a good turn for a man; if you do, he will do you harm at the first opportunity."

The second day, 'Mvoo Laana found a snake in the same trap. He started to the village to give the alarm, but the snake shouted: "Come back, son of Adam; don't call the people from the village to come and kill me. I am Neeo'ka, the snake. Let me out of this trap, I pray [86]you. Save me from the rain to-day, that I may be able to save you from the sun to-morrow, if you should be in need of help."

So the youth let him go; and as he went he said, "I will return your kindness if I can, but do not trust any man; if you do him a kindness he will do you an injury in return at the first opportunity."

The third day, 'Mvoo Laana found a lion in the same trap that had caught the ape and the snake, and he was afraid to go near it. But the lion said: "Don't run away; I am Sim'ba Kong'way, the very old lion. Let me out of this trap, and I will not hurt you. Save me from the rain, that I may save you from the sun

if you should need help.”

So 'Mvoo Laana believed him and let him out of the trap, and Simba Kongway, before going his way, said: “Son of Adam, you have been kind to me, and I will repay you with kindness if I can; but never do a kindness to a man, or he will pay you back with unkindness.” [87]

The next day a man was caught in the same trap, and when the youth released him, he repeatedly assured him that he would never forget the service he had done him in restoring his liberty and saving his life.

Well, it seemed that he had caught all the game that could be taken in traps, and 'Mvoo Laana and his mother were hungry every day, with nothing to satisfy them, as they had been before. At last he said to his mother, one day: “Mother, make me seven cakes of the little meal we have left, and I will go hunting with my bow and arrows.” So she baked him the cakes, and he took them and his bow and arrows and went into the forest.

The youth walked and walked, but could see no game, and finally he found that he had lost his way, and had eaten all his cakes but one.

And he went on and on, not knowing whether he was going away from his home or toward it, until he came to the wildest [88]and most desolate looking wood he had ever seen. He was so wretched and tired that he felt he must lie down and die, when suddenly he heard some one calling him, and looking up he saw Neeanee, the ape, who said, “Son of Adam, where are you going?”

“I don’t know,” replied 'Mvoo Laana, sadly; “I’m lost.”

“Well, well,” said the ape; “don’t worry. Just sit down here and rest yourself until I come back, and I will repay with kindness the kindness you once showed me.”

Then Neeanee went away off to some gardens and stole a whole lot of ripe paw-paws and bananas, and brought them to 'Mvoo Laana, and said: “Here’s plenty of food for you. Is there anything else you want? Would you like a drink?” And before the youth could answer he ran off with a calabash and brought it back full of water. So the youth ate heartily, and drank all the water he needed, and then [91]each said to the other, “Good-bye, till we meet again,” and went their separate ways.

“Where are you going, son of Adam?”

“Where are you going, son of Adam?”

When 'Mvoo Laana had walked a great deal farther without finding which way he should go, he met Simba Kongway, who asked, “Where are you going, son of Adam?”

And the youth answered, as dolefully as before, “I don’t know; I’m lost.”

“Come, cheer up,” said the very old lion, “and rest yourself here a little. I want to repay with kindness to-day the kindness you showed me on a former day.”

So 'Mvoo Laana sat down. Simba Kongway went away, but soon returned with some game he had caught, and then he brought some fire, and the young man cooked the game and ate it. When he had finished he felt a great deal better, and they bade each other good-bye for the present, and each went his

way. [92]

After he had traveled another very long distance the youth came to a farm, and was met by a very, very old woman, who said to him: "Stranger, my husband has been taken very sick, and I am looking for some one to make him some medicine. Won't you make it?" But he answered: "My good woman, I am not a doctor, I am a hunter, and never used medicine in my life. I can not help you."

When he came to the road leading to the principal city he saw a well, with a bucket standing near it, and he said to himself: "That's just what I want. I'll take a drink of nice well-water. Let me see if the water can be reached."

As he peeped over the edge of the well, to see if the water was high enough, what should he behold but a great big snake, which, directly it saw him, said, "Son of Adam, wait a moment." Then it came out of the well and said: "How? Don't you know me?" [93]

"I certainly do not," said the youth, stepping back a little.

"Well, well!" said the snake; "I could never forget you. I am Neeoka, whom you released from the trap. You know I said, 'Save me from the rain, and I will save you from the sun.' Now, you are a stranger in the town to which you are going; therefore hand me your little bag, and I will place in it the things that will be of use to you when you arrive there."

Neeoka filled the bag with chains of gold and silver.

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[94]

So 'Mvoo Laana gave Neeoka the little bag, and he filled it with chains of gold and silver, and told him to use them freely for his own benefit. Then they parted very cordially.

When the youth reached the city, the first man he met was he whom he had released from the trap, who invited him to go home with him, which he did, and the man's wife made him supper.

As soon as he could get away unobserved, the man went to the sultan and said: "There is a stranger come to my house with a bag full of chains of silver and gold, which he says he got from a snake that lives in a well. But although he pretends to be a man, I know that he is a snake who has power to look like a man."

When the sultan heard this he sent some soldiers who brought 'Mvoo Laana and his little bag before him. When they opened the little bag, the man who was [95]released from the trap persuaded the people that some evil would come out of it, and affect the children of the sultan and the children of the vizir.

Then the people became excited, and tied the hands of 'Mvoo Laana behind him.

But the great snake had come out of the well and arrived at the town just about this time, and he went and lay at the feet of the man who had said all those bad things about 'Mvoo Laana, and when the people saw this they said to that man: "How is this? There is the great snake that lives in the well, and he stays by you. Tell him to go away."

But Neeoka would not stir. So they untied the young man's hands, and tried in every way to make amends for having suspected him of being a wizard.

Then the sultan asked him, "Why should this man invite you to his home and then speak ill of you?" [96]

And 'Mvoo Laana related all that had happened to him, and how the ape, the snake, and the lion had cautioned him about the results of doing any kindness for a man.

And the sultan said: "Although men are often ungrateful, they are not always so; only the bad ones. As for this fellow, he deserves to be put in a sack and drowned in the sea. He was treated kindly, and returned evil for good."

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